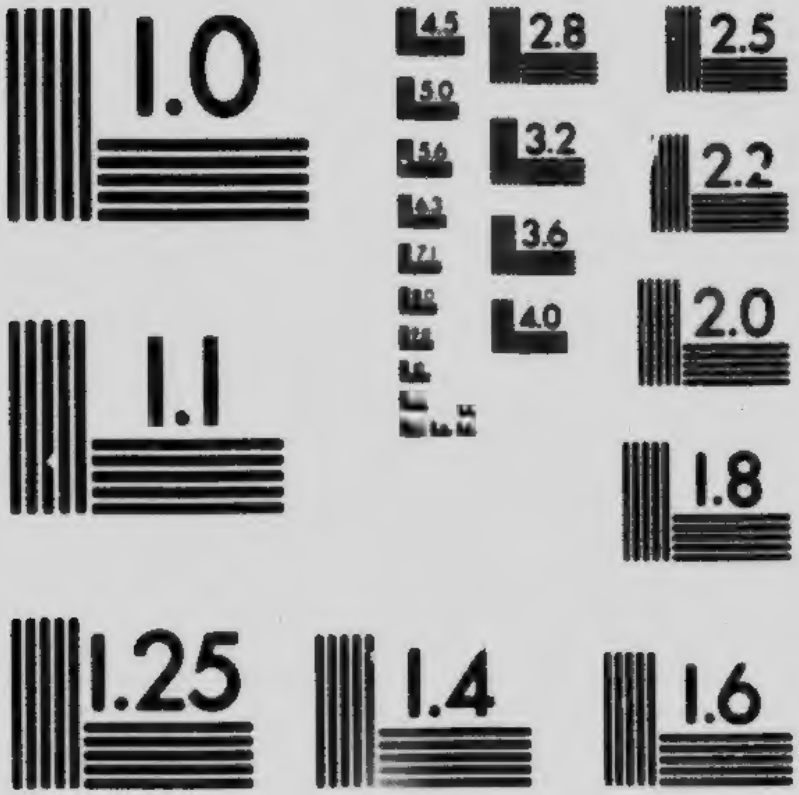

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The Voice of Praise No. 3

A complete collection of Scriptural, Gospel, Sunday School and Praise Service Songs.

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

J. LINCOLN HALL
C. AUSTIN MILES
ADAM GEIBEL

Price: 35 cents each, by mail 40 cents

Montreal, P. Q.
D. G. RIDOUT

WILLIAM BRIGGS
29-37 Richmond St., West,
Toronto

Halifax, N. S.
F. W. MOSHER

FOREWORD

The following collection of Gospel Songs has been edited and compiled by three of the best sacred song writers on this continent.

This edition has been specially prepared to suit the requirements of the Canadian market, and we feel assured will meet with the hearty approval of the Canadian public.

It contains many new and original selections by the Editors and others, and also includes in the collection several of the most popular Canadian patriotic songs.

VOICE OF PRAISE

No. 3

No. 1. O Such Wonderful Love.

C. A. M. ALFRED JUDSON.

1. The love of the Sav-iour of sin - ners To all of the world was shown,
2. Such won- der- ful love for the low - ly Was shown at an aw - ful cost
3. For this is the song of the ran - som'd Sur-round-ing the throne of God,
4. When an - gels in glo - ry are sing - ing The sto - ry of which we know,

When Je - sus the On - ly Be - got - ten Came down from the heav'n-ly throne.
When Je - sus was of - fer'd a ran - som, To par - don from death the lost.
Who view with re - joic- ing the path - way That here up - on earth they trod.
O why should the tongues of re-deem'd ones Be si - lent on earth be - low.

CHORUS.

O such won - der- ful love,..... He who hung on the tree,.....
won- der - ful love, on the tree,

Came from heav - en a - bove,..... For you, for me.
from heav - en a - bove,

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No. 2. When We Crown Our King.

JAMES ROWE. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When the strife is end - ed, And from deeps of night, All the race has ris - en, To the
2. When the strife is end - ed, And is heard the call: "Crown Him, nations, crown Him, Lord and
3. When the strife is end - ed, And the world is won, When we see the glo - ry, Of Je -

plains of light, Such a song of rap-ture, As is now un-known, Will as-cend to
King of all," O'er the plains of E - den, And the gold - en shore, There will ring an
ho-vah's Son, How our souls will praise Him, How our hearts will sing, To our might-y

CHORUS.

heav - en, And Je - ho - vah's throne. } When the strife is end - ed, And we
an-them, Nev - er heard be - fore.
Sav-iour—Our e - ter - nal King! } When the strife, the strife is end - ed, And we

1

crown our King, All the worlds to - geth- er, With His praise shall ring, With His
crown, we crown our King, our King,

2

praise shall ring, Hal- le - lu - jah! - le - lu - jah! All the world shall sing.
praise, His praise shall ring, All the world shall sing, shall sing.

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No. 3. Give all the Sunshine You Can.

BIRDIE BELL. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Clouds may dark-en the fair-est sky, Keep the song and for-get the sigh,
2. Wear a face that will smile at grief, Bear no grudge, for the time is brief,
3. Scat-ter brightness wher-e'er you go, Lift the souls by their sin-ful low.

Gath-er joys as the days go by, Get all the sun-shine you can.
Lives are ma-ny that need re-lief, Make all the sun-shine you can.
Bind up hearts that are crush'd by woe, Give all the sun-shine you can.

CHORUS.

Sun-shine, sun-shine, ev-'ry day, . . . Gath-er
Try to gath-er sun-shine, gath-er sun-shine ev-'ry, ev-'ry day, Try to gath-er

sun-shine all a-long the way, Gath-er sun-shine
sun-shine, gath-er all a-long the way, Try to gath-er sun-shine, gath-er

from God's love, Gath-er gold-en sun-shine from the land a-bove.
sunshine from God's love, His love,

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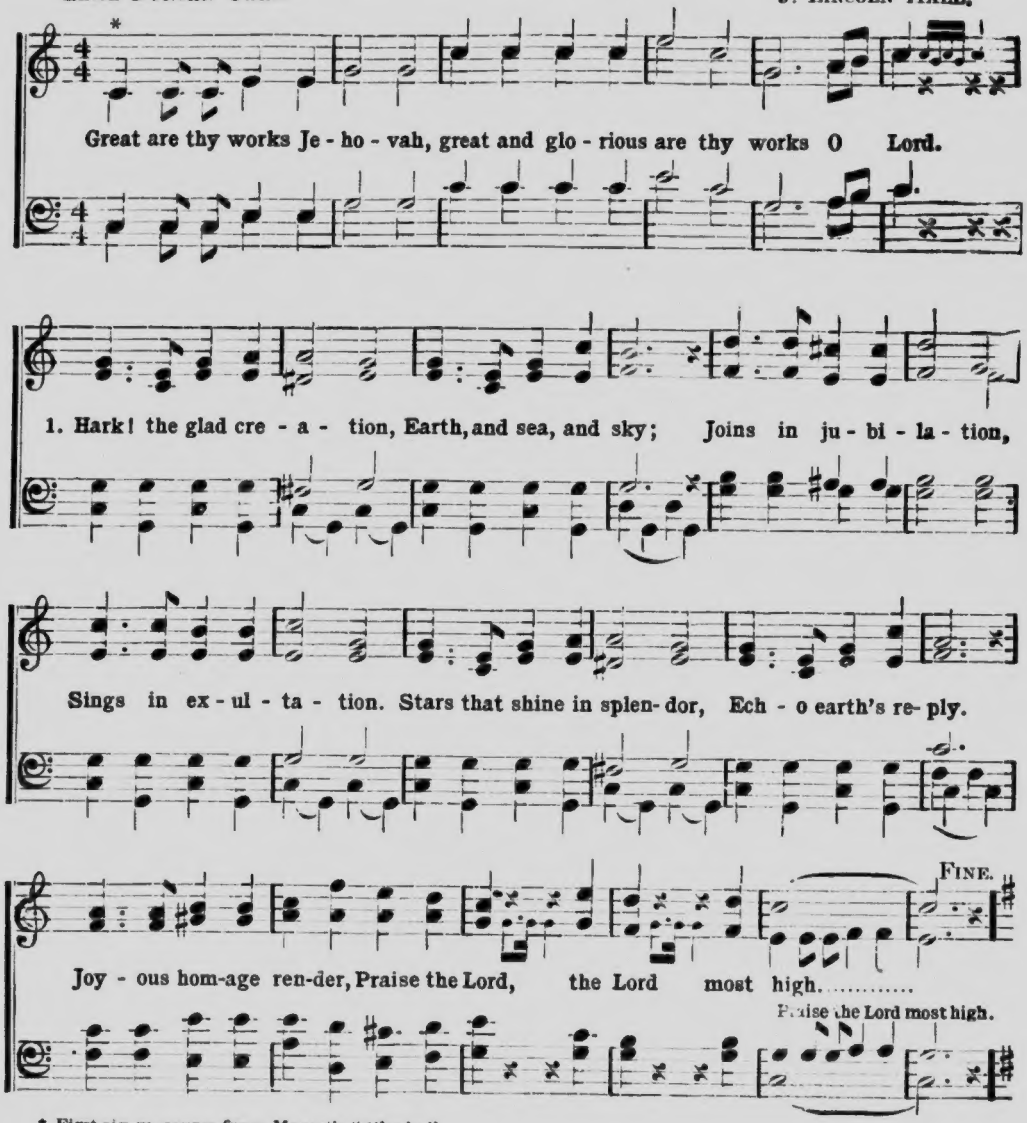
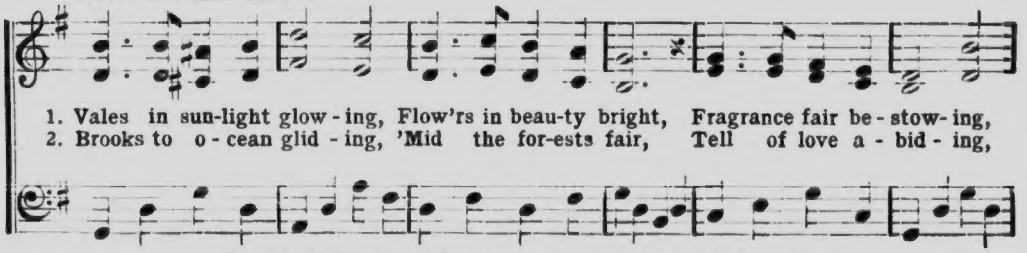
No. 4. Hark! the Glad Creation.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.



* First six measures from Mozart's "Gloria."

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.



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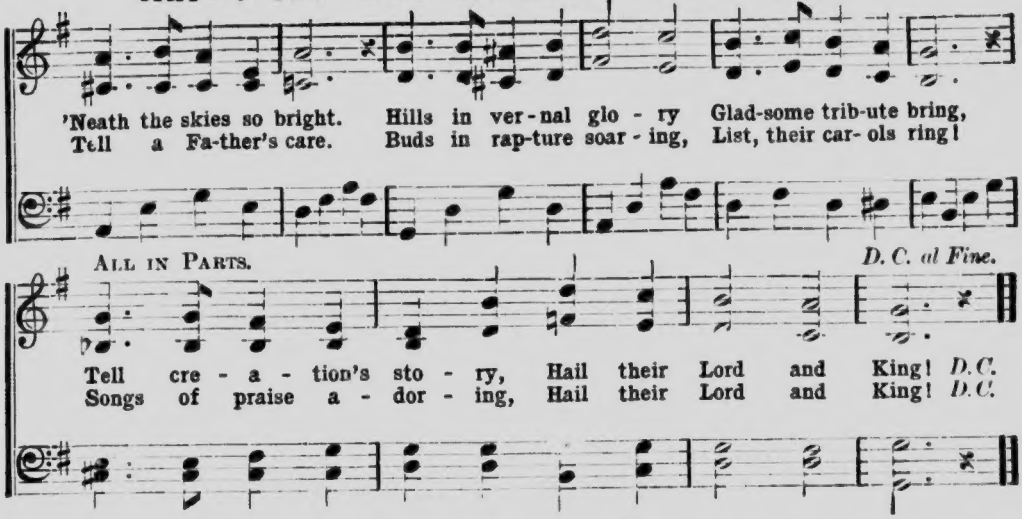
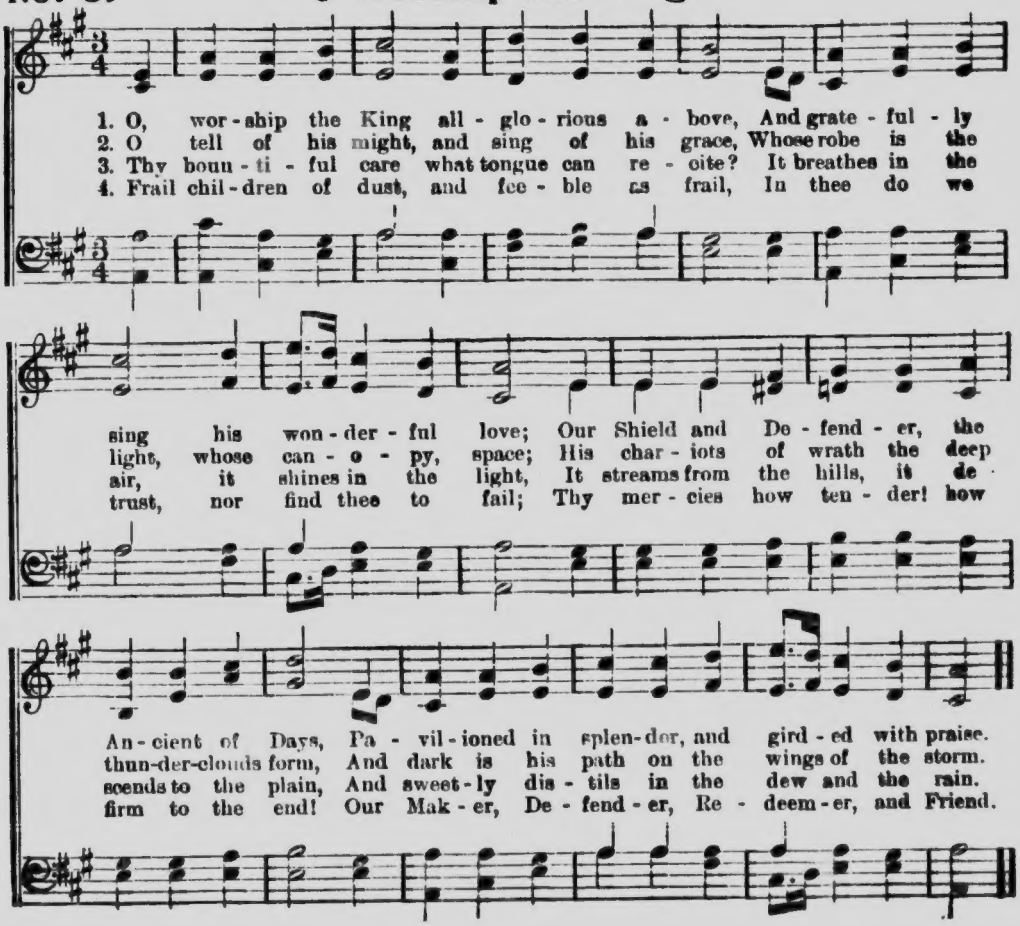
Hark! the Glad Creation.—Concluded.



No. 5. O Worship the King.



No. 6. Hark, the Trumpet.

Elsie Duncan Yale. J. Lincoln Hall.

Solo, or all Girls. Whole School. Solo, or all Girls.

1. Hark, the trumpet ring-ing clear, Haste, O haste! List the sil-v'ry notes of cheer,
2. Hark, the trumpet ring-ing clear, Haste, O haste! Lo, the gold-en dawn is near,
3. Hark, the trumpet ring-ing clear, Haste, O haste! Roy-al standards now ap-pear,

Whole School. Girls alone.

Haste, O haste! An-gel host from heav'nly height, Wait with crowns of light,
Haste, O haste! Seek with joy to serve your King, Joy-ous hom-age bring,
Haste, O haste! Loy-al be, and ev-er true, Strength divine re-new,

Whole School. Chorus. Soprano and Alto.

* Ring, ring, ring, ring,

Hark, the trum-pet ring-ing clear, Then haste, O haste! Male Voices. Clear trumpets ring,

Praise, praise, we sing, On, on, on, on! Sing, sing, O sing!

Glad praise we sing! On-ward for-ev-er serve our King!

Soprano and Alto. All.

Clear trumpets ring, glad praise we sing, On, on, for-ev-er as we serve our King.

* This part may be played by instrument if preferred.

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No. 7. The Call of Christ.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Far a- bove earth's tu - mult, The call of Christ we hear, Shall its gen - tle
2. Not from far - off coun- try, Or land a - cross the sea, Comes with earn- est
3. He who is my neigh- bor, And needs a cheer- ing word, In his faint- est

plead-ing, Fall on a heed less ear? O hear the call of Christ,
plead-ing, The call of Christ to me.
whis- per, The call of Christ is heard. O hear the call, O hear the call of Christ

Chorus. *Unison.*

The call of Christ is to mer- cy and pard-on and peace, The call of Christ is to

war-fare that nev - er shall cease, Till we shall en - ter that land of prom-ise where

Parts. gain - - ing ground.

true joys a- bound, Then on ward press, my comrades, we are gaining, we are gaining ground.

gain-ing, gaining ground.

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No. 8. There's no Rock Like the Rock of Ages.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

1. There's no rock like the Rock of A - ges, In its cleft there is shel-ter for all;
2. There's no rock like the Rock of A - ges, It will stand when the hills pass a - way,
3. There's no rock like the Rock of A - ges, 'neath its shad-ow the wea-ry may rest,

There is ref-uge from the gale, It will nev - er, nev - er fail. There's no
Tho' sins bill-ows round it roll, There is safe - ty to the soul. There's no
Cares of life be all for - got, Fear of death dis - turbs you not. There's no

CHORUS.

rock like the Rock of A - ges. Bless - ed Roc , let me
Bless - ed Rock,

hide, (let me hide.) In the cleft (In the cleft) in thy side. (In thy side,) Bless - ed

Rock, (Blessed Rock) I will hide. (I will hide.) I will ev - er ide in Thee.

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No. 9. Glory of Sunset.

EDITH PIERSON. WILFRED ROBERTSON.

DUET OR ALL FEMALE VOICES.

1. Glo - ry of sun - set is fail - ing, Shad - ows of night draw nigh,
2. Glo - ry of sun - set is wan - ing, Skies of the west grow dim,
3. Glo - ry of sun - set is end - ing, Shad - ows of ev'n - ing fall,

Day - light is qui - et - ly pal - ing; Ev - en - star shines on high.
Twi - light o'er na - ture is reigr - ing; List to the ev'n - ing hymn.
Dark - ness of night is de - scend - ing; Si - lence is o - ver all.

CHORUS.

Fa - ther, O hear us, E'er be thou near us, In thee con -
Father, O hear, Father, O hear, E'er be thou near, E'er be thou near, In thee con - fid - ing,

accell.

fid - ing, In thee a - bid - ing, Thine arm up - holds us;
E'er be thou near, In thee a - bid - ing, E'er be thou near, Thine arm, thine arm upholds us, upholds;

Thy love en - folds us, In thy care we are safe and blest; In thee we rest.
Thy love enfolds us, thy love enfolds, Thy ve enfolds, we're

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No. 10. Be Ye Reconciled.

A. A. Payn. W. G. Stephens.

1. As wand'rers far from home, with sad and tear - ful eyes Your vis - ion
2. O turn from sin a - way, it is thy King's command; No lon - ger
3. O be ye rec - on - cil'd and haste to high - er ground, Where rays of

oft is turn'd to where lies Par - a - dise. Your Saviour King's command no lon - ger
spurn his call, no more his love withstand, No lon - ger a - liens be in drear and
joy se - rene the mountain tops sur-round, Where in the Fa-ther's smile su - per - nal

Chorus.

then de - spise, But be ye rec- on- cil'd to God.
har - ren land, But be ye rec- on- cil'd to God.
bliss is found, O be ye rec- on- cil'd to God.
} Be rec - on - cil'd . . . . be rec-on-cil'd

un - to your King, . . This is the message I would bring; ..... A mes-sage
un-to your King, glad I would bring.....

glad I would bring, yes, I would bring;

an - gels bright in heaven glad - ly sing, O be ye rec- on- cil'd to God.

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No. 11. It Included Me.

C. Austin Miles. Alfred Judson.

1. I am re - joic - ing now in sins for - giv'n, Earth ev - 'ry
2. This "who - so - ev - er" is a gift of grace; I am so
3. When on the mount e - ter - nal I shall stand, Safe in the

day is grow-ing more like heav'n Since in the bless-ed word of God I see
glad it finds for all a place; Mer - cy and par-don in it now I see,
shel-ter of the glo - ry land; This shall the bur-den of my prais - es be,

Chorus.

There's a word that in - clu - ded me.
And I know it in - clu - ded me.
"I am glad it in - clu - ded me."
O that one word, "who - so -

ev - er," I will doubt its pow - er nev - er, This the

bur - den of my song shall be, "I am glad it in - clu - ded me."

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No. 12. Answer "Yes."

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. If the voice of God should come to you to - day, "Con-se-crate to me your all;"
2. By the still small voice your Maker speaks to you, Are you will - ing to o - bey?
3. Can you now with faith your all to him con-fide, Trusting in his grace a - lone?
4. Tho' you have dark hours in Geth-sem - a - ne, And your eyes are filled with tears;

If he asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you an-swer to his call?
Would you answer "Yes" and not a ques-tion ask If it be to go or stay?
Can you an-swer "Yes" if God re-quires of you Ev - ry com-fort you have known?
When the way seems darkest light is sure to break; Trust in God and stay your fears.

Chorus.

Answer "Yes" when he calls, For the Lord has work for you to do,
Answer "Yes" when he calls,

Answer "Yes" when he calls, And your serv - ice he will bless.
Answer "Yes" when he calls, will bless.

Answer "Yes" when he calls, And no mat - ter what he says to you,
Answer "Yes" when he calls.

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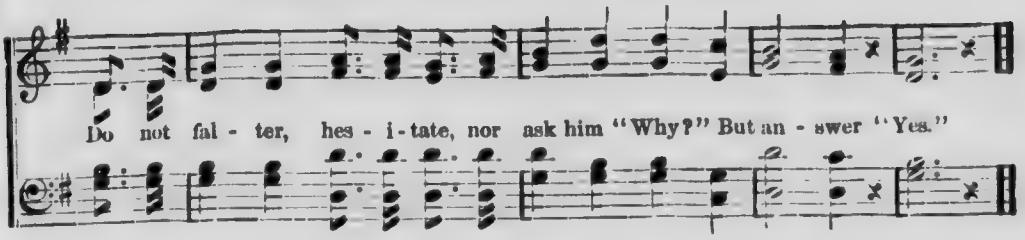
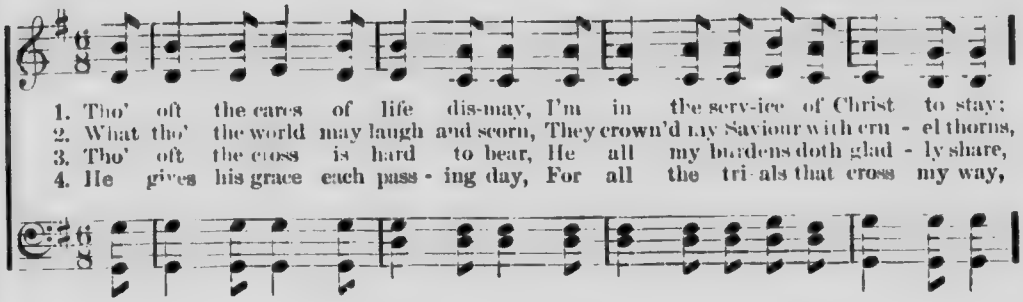
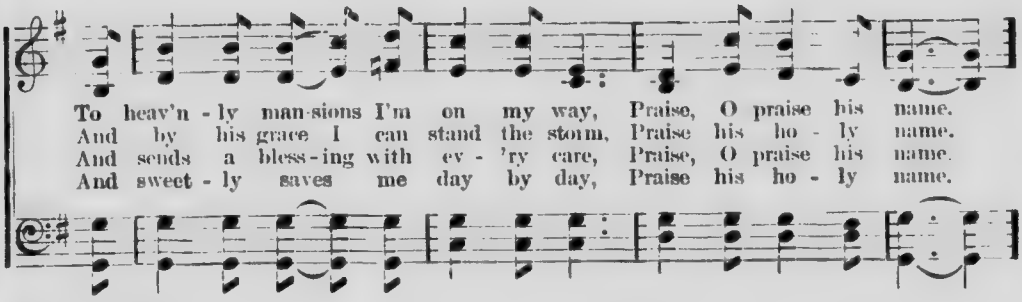
Answer "Yes."—Concluded.



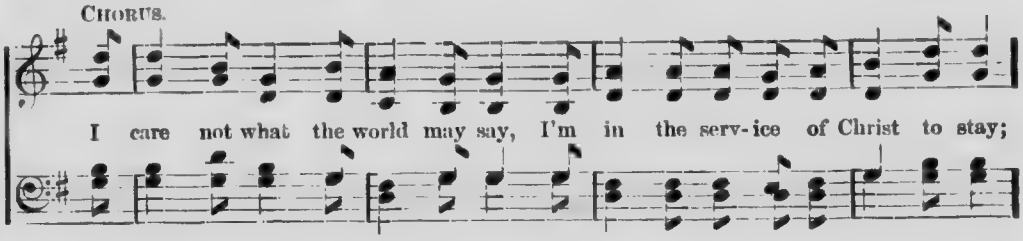
No. 13. Praise His Dear Name.

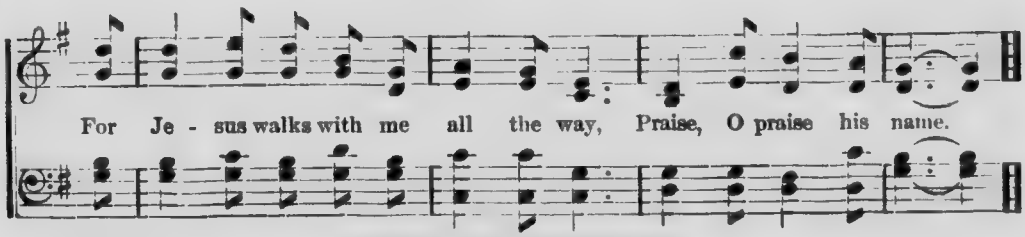
L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.





CHORUS.





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No. 14. Work To-day.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Souls are dy - ing ev - 'ry - where, Is there a - ny - one to care?
2. Work, and to the end en - dure, Work, and our re - ward is sure.
3. When be-yond the gold - en west, Sinks the glow ing sun to rest,

Christians now a-wake! For the Master's sake Ev - er read - y be to do and dare.
Tho' the day be long, Wise the foe, and strong, In the care of God we stand se - cure.
When our day shall close, Sweet is our re-pose, In the Master's work we've done our best.

Chorus. Unison.

{ Work, work, work!
{ Work, work, work!

Parts.

The Mas - ter needs us, ev - 'ry one,
Re - mem - ber it is God who calls,

1

Has - ten then to-day; Lest we work and pray Ma-ny precious souls in sin may stay, So

2

While his earn- est mes - sage To his chil-dren falls Let us work, work, work!

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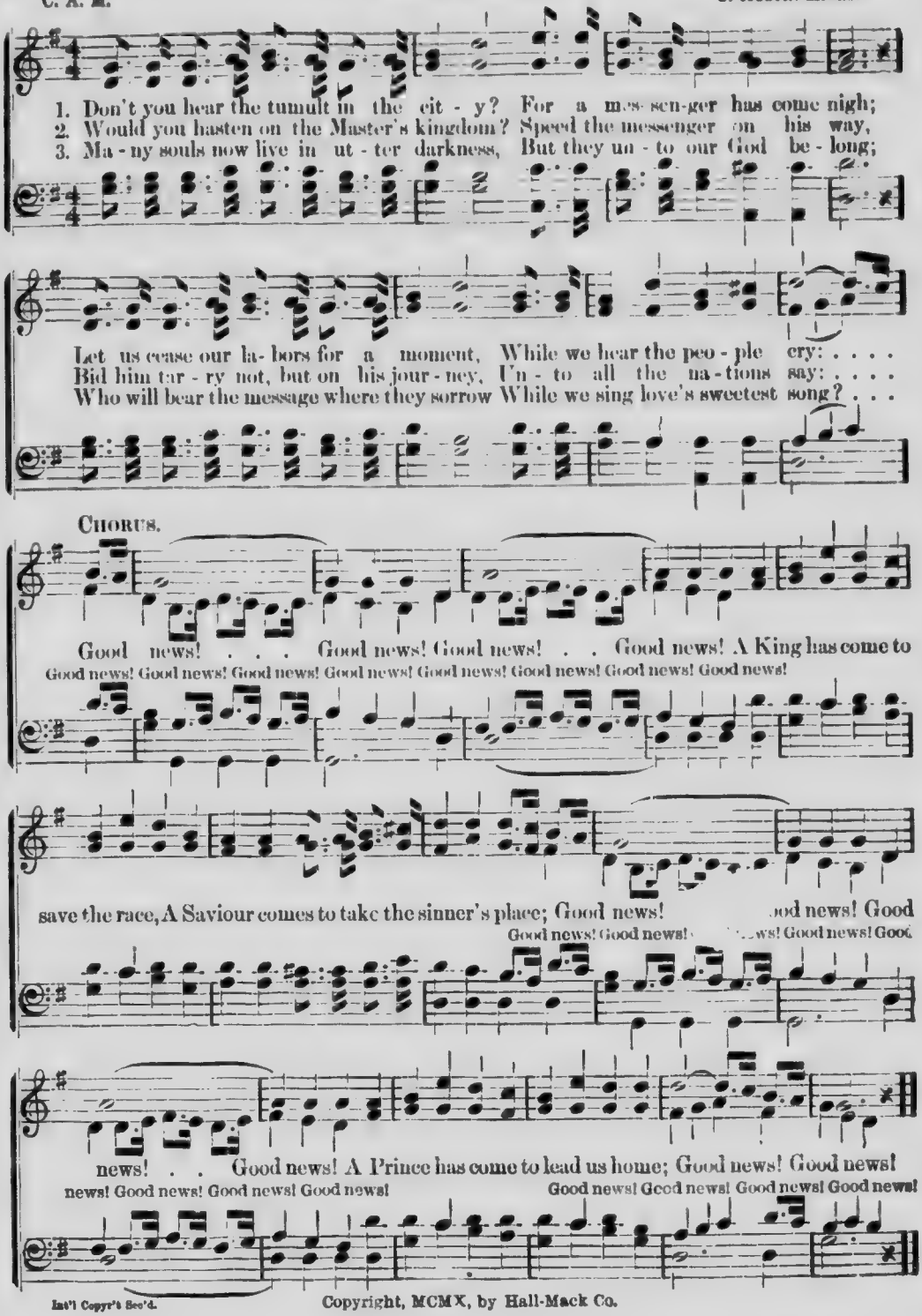
No. 15.

C. A. M.

Good News!

C. Austin Miles.



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No. 16. In the Glory Land.

C. Austin Miles. Alfred Judson.

1. White the robes they wear, Vic - tor's palms they bear In the glo - ry land.
2. When my Lord, some day, Calls me hence a - way To the glo - ry land.
3. As the light we see O'er the surg ing sea Of the glo - ry land.
4. Sing, my soul, your song That the heav'nly throng Of the glo - ry land

End - less songs they sing To the Lamb, the King, In the glo - ry land.
In his arms of love, I'll be borne a - bove To the glo - ry land.
Thro' the pearl - y gate Glad we sweep, nor wait For 'tis glo - ry land.
Crowd the pearl - y gates Where your wel come waits To the glo - ry land.

Chorus.

In the glo - ry land, In the glo - ry land,
In the glo - ry land, the glo - ry land, In the glo - ry land, the glo - ry land,

1

We shall sing a new song of the Lamb for sin-ners slain In the glo - ry land;

2

With our robes all pure and white, we shall min-gle with de-light In the glo - ry land.

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No. 17. He Careth For Me.

T. M. Eastwood. Adam Geibel.

1. My Fa - ther who paint - eth the hil - ls, And giv - eth them
2. Who guid - eth the stars in their cours - es And feed - eth the
3. The grace that I need he will prof - fer, My heav - i - est
4. For - ev - er and ev - er I'll trust him, I'll trust, yes, I'll

bean - ty so rare, Who watch - es the fall of the spar - rows, Has
birds of the air, Who cloth - eth the grass with its glo - ry, Will
bur - den he'll bear, The God who sup - pli - eth the ra - vens, Will
trust ev - 'ry - where, For I know I nev - er can wan - der, I -

Chorus.

made me the child of his care.
nev - er de - ny me his care.
fur - nish me dai - ly his care.
yond his dear love and his care.

He car - eth for me, He car - eth for me,

I know that he car - eth for me;..... In his word he de -
for me;

clares, That my sor - row he shares, And car - eth, yes, car - eth for me.....
for me.

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No. 18. Just the Whispered Name of Jesus.

EFFIE STEVENS. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Quite Slowly.

1. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Thrills my soul with deep-est love;
2. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Drives a - way de - sire to sin;
3. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Fills my heart with joy un - told,
4. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Makes me long to tell to all

Turns my thoughts from earthly pleasures To the ho - ly joys a - bove.
Gives me cour - age to bear brave - ly All life's bit - ter dis - ci - pline.
That some day his gra- cious pres - ence I shall cer - tain - ly be - hold.
How he saves, from sin and sor - row, Those who list - en to his call.

REFRAIN.

Just the whispered name Brings the peace of heaven near; Blessed, blessed name to hear!

pp (W. H. DOANE.)

The name of Je - sus. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of

Precious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of heav'n; Precious name. O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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No. 19. How Firm a Foundation.

Dedicated to Calvary Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, Philadelphia, Pa.

G. Keith. Adam Geibel.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not—I will not de-

ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said,—To
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy troub-le to bless, And
sert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll

Refrain.

you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
held by my gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
nev-er—no, nev-er—no, nev-er for-sake!

How firm . . . . a foun-
How firm a foun-da-tion, ye

da-tion, ye saints . . . of the Lord! . . . How firm a foun-
saints of the Lord! How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord!

da-tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word!

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No. 20. Welcome the Joy-laden Days.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Mer-cies un-meas-ured are fill-ing the hours, Welcome, O sun-lit splen-dor;
2. Roy-al the ros-es we joy-ous-ly twine, Welcome, O sun-lit splen-dor;
3. Vi-o-lets blooming in verd-ure-clad vales, Welcome, O sun-lit splen-dor;

Gar-dens a-glow with their blos-som-ing flow'rs, Welcome, O joy-la-den days!
Heav-ens so blue in their ra-di-ance shine, Welcome, O joy-la-den days!
Win-ter with tem-pest no lon-ger as-sails, Welcome, O joy-la-den days!

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Wel-come with glad-ness and sing-ing, Songs of re-joic-ing we raise!

PARTS.

1

Hom-age to God we are bring-ing, An-thems of ju-bi-lant praise.

2

Ech-o in rap-ture is ring-ing, Wel-come the joy-la-den days.

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No. 21. Trust Me, and Just Obey.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." —Ps. 37: 5.

E. S. U. Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Some-times when I see not the path, And I know not his lead-ing for the day;
2. O keep me from mere love of ease, For I want to be a work-er for the Lord,
3. And so as I rest in his love, I am hap-py for he is my hope and stay;

I hear Je - sus say un - to me, "It is trust me and just o - bey."
And strive my dear Sav - iour to please., As I trust him and just o - bey.
I've laid up my treas - ure a - bove, So I trust him and just o - bey.

CHORUS.

Je - sus tells me to trust him ev - 'ry day; Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
whis-pers, "I am the liv - ing way," And he tells me to be true liv - ing way,
Say - ing, "I will take you thro'," So I trust him and just o - bey.

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No. 22. Shining for Jesus.

C. H. D.

CHAS. H. DRISKELL.

1. Say! Is your light shining, my broth - er? Re- member the Master's com- mand:
2. Say! Is your light shining, my broth - er? The world needs its bright cheering ray;
3. Say! Is your light shining, my broth - er? Some wand'rer is sure to be lost!

Let your light shine in the eyes of men, That they may your works under - stand.
Thousands are groping in darkness dreary, save them while yet it is day.
Will you not hast- en and light the way? Don't lin- ger to reck- on the cost!

CHORUS.

Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin- ing for Je - sus each day; . . . Shin - ing, shin - ing,
shin - ing for Jesus each day;

sending the cheering ray, . . Lead - ing oth - ers in - to the nar - row
send - ing the cheering ray, in - to the

way: . . Is your light shining, my broth - er, for Je - sus each day? . .
narrow way: each day?

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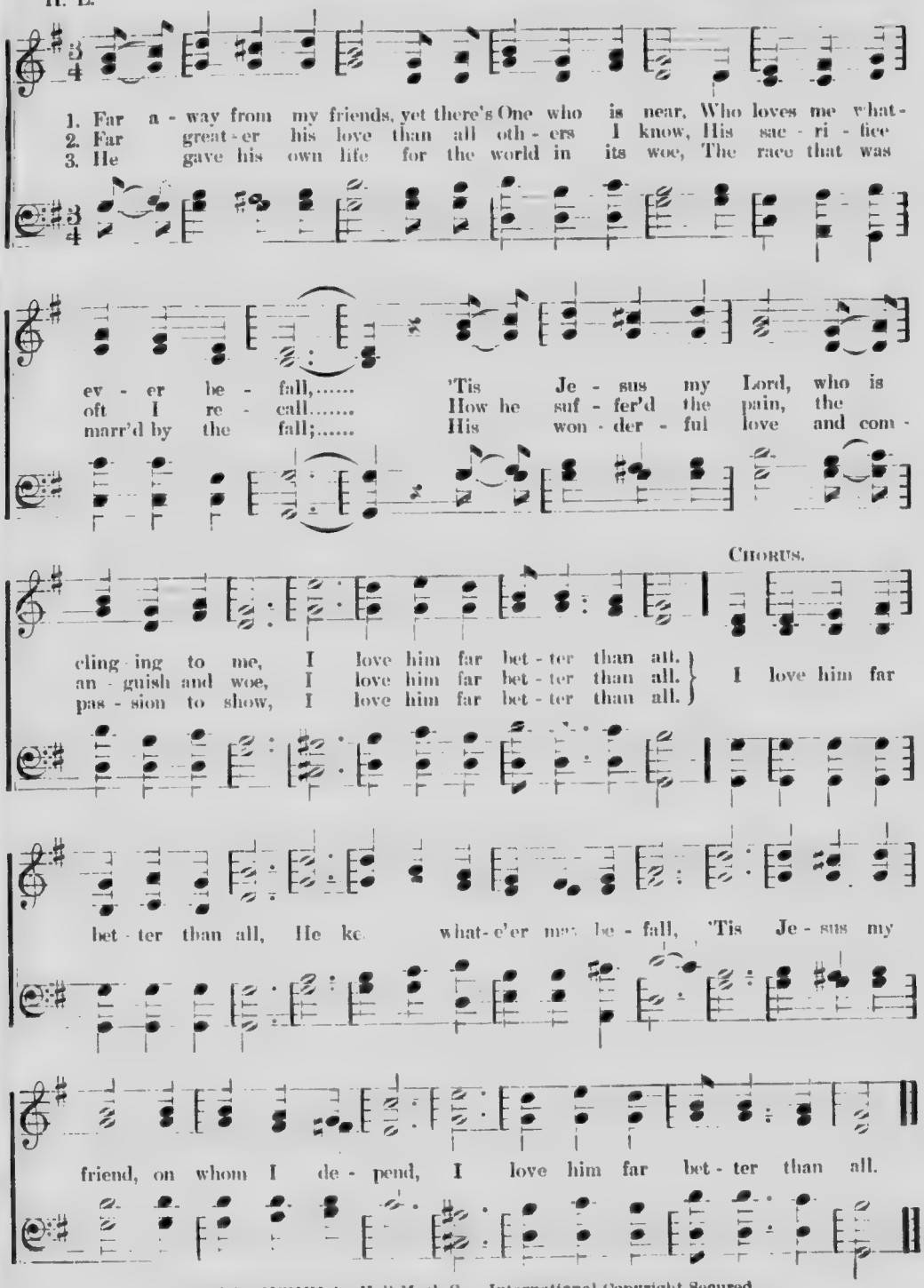
No. 23. I Love Him far Better than All.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.



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No. 24. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a-lone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this his glo-rious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each
bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

arm - y shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with dan- ger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where du-ty calls or dan- ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

rit.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

stand up

high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

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No. 25. At the Gates of Gold.

J. R. JAMES ROWE.

1. I shall meet my Sav-iour face to face, When he calls me to my dwell-ing place,
2. I shall meet him who has died for me, Wound-ed hands and feet and side shall see,
3. I shall meet him in that land of rest, Dwell for-ev-er in my home so blest,

I his nail-pierced hands in mine shall hold, Some sweet daybreak, at the gates of gold.
Heav'n ly splendors to my gaze un-fold, Some sweet daybreak, at the gates of gold.
Joy e-ter-nal shall my soul un-fold, Some sweet daybreak, at the gates of gold.

CHORUS.

I shall meet him face to face, yes, face to face; I shall praise him for his grace, his sav-ing grace; Yes, my Sav-iour King I shall be-hold, Some sweet day-break, at the gates of gold.

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No. 26. Lead On.

A. A. Payn. Alfred Judson.

1. Lead on, not with the sword the brave of earth are wield - ing, Vic - to - ry,
2. Lead on, fill - ing with strength, and grace on us be - stow - ing, Vic - to - ry,
3. Lead on, heav - en - ly King, the strife is not e - ter - nal; Vic - to - ry,

vic - to - ry com - eth in deeds of love and peace. Lead on, strong in the faith to
vic - to - ry ring - ing its song new joys im - part. Lead on, ev - er - y day thy
vic - to - ry per - ches up - on our ban - ners now. Lead on, glo - ry a - waits in

sin be nev - er yield - ing, Pray on, pray for the time when strife shall cease.
bless - ed prom - ise glow - ing, Reach - es ma - ny a wea - ry troub - led heart.
realms of light su - per - nal, Some day, ra - di - ant crowns the vic - tor's brow.

Chorus.

Lead on, heav'nly King, O lead us, lead us on, Vic - to - ry,
Lead us ev - er, O heav'nly King, O lead us, on, ...

rit. *a tempo.*

vic - to - ry, sheds its ray, ... Lead on, heav'nly King, O
sheds its beau - ti - ful heav'nly ray, Lead us ev - er, O heav'nly King, O

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Lead On.—Concluded.

ad lib.

lead us, lead us on, Down the fu - ture's glo - rious way.
lead us on..... Lead us, lead us down the fu - ture's glo - rious way.

No. 27. Higher Life.

C. Austin Miles. Russell Hancock Miles.

1. Long a - go I lost my e - vil love for sin - ning, When I learned to
2. Ev - 'ry wak - ing mo - ment glad my heart is sing - ing, "All my sins are
3. Far a - bove the low - li - ness of earth I'm liv - ing, Where the ful - ler

love my King and Lord; Then I found the ful - ness of his love, be - gin - ning,
un - der neath the blood;" But to high - er bliss my joy - ful soul is wing - ing,
bless - ings free - ly flow; Rich - es of a high - er life my God is giv - ing,

Refrain.

In the rich - es of his word.
Seek - ing rich - er things of God.
Such as ev - 'ry one may know.

Ris - ing, ris - ing, far above the things of
Ris - ing, ris - ing, I am ris - ing,

earth be - low, Ris - ing, Ris - ing, Where the rip - er fruits of bless - ing grow.
Ris - ing, I am Ris - ing,

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No. 28. Voices of the Forest.

Elsie Duncan Yale. J. Lincoln Hall.

Echo 8va.

1. Hark to the forest's g'ad voic- es, Praising the King, Woodland in summer re-
2. Hark to the for - est so ver - nal Praising the King, Joy - ful in mer-cies e -
3. Hark to the forest's glad voic- es, Praising the King, Earth in his mer-cy re-

Soprano and Alto, or Duet.

joic - es, Praise, praise the King. Breezes are soft - ly stray - ing, Skies in their
ter - nal, Praise, praise the King. Brooks to the sea are flow - ing, Sweetly their
joic - es, Praise, praise the King. Vio - o - lets meek and low - ly, Fragrance and

All.

beau - ty bend, Tree-tops so gen-tly are sway-ing, Prais-es to God as - cend.
tones now blend, Blessings the Lord is be- stow- ing, Prais-es to him as - cend.
beau - ty lend, Praise to the heav-en so ho - ly, Prais-es to God as - cend.

Chorus. *Unison.* *Parts.*

Praise his name! List the voice of the for - est ring - ing, Wood - lands re-
Woodlands in joy re-

Unison.

ech - o, Homage to him pro - claim. Praise his name! Blessings
ech - o the praise.

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Voices of the Forest.—Concluded.

Parts.

bright is the summer bring-ing, For - est fair prais-es ev'er his ho - ly name!

No. 29. Skies of the Summer.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Skies of the sum-mer are glow - ing, Gar-lands of ros - es we wreathe,
2. Skies of the sum-mer un - cloud - ed Shine in their ra - di - ant light,
3. Skies of the sum-mer are bend - ing, Val - leys in verd-ure re - joice;

Blos-soms their beau-ty be - stow - ing, Sweet is the fragrance they breathe.
Gone are the clouds that en - shroud - ed, Gone is the win-ter's dark blight.
List to the prais - es as - cend - ing, List to each ju - bi - lant voice!

* CHORUS.

{ Sing - ing, sing - ing, Bring - ing, bring - ing, Gar-lands of ra - di - ant
{ Sing - ing, sing - ing, Bring - ing, bring - ing, Gar-lands of glad-ness we're

1 2

ros - es, Praise him, giv - er of blessings, We're
bring - ing (*Omit*.....) to our King.

* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

No. 30. On the Winning Side.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. We're gird - ed for the fight, 'gainst the pow'rs of sin and wrong, We're on the win-ning side, for God shall be our guide, Come join in glad ac - co d as we raise the vic-tor's song, O praise the Lord we're on the win-ning side.
2. We're in a world of sin where the pow'rs of might as - sail, We're on the win-ning side, for God shall ev - er guide, Tho' Sa - tan's host be strong we shall ev - er more pre-vail, O praise the Lord we're on the win-ning side.
3. Our Lead - er we o - bey, and we heed his blest com - mand We're on the win-ning side, for God shall be our guide, A crown of joy a - wai s when we reach the glo - ry land, O praise the Lord we're on the win-ning side.

CHORUS.

We're on the win-ning side, and firm shall e'er a - bide, For Je - sus is our Cap - tain and our Guide..... Tho' the fight be fierce and long, Tho' the

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On the Winning Side.—Concluded.

host of sin be strong, We will praise the Lord we're on the win-ning side.

No. 31. I Will, Dear Lord.

J. R. JAMES ROWE.

1. I'll do what I can for thy glo - ry, Lord, As on-ward thro' life I go;
2. I'll ren - der true serv-ice to thee, dear Lord, A part of my debt to pay,
3. Thy serv- ice shall be my de-light, dear Lord, Un - til I am called a - love,

By sing-ing and tell - ing thy sto - ry, Lord, That oth - ers thy love may know.
By praising thy good-ness to me, dear Lord, To those who are still a - stray.
And then, with the an - gels of light, dear Lord, For - ev - er I'll praise thy love.

CHORUS.

I will, dear Lord, I will, dear Lord, My prom - ise I will ful - fill;

In life and death I'll faith - ful be, I will, dear Lord, I will.

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No. 32. Christ Forever!

JAMES ROWE. ADAM GEIBEL.

UNISON.

1. Hear our hap - py voic - es speed - ing o'er the plains, Joy - ous praise to God a - bove we sing;
2. Hearts of pure de - vo - tion we have brought to - day, Sim - ple gifts of love from sol diers true;
3. Till the foe ne beat - en and the world be free, For our great Com - mand - er we will fight;

Tell - ing all the peo - ple that Je - ho - vah reigns, Making known that Je-sus is our King.
Sure that he will send us hap - py on our way, Sure that he will make us vic - tors too.
Till both earth and heav - en ring with "Vic - to - ry!" We will no - bly bat - tle for the right.

CHORUS.

Christ for - ev - er! Christ for - ev - er!

This is what we sing a - long the way; (a-long the way;) Christ for - ev - er! Christ for - ev - er! This is what we sing from day to day. from day to day.

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No. 33. Anything or Nothing.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. A - ny-thing or noth - ing, world - ly wealth or fame All shall prove his pow - er,
2. Sor - row may op-press me, tears mine eyes may fill, This shall be my com - fort,
3. Cheer-ful yet, I fol - low where he leads the way; Shad-ows all a - round me,

shall ex - alt his name, Ev - en tho' he slay me I will trust him still,
"Tis my Fa - ther's will." r'friends may all for-sake me, faith - less prove to be
gone the wel - come day; Heav - en still is near me, God is o - ver all,

Chorus.

For I rest se-cure—it is his will.
Yet in all I hope God's hand to see!
Safe, in him con-fid - ing shall I fall?
} Work thy will in me, what - so - e'er it be,

On - ly thro' it all thy hand let me see, Wheth - er good or ill on - ly

be my shel - ter still, I'll be a - ny-thing or noth-ing as it pleas - es thee.

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No. 34. The Sign of the Cross.

T. M. Eastwood. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. There's a sign in which to con - quer All our en - e - mies and foes,
2. In the com - ing day, the na - tions All will see this sign dis - play'd,
3. Let us nev - er be dis - cour - aged As the years go roll - ing by,

And to crush in dread dis - as - ter, All the e - vils that op - pose.
And the Lord's vic - to - rious ar - my In his pan - o - ply ar - ray'd.
While the sign by which we con - quer, Is by us up - lift - ed high.

Soprano and Alto.

If we lift it up with bold - ness, We shall nev - er suf - fer loss,
If we fight be - neath his ban - ner, We shall nev - er suf - fer loss,
We shall nev - er be de - feat - ed, If we count all else but dross,

Parts.

ff ad lib.

For we can - not fail in bat - tle With the sign of the cross.
For the sign with which we bat - tle Is the sign of the cross.
For our faith will win the con - flict With the sign of the cross.

Chorus.

With the sign of the cross, we will go Wher-so - ev - er we jour-ney be - low;
we will go, here below.

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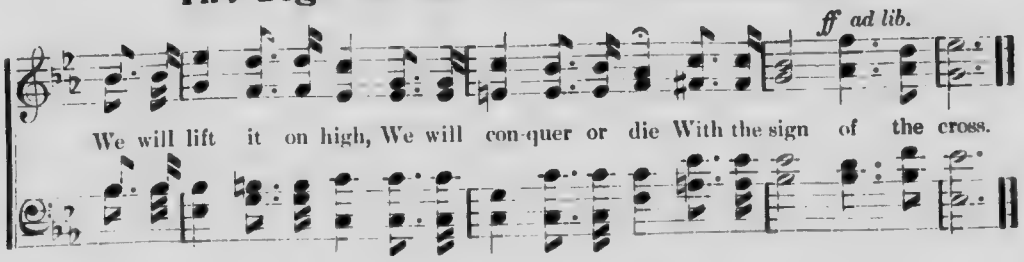
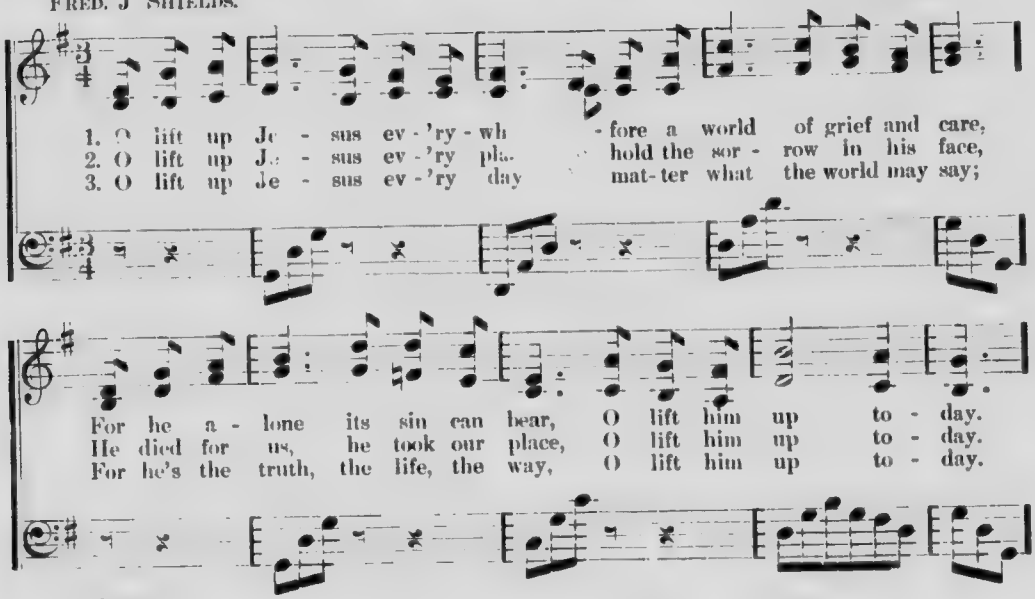
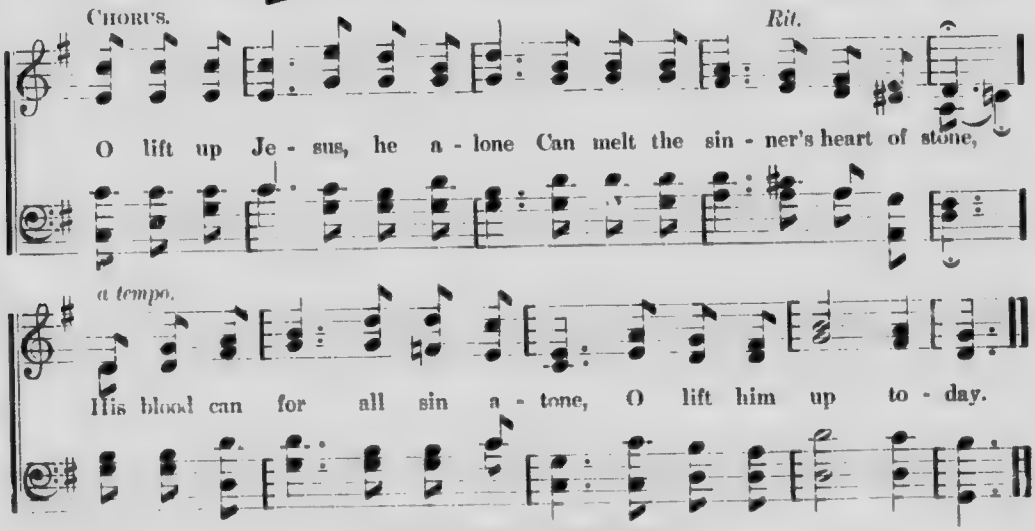
The Sign of the Cross.—Concluded.



No. 35. O Lift Up Jesus.

FRED. J SHIELDS. HALDOR LILLENAS.





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No. 36. My Elder Brother is the King.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.

1. This land thro' which I jour - ney, is beau - ti - ful to me, With
2. I've no con - tin - uing cit - y, though earth - ly homes are fair; I'm
3. I love these songs of Zi - on, I love her tem - ples fair, I
4. I'll glad - ly do my best in the serv - ice of the Lord, Or

ma - ny friends and loved ones at my side, But there's a heav'n - ly
wait - ing here un - til my King says "Come," Then quick - ly to my
love my Mak - er's prais - es here to sing, But there's a bet - ter
pa - tient go where pain my foot - step waits; I know that some glad

Rit.

coun - try which now by faith I see, And there for ev - er I'll a - bide.
Sav - iour my soul shall an - gels bear, For where he is, there is my home.
coun - try, and I am go - ing there, My El - der Broth- er is the King.
morn - ing my El - der Broth-er's word, Shall o - pen wide the Cit - y gates.

Chorus.

Then ask me not to stay here, While in my ears the homeland echoes ring,

For I'm a cit - i- zen of no mean coun-try, There my El- der Brother is the King.

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No. 37. We Walk by Faith.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. March on, O sons of God, For one this way has trod, Who knows the heav - y
2. No cross in star- lit sky Shall greet our wearied eye, Nor cloud and fie - ry
3. All hail the promised land! Re - joice, O pilgrim band, The walls of yon - der

Female Voices. Male Voices. All.

bur-dens we have to bear. He hears the mourner's sigh, He hears the sinner's cry, And
pil - lar our path dis-play. Tho' dark the day or night, We'll walk by faith, not sight, And
cit - y be - fore you fall. There joys shall e'er abound, There peace, a- lone, is found, There

rit.

Chorus. *Unison.* Arr. from Wagner.

from his throne on high will answer pray'r.
trust in God a- lone to show the way.
waits the Son of God your all in all.
} March on, march on, safe is the pathway be -

fore us, March on, march on, bright is the light now shining o'er us, March on, march

on, in the way he trod, And fol - low where he may lead us as valiant Sons of God.

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No. 38. Songs of the Summer.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Songs of re-joic-ing ring-ing, Float 'neath the cloudless sky; Echoes the notes are fling-ing,
2. Brooks that are swiftly far-ing On to the rest-less sea, Tidings of love are bear-ing,
3. Hills in their vernal splen-dor, Vales in their verdure bright, Praise to the Father ren-der,

List to the glad re-ply; Mes-sage e-ter-nal bringing, Praising the King most high.
Rippling o'er plain and lea; Mer-cies di-vine de-clar-ing, Blessings so full and free.
Praise him the Lord of light, Hail him the King, De-fen-der, Hail him the Lord of might!

* CHORUS. SOPRANO AND ALTO.
(CALVARY.)

Joy, joy, all ex-cell-ing, Now crowneth our days;.....

Earth glad-ly is tell-ing God's glo-ry and praise.

ALL IN PARTS.

Joy, joy, all ex-cel-ling, Bids, bids us re-joice,
Joy, wondrous joy, all ex-cel-ling, Bids, bids us ev-er be glad and re-joice,

* Chorus introduces the principle theme of Paul Rodney's "Calvary."

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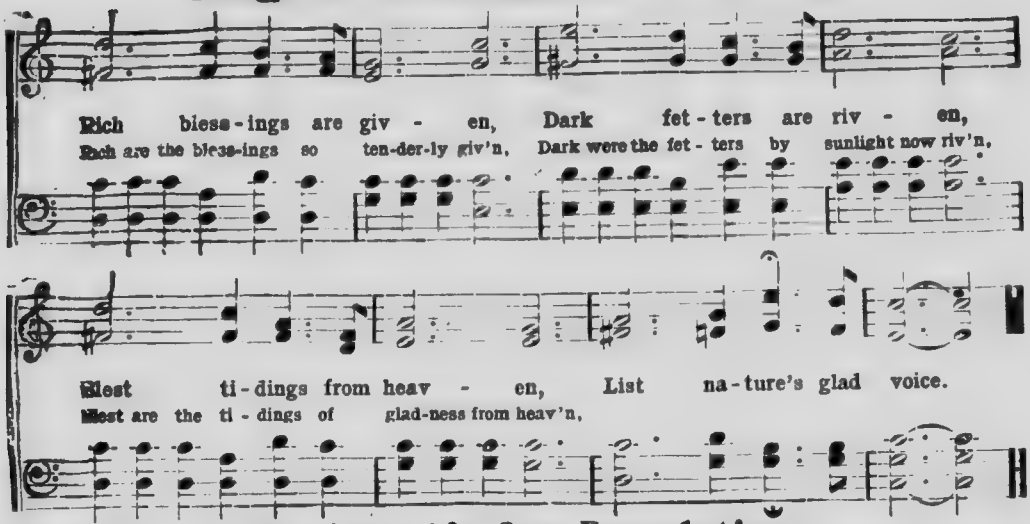
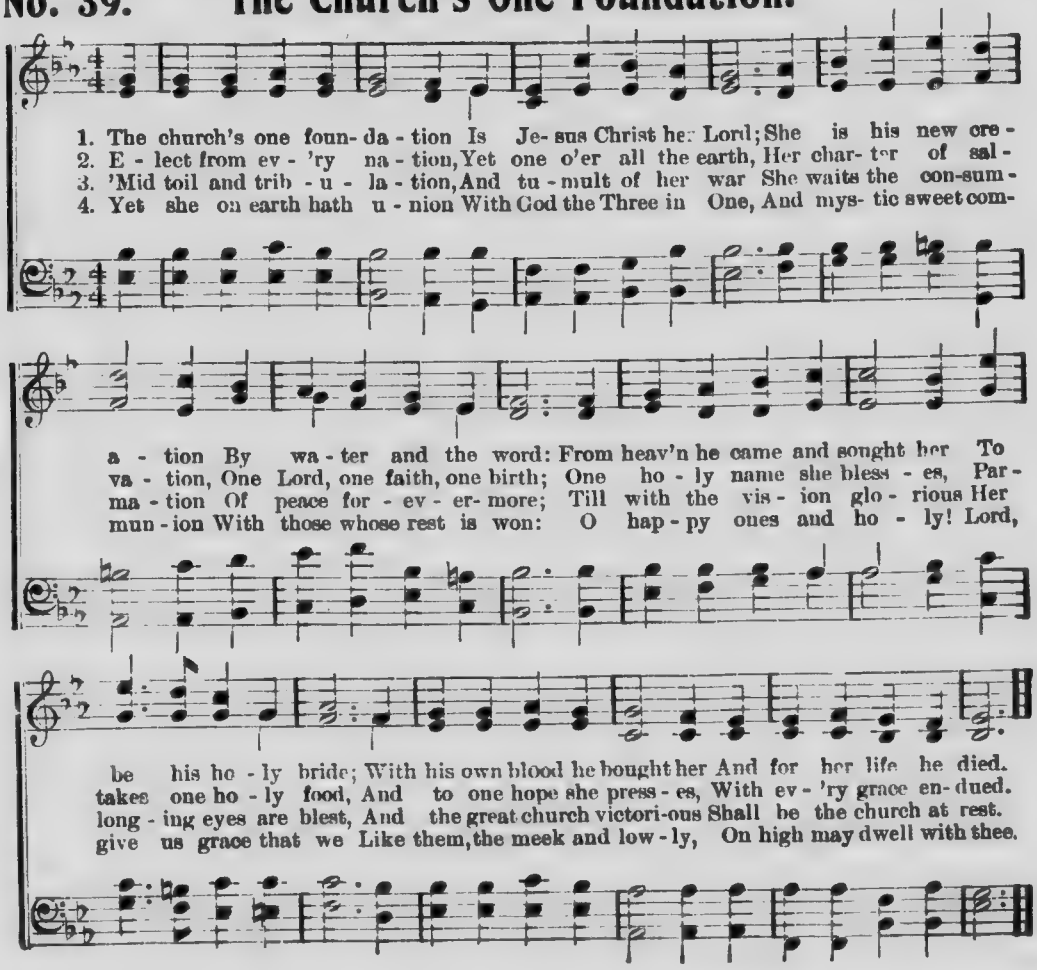


No. 39. The Church's One Foundation.



No. 40. The Master's Garden.

GRACE GORDON. ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo or Duet.

1. In the garden of the Mäster, Bloom the flow'rs so bright and fair, Which his hand in love has
2. In the gar - den of the Mas-ter, Lillies bloom in white ar-ray, Breathing forth a ho- ly
3. In the gar - den of the Mas-ter All is joy and endless peace, For his love shall ev-er

planted, Which He guards with tend'rest care. Naught can harm the fragrant blossoms, Wintry
in - cense, In the breeze their censers sway, Like the throngs of shining an - gels, By the
cher - ish, And his care can nev- er cease, There be-yond the shining por - tal, In the

storms can never blight, For the sunshine of his presence, Sheds for aye its wondrous light.
bright and jasper throne, In the gar- den of the Master, When they bloom for him alone.
realms of light a - bove, Earthly flow'rs shall bloom immortal In the gar-den of his love.

CHORUS.

When we meet in heaven's gar-den, When the gates are o- pen wide,

When we meet, we meet in heaven's garden, When the gates, the gates are o-pen, o- pen wide,

We shall gath - er all our lil - lies, Growing at our Saviour's side.

We shall gath- er, gath- er all our lil - lies, Growing, grow-ing at our Saviour's side.

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No. 41. Onward, Soldiers of the Cross.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. On-ward, onward soldiers of the cross, Roy-al ban-ners glow; On- ward, on-ward
2. On-ward, onward loyal hearts and true. Hark, the clarion call; Christ our King our
3. On-ward, onward soldiers of the King, Led by love di - vine; On- ward, on-ward

Proceed to Chorus in strict tempo.

CHORUS.

ne'er to suf - fer loss, Conq'ring ev - 'ry foe.
cour-age shall re - new, Crown him Lord of all.
list the watchword ring Tri - umph in his sign.

MALE VOICES.
Faith in him ..... shall be our

FEMALE VOICES.

shield, Forward go, forward go! Spir - it sword we bravely wield, In his

* TWO PARTS.
Faith in him shall be our shield, Forward go,

name forward go! Faith in him..... shall be our shield, Forward go, forward

forward go! IN PARTS.

go! Vict'ry's crown in realms of light a - waits us, Forward, for-ward go!
the crown,

* This passage is in two parts, the male voices sing lower part of top staff, female sing upper. A little trouble in learning this piece will be amply repaid by the effect produced.

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No. 42. Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight, if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

On the cross . . . . . of Christ my Sav - - iour
On the cross of Christ my Sav-iour on His bless-ed cross,
Where His blood . . . . . was shed for me. . . . . .
Where His pre-cious blood was shed for me, was shed for me,
I will rest . . . . . my sins for-ev - - - er,
I will rest my sins for-ev-er, there for-ev-er-more,

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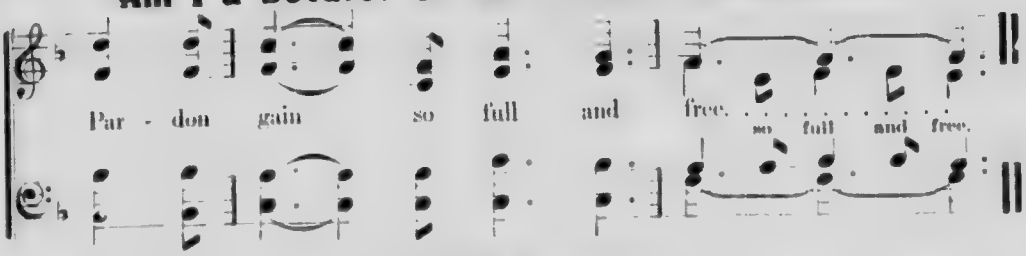
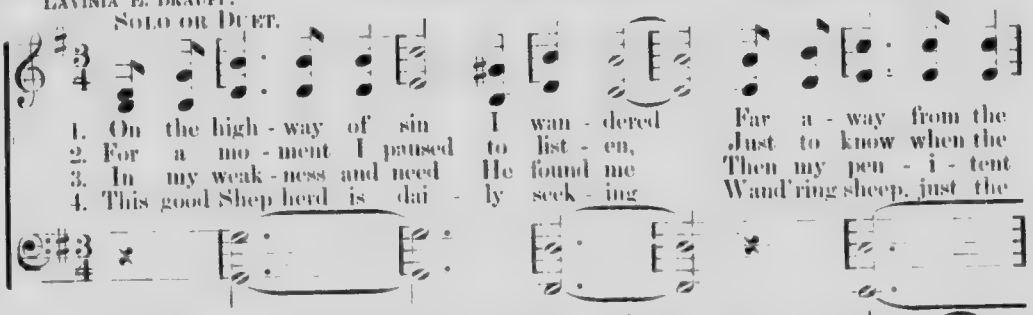
Am I a Soldier of the Cross.—Concluded.

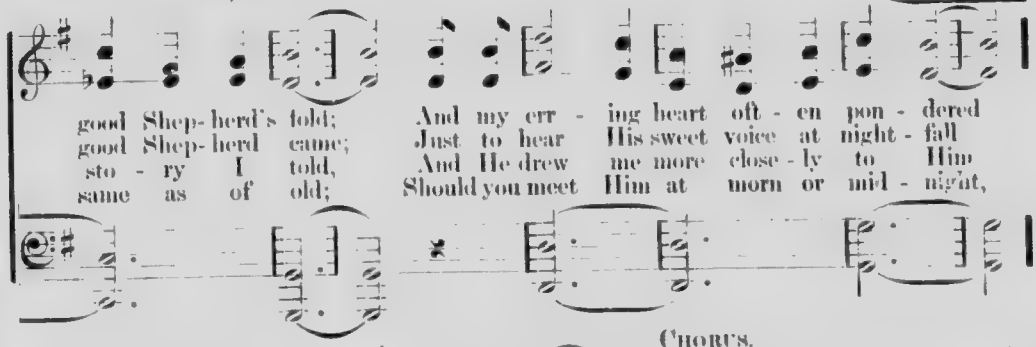


No. 43. I Know My Sheep.

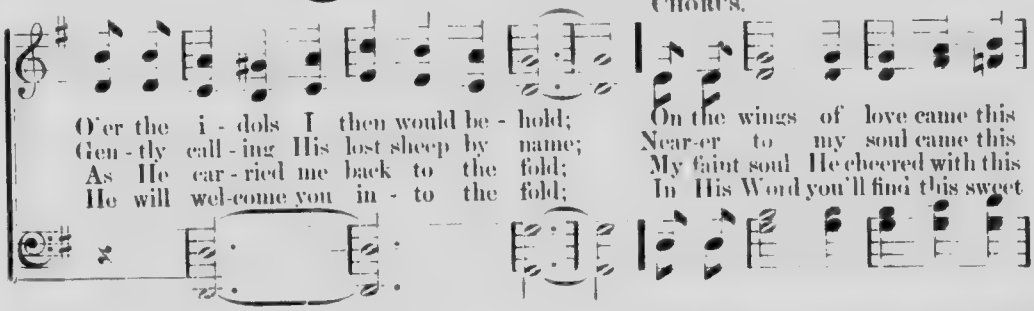
LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

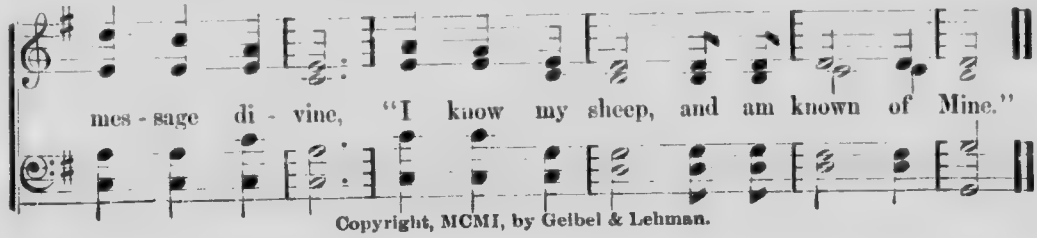
SOLO OR DUET.





CHORUS.





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No. 44. Never Any Change in His Love.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. When mis - for - tune o - ver - takes me, and my wea - ry soul is tried, When a
2. When the fierc - est foes as - sail me, when my soul is sore oppress'd, Sa - tan's
3. I will cling to him for - ev - er, and will sing his praise each day, Peace de -

cloud of trouble hides the blue a - bove, Tho' my friends of earth may fail me, tho' they
pow'r my steadfast soul shall never move; For my Sav - iour is my ref - uge in his
scends up-on my spir- it as a dove; For his mer - cy and his goodness brighten

wan der from my side, There is nev - er a - ny change in Je - sus' love.....
might-y pow'r I rest. There is nev - er a - ny change in Je - sus' love.....
all my homeward way, There is nev - er a - ny change in Je - sus' love.....

CHORUS.

There is nev - er a - ny change in his love, He is ev - er watch-ing
in his love,
o'er me from a - bove, Praise and bless his ho - ly name, He is

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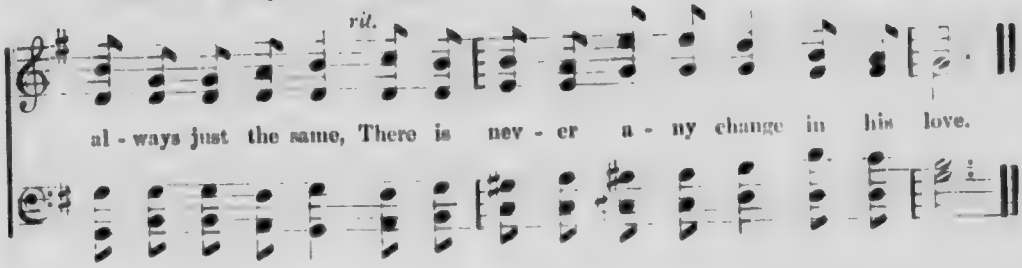
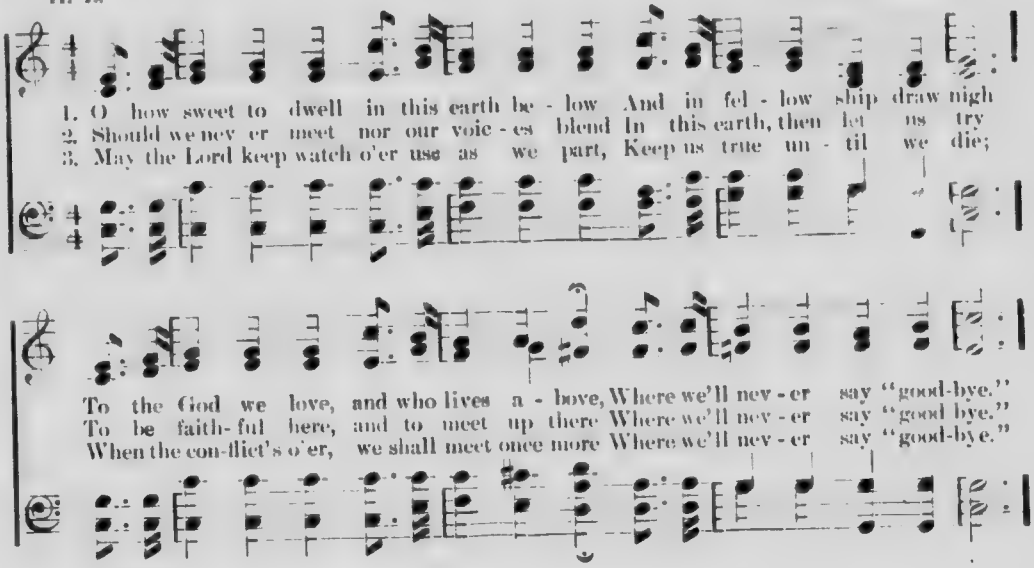
Never Any Change in His Love.—Concluded.

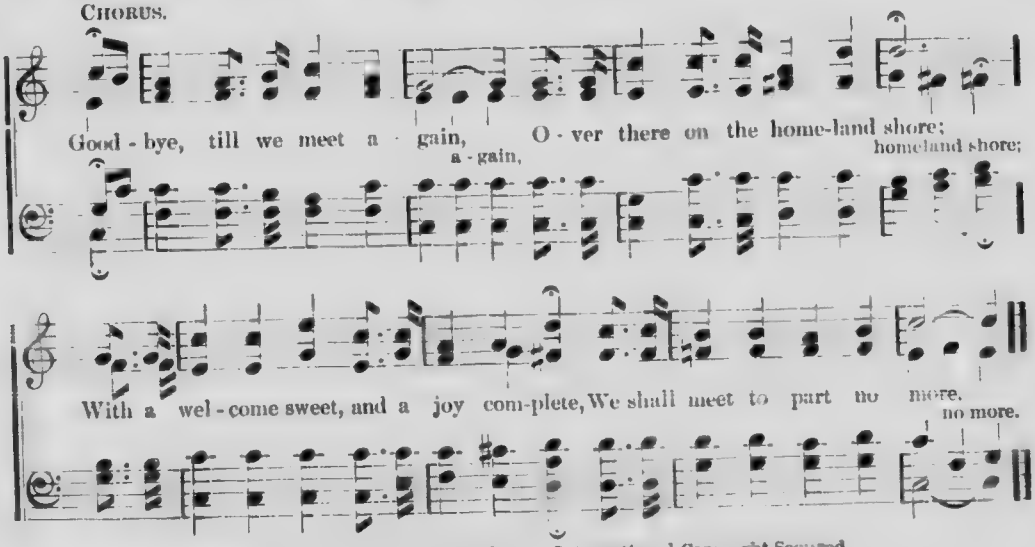


No. 45. Good-Bye, Till We Meet.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.



CHORUS.



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No. 46. Bring Someone to Jesus Every Day.

IRVIN H. MACK. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Would you la - bor for the Master, Would you in his serv - ice be? Bring some-one to
2. Would you fill your life with gladness, And the joy of serv-ice know? Bring some-one to
3. Would you stand among the ransom'd With the loy - al ones and true? Bring some-one to
4. Would you take this world for Je-sus, Would you conquer in his name? Bring some-one to

Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Would you help this world be bet-ter, Oth-er lives from sin set free?
Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Would you help to spread the gos-pel, And its bound-less mer-cy show?
Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Would you meet the Lord's approval, Win the crown laid up for you?
Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Tell a - broad his blest sal-va-tion, 'Twas for this the Saviour came:

CHORUS.

Bring some-one to Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Some - one to Je - sus, ev - 'ry day,

Some-one to Je - sus, Some-one to Je - sus ev - 'ry day; There is ev - 'ry day;

something you should do, For he did so much for you, Bring some-one to Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

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No. 47. Wonderful Grace.

A. A. Payn. Arthur Wilton.

1. Ev - er of him I am sing - ing, Who in his in - fi - nite love
2. O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour, O what a won - der - ful grace,
3. Earth is a joy, with sal - va - tion, Still there are sor - rows to share,

Came thro' the por - tals of glo - ry Bring-ing us grace from a - bove.
Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, Suf - fer - ing there in my place.
Heav - en is wait - ing to wel - come, We shall be sat - is - fied there.

Chorus.

O won - der - ful grace,..... Grace, dy - ing for me;.....
Won-der-ful grace, won-der- ful grace, Dy - ing for me. dy - ing for me;
Swing o - pen ye gates,..... That heav - en may see;.....
O - pen ye gates, o - pen ye gates, Heav-en may see, heav-en may see,

1

O Won-der-ful glo - ry, By faith I can see;.....
Won-der-ful glo - ry, won-der-ful glo-ry, Now I can see, now I can see;

Ad lib.

From Cal - va - ry's fount - ain, Grace flow - ing for me.
From Calv'ry's fount-ain, from Calv'ry's fountain,

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No. 48. Our Sun and Shield.

GRACE GORDON. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

Martial.

1. Clad in arm-or all un - fail - ing, Sword of the Word we wield,
2. Standards bri; ht are float-ing o'er us, On, to the bat - tle field!
3. Not by might but by his Spir - it, Strong in his strength re - vealed,

Sva.

Fear we not the foes as - sail - ing, God is our Sun and shield.
Lo! his ban-ners go be - fore us, God is our Sun and shield.
Crown of life shall we in - her - it, God is our Sun and shield.

CHORUS.

Our Sun and Shield, Our Sun and Shield, Till toil is

Sva. ad lib.

done, And crown of life is won, Our Sun and Shield, We

ne'er can yield, We for- ward press, His name we bless, Our Sun and Shield.

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No. 49. Down at the Saviour's Cross.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo, or all voices in unison.

1. Down at the cross where the Sav - iour died, Shed-ding his blood in a
2. O, pre - cious cross which he bore for me, Hal- low'd the light, which by
3. Je - sus, O keep me, what- e'er the cost, Safe 'neath the shad - ow of

crim - son tide; Peace, won-drous peace, I have found in thee,
faith I see; Shin - ing a - cross the dark path of time,
thy dear cross; Walk- ing with thee, I can nev - er stray

CHORUS.

Dear cross of Cal - va - ry.....
In - to this life of mine.....
Far from the nar - row way.....

Safe in the cross let me

e'er a - bide, 'Neath its dear shad - ow I'll safe - ly hide; My long - ing

soul here is sat - is - fied, Down at the Sav - iour's cross.....

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No. 50. Lift the Banner Higher.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Lift the ban- ner of the cross! Bear it on-ward day by day, Till the mighty pow'rs of
2. Lift the ban- ner of the cross, till it shines o'er ev-' ry land, Let its folds of beau-ty
3. Lift the ban- ner of the cross, till it shines o'er ev'ry land, Speed the day, when all shall

wrong are downward hurled! Let it gladly, proudly wave, With the message "Christ can save!" Lift it
nev - er more be furled, Till the darken'd isles shall sing Of Im-man - u - el, their King, Lift it
see its folds un-furled, Let it float from sea to sea, Till all lands in Christ are free! Lift it

CHORUS.

high- er till it cir- cles all the world. Lift it high- er till it cir-cles all the world!

Till the mighty pow'rs of wrong are downward hurled! Let it grand-ly proud-ly wave;

With the mes-sage "Christ can save!" Lift it high - er, till it cir - cles all the world!

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No. 51. Bless Ye the Glorious King.

Elsie Duncan Yale. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Bless ye the glorious King, Heav'n shall his praises sing, Anthems resound and joy shall abound, Harps of the highest ring, An-gels their sovereign own, Bend-ing be-fore his throne, Cast-ing a-down each bright star-ry crown.
2. Bless ye the glorious King, World wide his ban-ners fling, Might-y his sway o'er all earth to-day, Homage to him we bring. Mountain and vale and plain, Ech-o the glad re-frain, Voi-ces shall blend and prais-es as-cend.
3. Bless ye the glorious King, Wide let the heart's door swing, Now at the gates in mer-cy he waits, O-pen the por-tal swing, Bid him a roy-al guest, Find in each soul his rest, May we to-day, his man-date o-bey.

8va. ad lib.

Chorus.

Prais-ing his name a-lone! Welcome the Saviour's reign. Joy-ful and ev-er blest. } Bless ye the glorious King! Trib-ute re-joic-ing bring, Glad-ly a-dore him, bowing before him Bless ye the glorious King!

8va. ad lib.

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No. 52. I've a Friend.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Tho' the world al - lure with its gild - ed charm, I'm a child of God
2. I can ne'er for - get how up - on the tree Laid the Son of God,
3. I would e'er be true to my Lord and King, Ev - 'ry wak - ing hour

whom it can - not harm; He will me up - hold by his might - y arm
there to die for me, Yet to save my soul, thus it had to be,
prais - es to him sing, Knowing that at last he my soul shall bring

Chorus.

Ev - 'ry mo - ment of my day.
There could be no oth - er way.
Ev - er - more with him to stay.

I've a Friend who will ev - 'ry

need sup - ply I've a home far be - yond the star - ry sky, And you

rit.

know, that is just the rea - son why I am sing - ing Hal - le - lu - jah!

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No. 53. He's an Everlasting Saviour.

JAMES ROWE. HALDOR LILLENAS.

Andante con expressione.

1. All my heart be - longs to Je - sus, For he res-cued me from sin, And his
2. He is with me ev - 'ry mo-ment, Speaking precious words of cheer, For he
3. I shall see his face in glo - ry, I shall praise him on his throne, With the

love in cloud and sunshine is the same. He is help- ing me to tri-umph o - ver
knows that life e - ter- nal is my aim; He will keep me brave and loy- al till the
sa - ges and the saints of end-less fame; 'Twill be rap- ture just to serve him, just to

FINE.

all the hosts of sin, He's an ev - er - last - ing Sav- iour, bless his name.
gold en gates ap - pear; He's an ev - er last - ing Sav- iour, bless his name.
sing for him a - lone; He's an ev - er - last - ing Sav- iour, bless his name.

D.S.—wear my crown a - bove, He's an ev - er - last - ing Sav- iour, bless his name.

CHORUS.

He's an ev - er - last-ing Saviour, bless his name; To the world his love and
bless his name;

D.S.

pow - er I pro - claim, In the glo - ry of his love, I shall
I pro-claim.

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No. 54. Let the Waking World Adore Him.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Let the wak - ing world a - dore him, While a - bove the dark blue sky;
2. Let the wak - ing world with glad - ness Join the song of rap-tured praise;
3. Let the wak - ing world re - joic - ing Tell a Fa-ther's wondrous love,

An - gel hosts bow down be - fore him, Prais- ing him who reigns on high.
For the light has ban-ished sad - ness, Hail the joy - ous gold - en days.
Songs of glad-ness ev - er voic - ing, To the King who dwells a - bove.

GIRLS.

While the hills in splen - dor ver - nal And the flow'rs that star the plain,
While the rest - less, roll - ing o - ceans With their nev - er ceas-ing tide,
Let the sun - lit skies in beau - ty O'er the field and for - est shine,

LADIES' VOICES. *rit.*

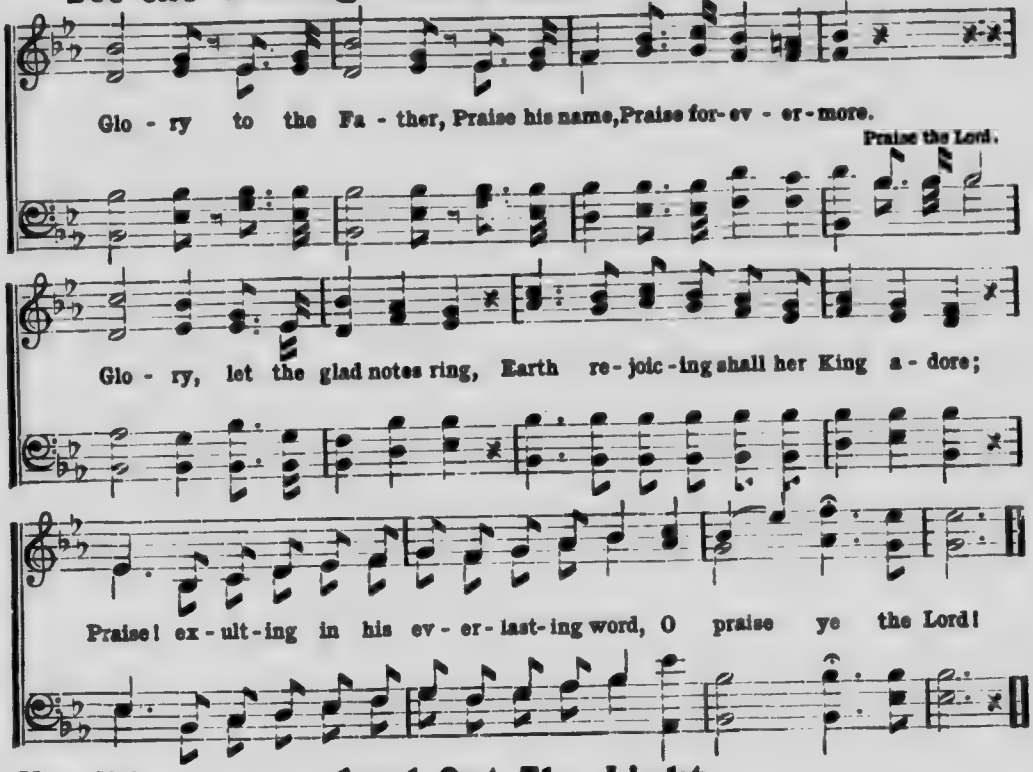
Tell his might, Lord of light, Who for - e'er o'er earth shall reign.
Let him e'er be glo - ri - fied.
Tell his might, Lord of light, Who is king of kings di - vine.

MALE VOICES.

CHORUS. (From Gounod.)

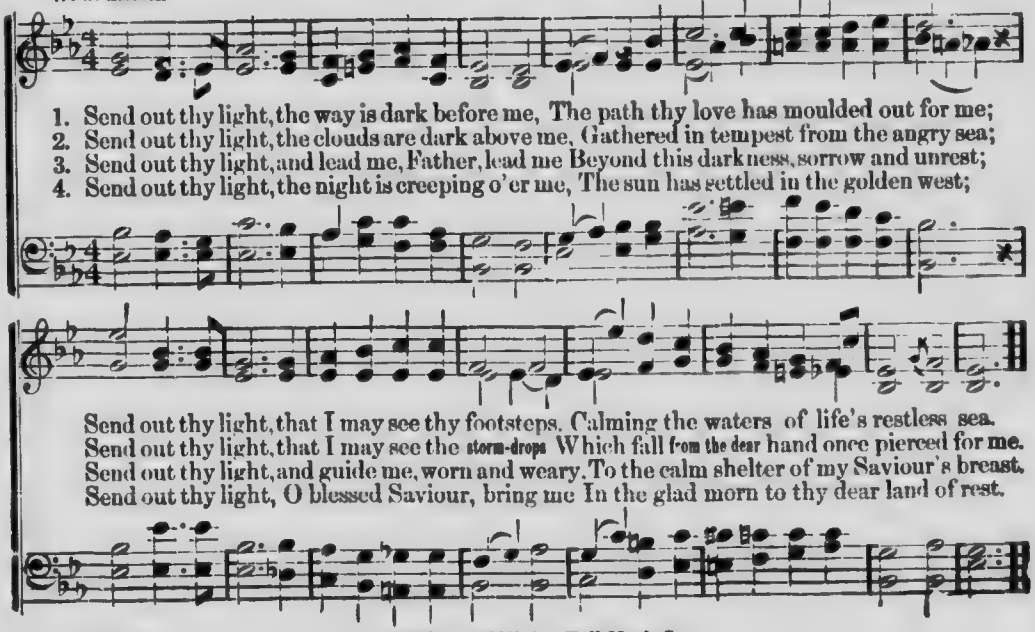
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Praise his ho - ly name for - ev - er,

Let the Waking World Adore Him.—Concluded.



No. 55. Send Out Thy Light.

W. S. Smith. C. Austin Miles.



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No. 56. The Lord is King.

MINNIE A. GREINER EDINGTON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. From east to west we hear A joy-ous shout and clear, The Lord is King!
2. The gen-tle winds re-peat In whis-per clear and sweet, The Lord is King!
3. Where tropic verdure smiles, Where gleams the ice-bound isles, The Lord is King!

The hills and vales a-round Re-peat the joy-ful sound, The Lord is King!
The riv-ers as they flow Sing e'er in mur-mur low, The Lord is King!
And far and wide the strain, Resounds o'er mount and plain, The Lord is King!
is King!

CHORUS.

Loy-al-ly, Loy-al-ly, For our King be-lov-ed we will stand;
we stand, we stand,

Loy-al-ly, Loy-al-ly, While our hymn of praise to him we sing.
we stand, we stand.

Loy-al-ly, Loy-al-ly, We shall be a firm, u-nit-ed band;
we stand, we stand,

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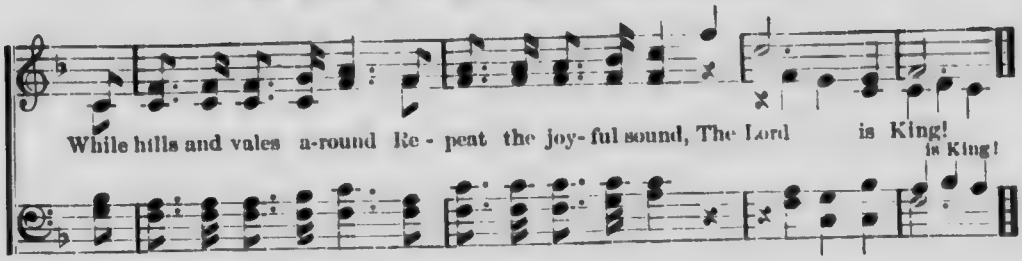
The Lord is King.—Concluded.

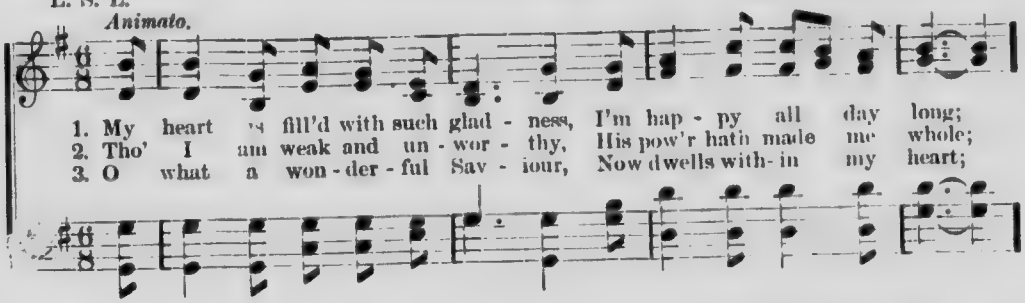


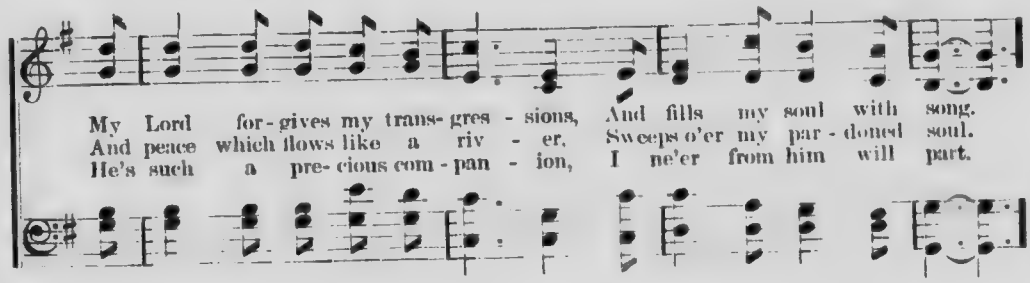
No. 57. Pardoned.

L. S. L.

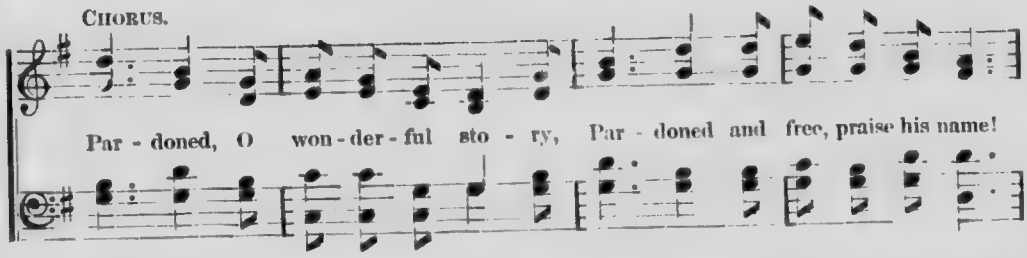
LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

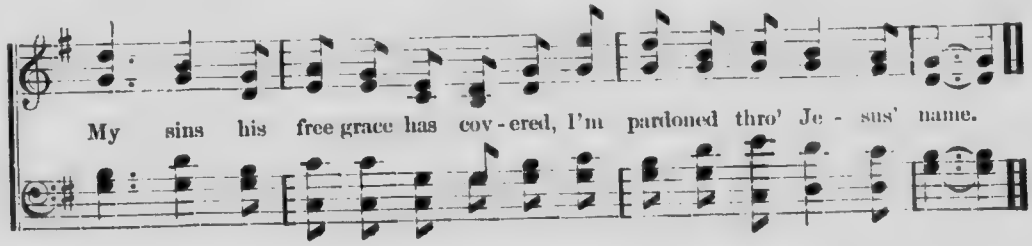
Animato.





CHORUS.





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No. 58. Fair is Sharon's Rose.

C. A. M.

USTIN MILES.

1. Sweet are the ros - es of Sha - ron, Fair are the lil - ies that grow;
2. Low in the val - ley are grow - ing Lil - ies as fair as the day;
3. Je - sus, the star of the morn - ing Brightest of all in the sky;

Still there is One far fair - er than all Whose name ev-'ry faint - ing heart should know.
White as the snow they bend to and fro, As one to an - oth - er seems to say:—
All thro' the night will Je - sus be near? In com - fort I hear my soul re - ply:—

CHORUS.

Fair is Shar-on's Rose, As fair as aught that grows, To and fro on a summer's day, To and fro as the breez-es play. Yet there's One so fair,..... None can with him com-pare, Je - sus is this flow - er fair, "Shar-on's Rose."

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No. 59. Sunlit Sea.

GRACE GORDON. ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo, or all in Unison. Tenderly.

mp

1. Roll on, ... O sun-lit sea, ... With restless waves, un-ceas - ing - ly, ...
2. Roll on, ... O sun-lit sea, .. For he who still'd Gal - lee
3. Roll on, ... O sun-lit sea, For a - zure skies and the

cres. *dim.*

Roll on, ... O bil-lows bright, Procla[illegible] God's love, ... and wondrous might.
Whose arm ..... is strong to [illegible] Is [illegible] yet, ... o'er wind and wave.
While safe ... o'er flashing foa[illegible] Th[illegible] ships sail on, ... to har- bor - home.

CHORUS. GIRLS AND TENORS.

[illegible]nlit sea, re-joice in his [illegible]ve, [illegible]st the ocean's voice, "God is love,

All.

p *cres.* *mf*

E[illegible] em[illegible]ng, His command fulfilling, Evermore he reigns above, (he reig[illegible] above.)

p *mf* *dim.* *p*

Waves in shining splendor, Joyous hom-age ren-der, Bless, O bless his name for - ev - er.

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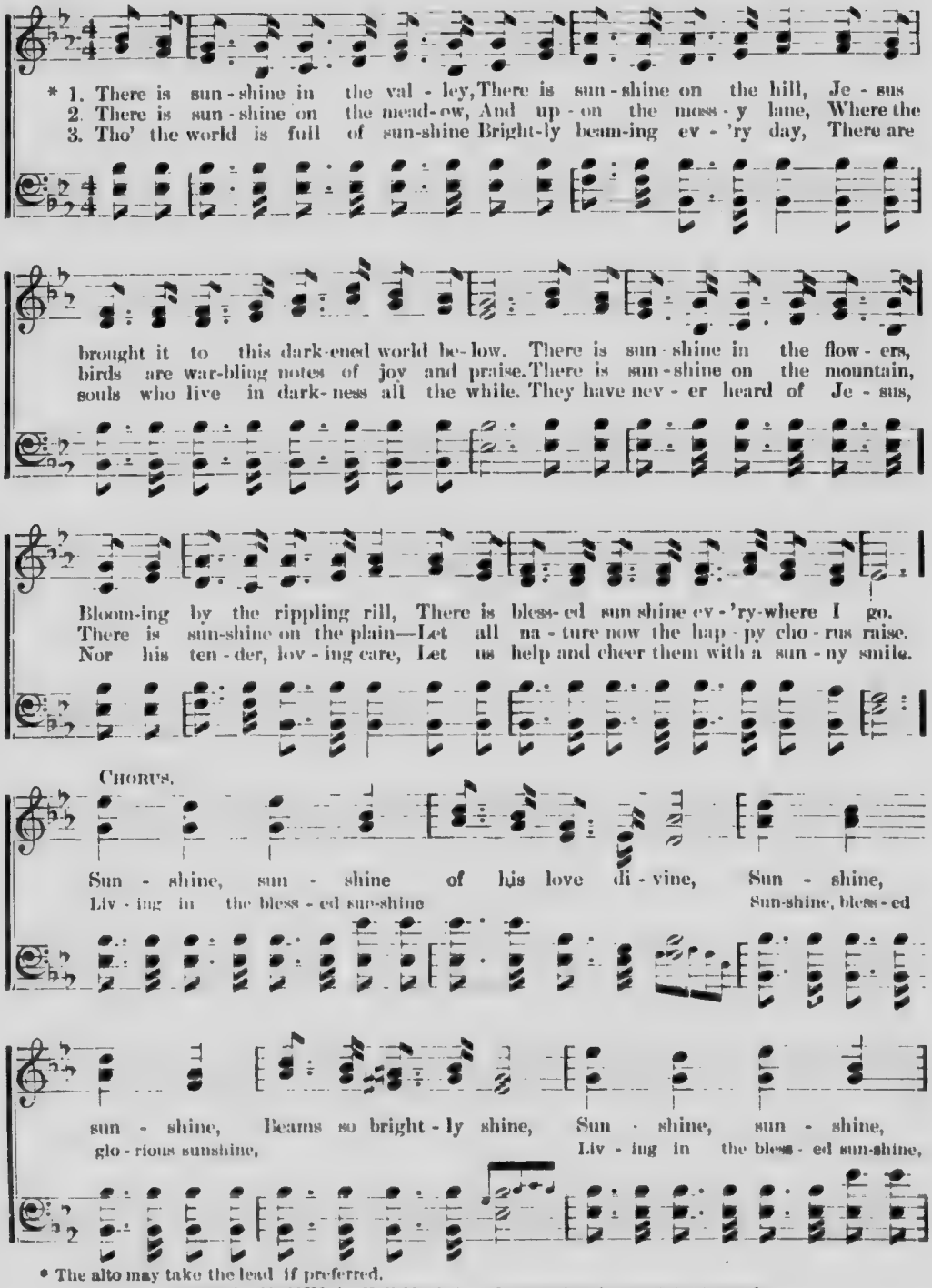
No. 60. There is Sunshine.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.



* The alto may take the lead if preferred.

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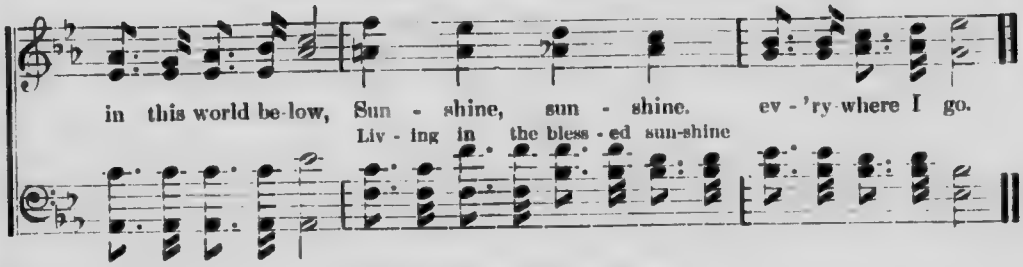
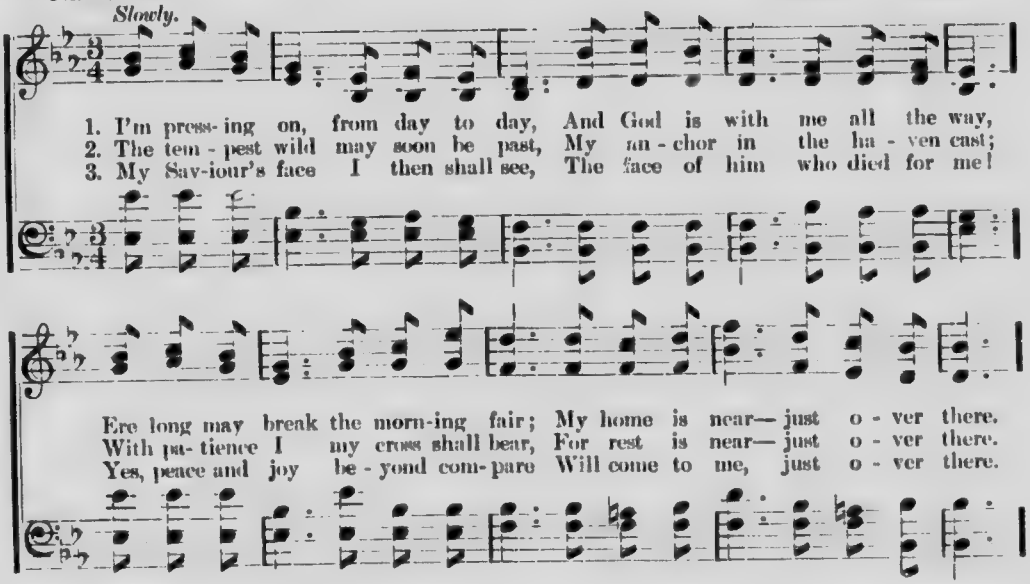
There is Sunshine.—Concluded.



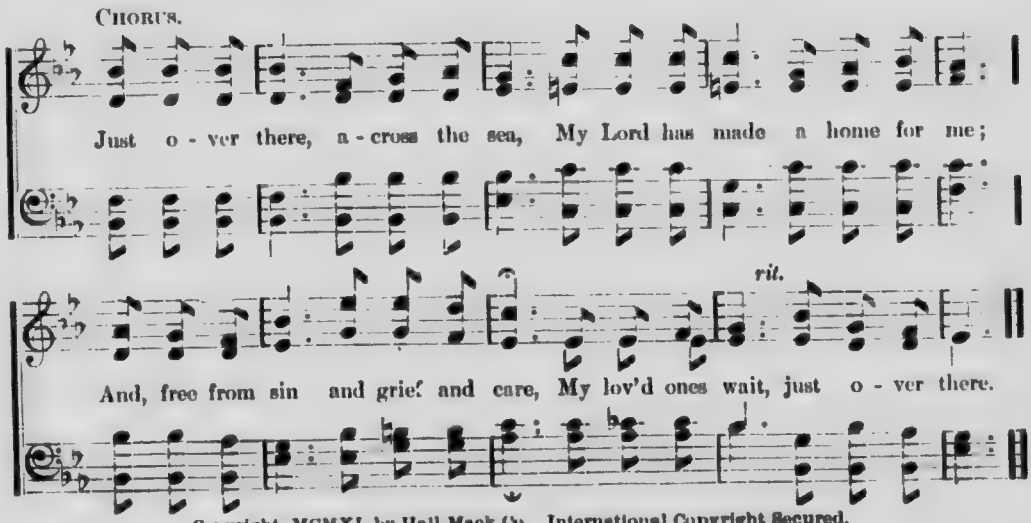
No. 61. Just Over There.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

Slowly.



CHORUS.



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No. 62. My Grace is Sufficient.

REBEKAH B. MARTIN. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. When bil- lows of troub- le and trials o'er me roll, And rough are the
2. Though dark-en - ing clouds may hang o - ver my head, And no ray of
3. When sor-row's dark hour brings me sad- ness and pain, When skies all o'er -
4. The bur- dens of life may be heav - y to bear;— The grace God has

waves on life's sea; In soft, gen - tle ac- cents, a voice I can hear,
light can I see, I trust his sweet prom-ise, I know it is true,
shad- owed shall be, His arm is a- round me, to help me sus - tain,
prom- ised is free; He's will- ing to help me in time of my need;

CHORUS.

"My grace is suf - fi- cient for thee."
My grace is suf - fi- cient for thee.
My grace is suf - fi- cient for thee.
His grace is suf - fi- cient for me.

4th r.

My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee,
His grace is suf - fi - cient for me,

p

My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee, In soft, gen - tle ac - cents, his
His grace is suf - fi - cient for me, He's will- ing to help me in

voice I can hear, "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."
each time of need, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me.

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No. 63. He's Able and Willing.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

Parts.

1. A sin-ner more wretched than I, . . . There could not be; . . . Till Je-sus the
2. His pow-er no lim-it can know, His grace is mine; His love He is
3. He's a-ble and will-ing to go, . . . O'er mount-ains steep, Or down in the

might-y, came nigh, To set me free, I opened my heart to His call,
will-ing to show, 'Tis love di-vine! His mer-cy is of-fer'd to day,
val-ley so low, Or storm-y deep: If will-ing His bidding to do,

His own to be, And when I sur-ren-der'd all, . . . My Lord saved me.
So full, so free, He'll nev-er turn you a-way, . . For He saved me.
His own you'll be, I know He can keep you true, . . For He keeps me.

Chorus.

He's a-ble and will-ing to save, A-ble . . . . . will-ing, ...
A-ble and will-ing, a-ble and will-ing,

He's a-ble and will-ing to save, For He saved me.

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No. 64. When Your Heart is Right with God.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. In the bat - tles of your life you nev - er shall de - feat - ed be, If your
2. Might-y riv - ers of temp- ta - tion shall you nev - er o - ver - flow, If your
3. O what peace and sweet con - tent - ment, and the path - way al - ways bright, When your

heart..... is right with God. You'll go forth to might - y con-quests,
heart..... is right with God. In the storms of trib - u - la - tion
heart..... is right with God. O what bold - ness in the con - flict

1. If your heart

you shall gain the vic - to - ry If your heart..... is right with God.
you shall nev - er shipwreck know If your heart..... is right with God.
O what vic - t'ry in the fight When your heart..... is right with God.

1. If your heart

CHORUS.

If your heart..... is right with God,..... If your
If your heart is right with God,

heart..... is right with God..... You shall know no sad de - feat But a
If your heart is right with God.

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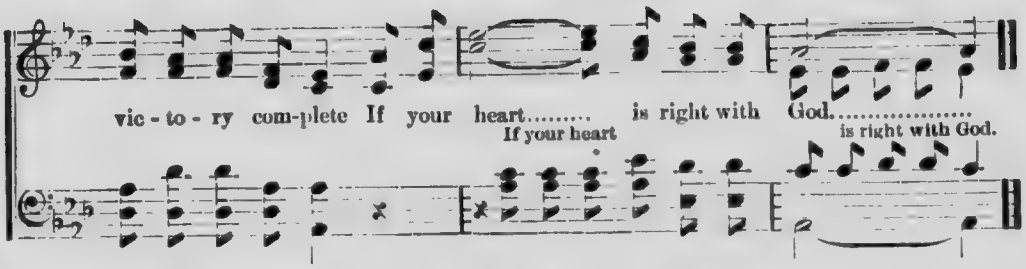
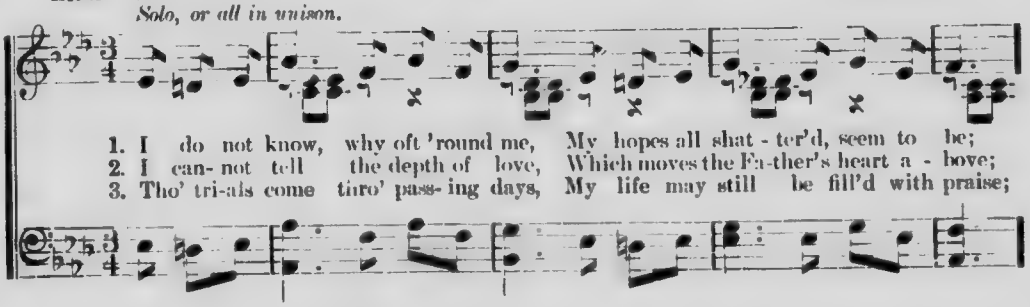
When Your Heart is Right with God.—Concluded.

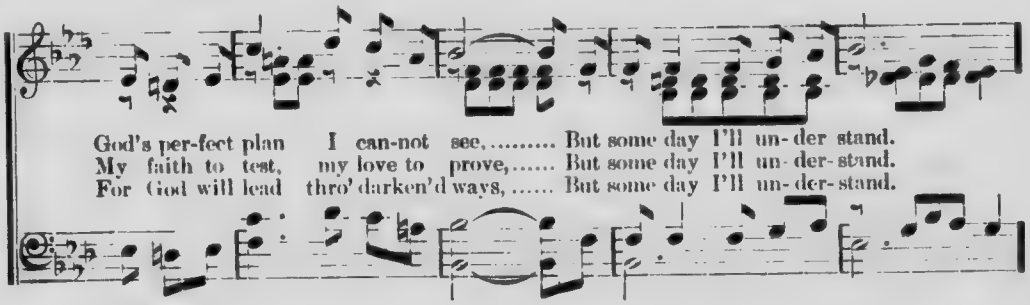


No. 65. Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

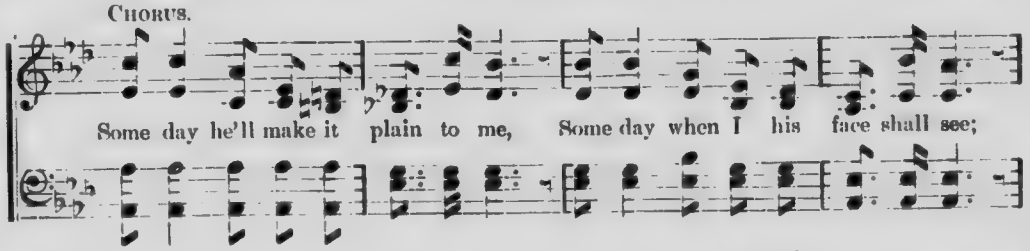
LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. ADAM GEIBEL.

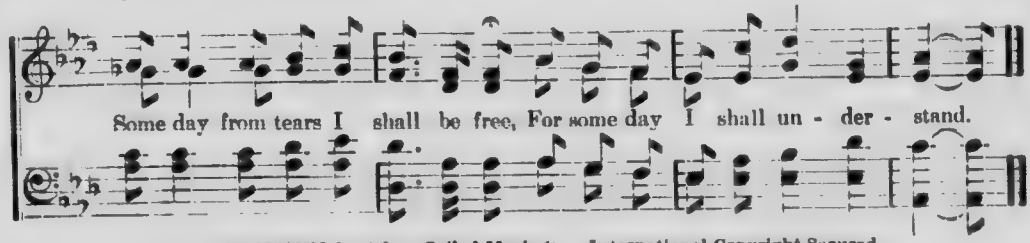
Solo, or all in unison.





CHORUS.





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No. 66. Comrades of the Cross.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. For-ward press the Con-q'ror reign-eth, Ye com-rades of the cross;
2. For-ward press the Con-q'ror reign-eth, His ban-ners float on high;
3. For-ward press the Con-q'ror reign-eth, His might and pow'r pro-claim:

Strength di-vine for-e'er sus-tain-eth, Ye ne'er can suf-fer loss.
Ev-'ry heart the foe dis-dain-eth, For vic-t'ry's morn is nigh.
Cour-age true, the tri-umph gain-eth, Press for-ward in his name.

CHORUS.

Com-rades, com-rades of the cross, O gird ye on his
Gird-ing on..... his ar-mor
b. .., For-ward press, for-ward press; Ye shall
a. -mor bright, For-ward press, for-ward press;
win,..... O host of light, March a-long with song!
Ye shall win, O host of light, O march a-long with song! with song

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Comrades of the Cross.—Concluded.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Crown of life from the Lord. Earth - ly strife

Crown of life..... gift of the Lord, Earth-ly strife ..... bringeth re -

MALE VOICES.

ALL VOICES IN PARTS.

f

hath re - ward.

ward. Re - joice, the Con - q'ror reign - eth, His strength di - vine sus -

cres. *ff*

tain - eth; His might the vic - t'ry gain - eth, Press ye on! Press on!

No. 67. Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. From north to south the princ - es meet To pay their hom - age at his feet;
3. To him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end-less prais - es crown his head;
4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to their King;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend his word.
His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

No. 68. The Royal Banners.

GRACE GORDON. ADAM GEIBEL.

Unison.

1. The roy - al ban - ners lead the way, In splen-dor bright they shine,
2. The roy - al ban - ners lead the way, While songs of tem - ple ring,
3. The roy - al ban - ners lead the way, By faith we for - ward press,

The cross still glows with mys - tic rays, We con - quer by this sign.
Their crim - son folds with joy dis - play, The stand - ard of the King.
Till earth shall own her sov'reign sway, His ho - ly name com - fess.

REFRAIN.

Lead on, lead on, O ban - ners bright, We'll con - quer for the

King of kings, The Lord of lords, Press on, press on till

flags are furled, And Christ in end - less pow'r shall reign, O'er all the world.

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No. 69. Bells of Hope.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles

1. Ring on, O Bells of Hope,..... Ring loud your help - ful song;.....
2. Ring on and nev - er cease,..... While there is one to grieve; ...
3. Car - ry your mes - sage true,..... Sent from the sky a - bove;.....

Now let your joy - ous tones,..... On ev - 'ry breeze be borne a - long.
Bid them re-joice to know,..... They shall the gift of God re- ceive.
O - ver and o'er ring on, ... Till they shall know that God is love.

Chorus.

Chime on, O Bells of Hope, Mer - ri - ly, cher - i - ly, Ring out in
Ring, Ring, etc.
Ding, dong, etc.

mer - ry lay, Right wins the day, Ring out a "nev - er fear,"
Ding, dong, ding, etc.

Ritard.

He is near, Christ is near, Ring out, our hearts to cheer, Ring, Ring.
Ding, ding, dong.

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No. 70. When I Felt the Heavenly Sunlight in my Soul.

"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. 5 : 14.

E. S. U. Rev. E. S. Ufford.

1. Have you found the bless - ed Sav - iour, Has he wash'd your sins a - way? Is he
2. I had oft - en heard him call - ing, But I wander'd far a - way; Till I
3. 'Tis like dwelling in fair Ca - naan Where the tree of life doth grow, And the
4. Now I'm on my way to heav - en, Sing- ing praise un- to his name; There to

now your ref - uge while the bil - lows roll? Let me tell you I have found him, And he
heard the bell of conscience sad - ly toll; Then I call'd, and lo, he an-swer'd In his
fie - ry darts of sin no more con - trol. 'Tis the ho - ly land of Beu-lah Where the
meet him when the an - gels call the roll; And I'll hear the wel-come plaudit From the

turn'd my night to day, And he gave me heav'n ly sun - light in my soul.
ten - der, lov - ing way, And I felt his heav'n-ly sun - light in my soul.
liv - ing wa - ters flow With its heav'n-ly sun - light flood- ing all my soul.
One who o - ver- came With the glo - ry of his sun - light in my soul.

Chorus.

I shout - ed "hal - le - lu - jah," when I found the shin - ing way, And the

blood of Je-sus cleans'd and made me whole; I shall ne'er for- get the mem'ry of that

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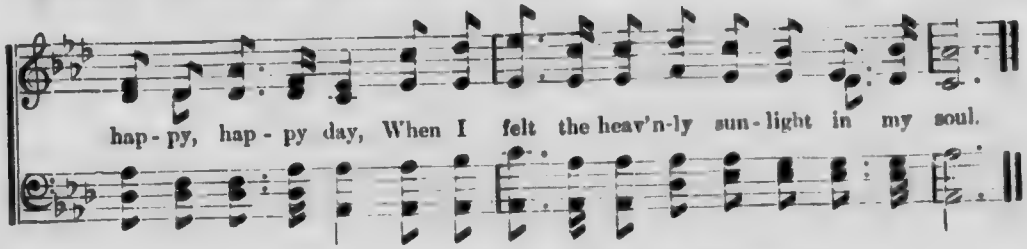
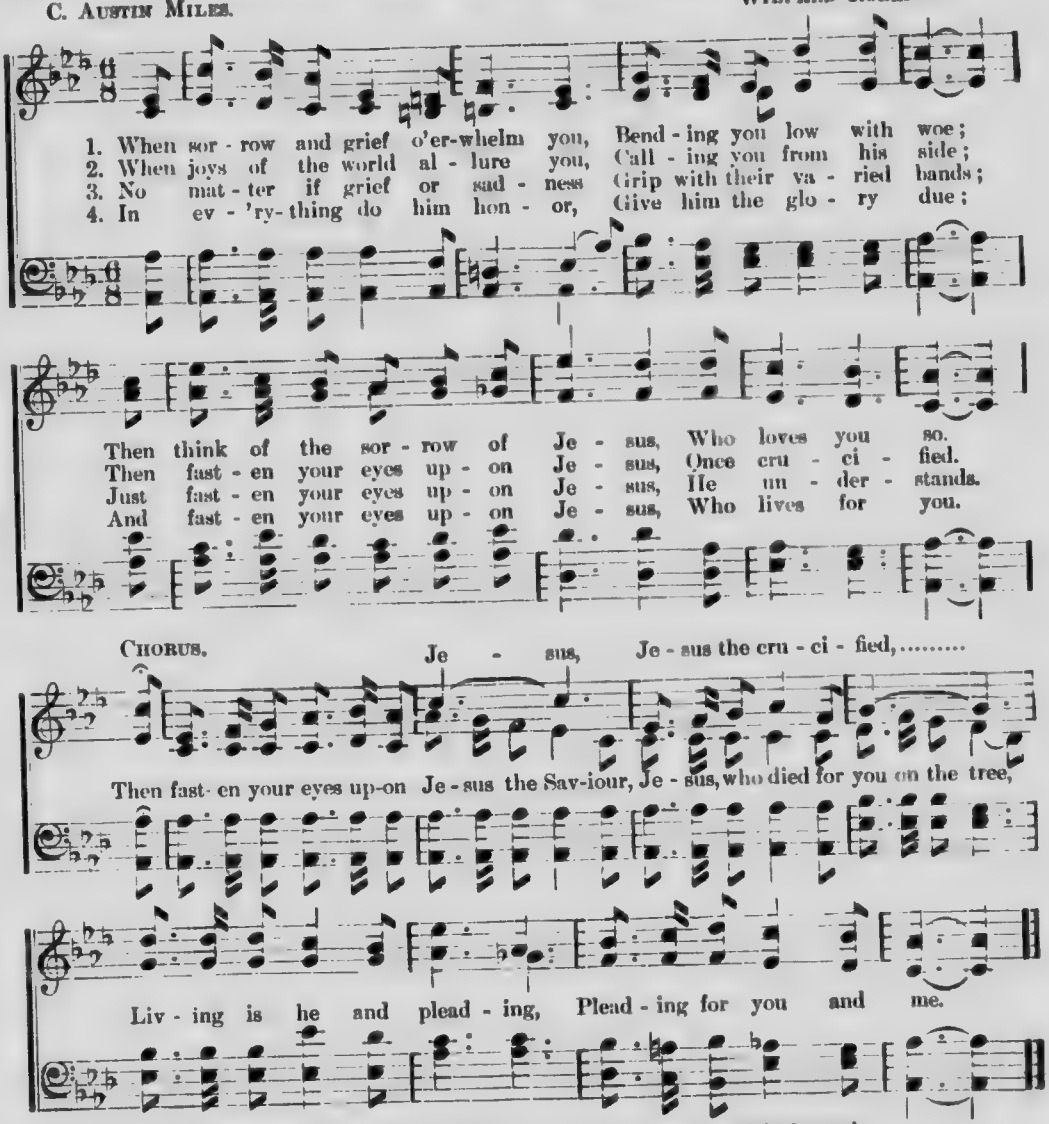
When I Felt the Heavenly Sunlight, etc.—Concluded.



No. 71. Fasten Your Eyes Upon Jesus.

C. Austin Miles. Wilfred Robertson.



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No. 72. Conquest Calls Us.

GRACE GORDON. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Con-quest calls us forth to the fray, Hark, the notes that ne'er can sound retreat! re-treat!
2. Con-quest calls us forth to the fray, Follow 'neath the ban-ner of the King, the King.
3. Con-quest calls us forth to the fray, Crown of life the victor's brow a-waits, a-waits.

Christ our King with joy we o-bey, Led by him we ne'er can know de-feat.
Roy-al stan-dards lead all the way, Vic-t'ry shall the cross of Je-sus bring.
Joy of God our strength and our stay, Till we rest with-in the gold-en gates.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

On-ward, vic-to-rious, On-ward, all-glo-rious, Val-iant, un-daunt-ed,

Songs re-joic-ing ring. Hail him, De-fen-der, Prais-es we ren-der,

Harmony. *Unison.*

Triumph thro' the Lord of hosts, The conq'ring King. On-ward vic-to-rious,

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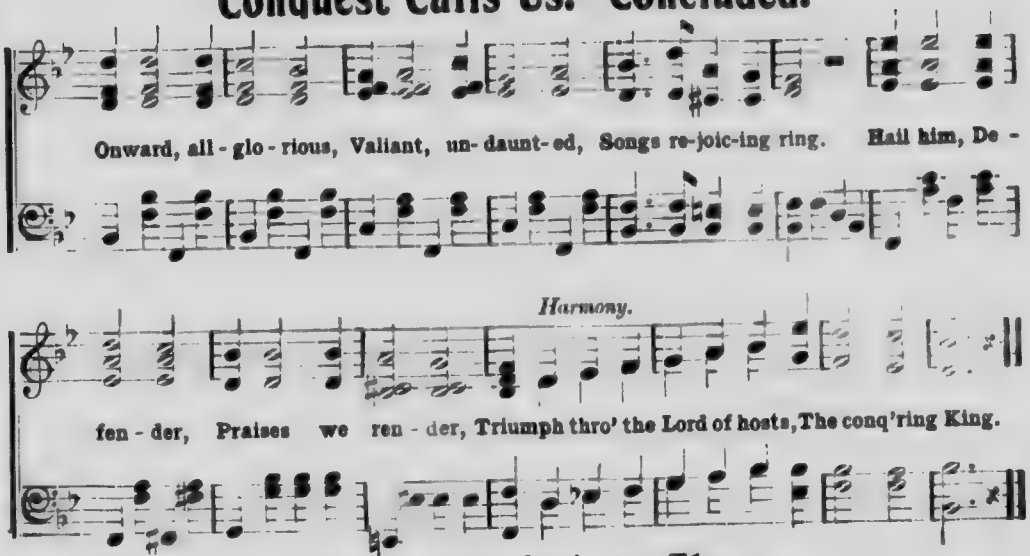
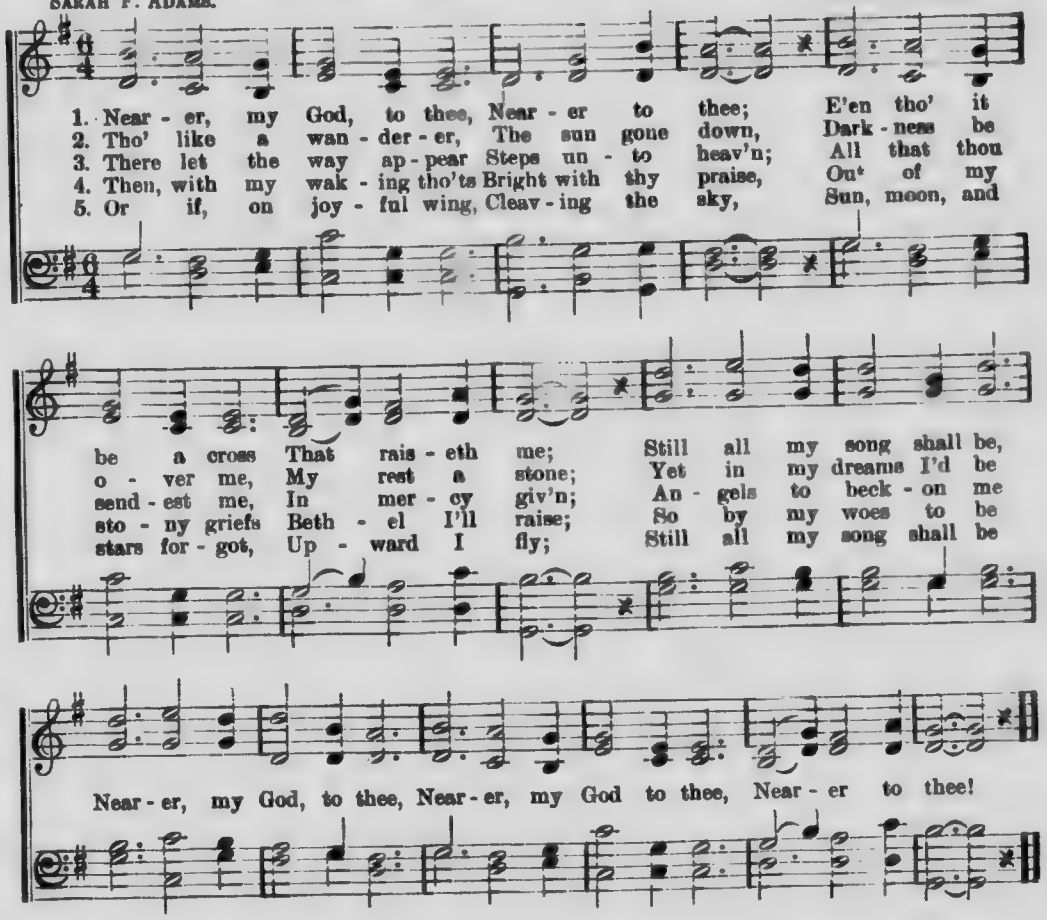
Conquest Calls Us.—Concluded.



No. 73. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.



No. 74. Over the Earth.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. W. A. POST.

Lullaby. Slowly.

1. O - ver the earth is a Fa - ther's love, Ten - der, strong, Bear - ing long,
2. O - ver the earth is a Fa - ther's pow'r, Strong to shield, Strength to yield,
3. O - ver the earth is a Fa - ther's care, O how blest, Safe to rest,

Gift ev - er pre - cious from heav'n a - bove, Love for you, for me!
Cour - age he gives us for tri - al's hour, Pow'r for you, for me!
Peace pass - ing knowledge his chil - dren share, Care for you, for me!

* CHORUS. *Two parts.*

Guarding still Safe from ill, Kept by his lov - ing arm, King of kings,

rall. *a tempo.*

'Neath his wings, Shielding from ev'ry harm, On his breast Lulled to rest, Sleepeth he

cres. *rall.* *pp*

nev - er, nor slumbers, Heav'nly peace Ne'er shall cease, Peace for you, for me! . . . .

* Chorus two parts, one part may be sung by boys and the other by the girls.

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No. 75. The Man of Galilee is King.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Ring out your praise till all the world shall hear you, To Christ who died, was
2. The once of low - ly birth, 'mongst men a stran - ger A ser - vant he, at
3. The day will come when ev - 'ry earth - ly king - dom Shall own him Lord, o -

cru - ci - fied, Lift up your voice and sing, All kin-dreds of the earth shall bow be -
last to be, For sin an of - fer - ing; Tho' once despised, and by his own re -
bey his word, To him their homage bring, For he shall reign in ev - er - last - ing

Chorus.

fore him, The man of Gal - i - lee is King.
ject - ed, The man of Gal - i - lee is King.
glo - ry, The man of Gal - i - lee is King.
} To Christ be ev - er - last - ing

hon- or, glo - ry praise, Tho' once he bore the cross, And suffered shame and loss. Let

ev - 'ry child of God the sweet-est mu- sic bring, The man of Gal - i - lee is King.

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No. 76. The Pilgrim's Song.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. God's own hand shall lead me Thro' the wil - der- ness, By his pow'r shall
2. Ho - reb shall be brok - en, Wa - ter to sup- ply Of a fount, a
3. What if some-times wea - ry By the way I fall? What if nights are
4. Read - y then, not doubt - ing, God's on ev - 'ry hand; On - ward, com-rades,

feed me, By his love shall bless..... Ev - 'ry son and daugh - ter, Tho' so
to - ken, That shall ne'er run dry;..... Man- na falls from heav - en Ev - 'ry
drear - y? Is not Christ my all?..... He my soul is feed - ing On the
shout - ing This is our own land,..... Home at last, for - ev - er, Here in

far from home, Shall find food and wa - ter, When the need shall come.
morn-ing new; Un - to all is giv - en Free as morn- ing's dew.
Bread of Life, He my path is lead - ing Far from mor - tal strife.
peace to stay; We shall wan- der nev - er, From its joys a - way.

Refrain.

Wa-ter? To Horeb's ston- y heart for wa - ter I'll fly; Faint-ing? The air a -

bove is dark-en'd by thy food sup - ply; Man - na? Up-on the ground is plen-ty,

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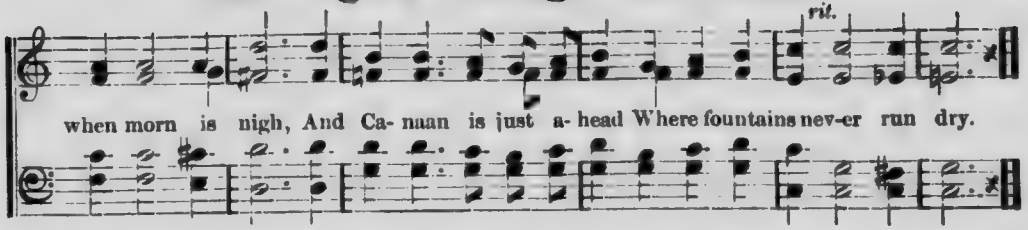
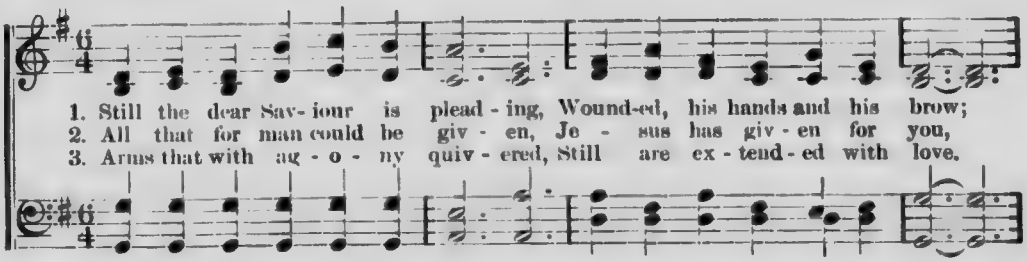
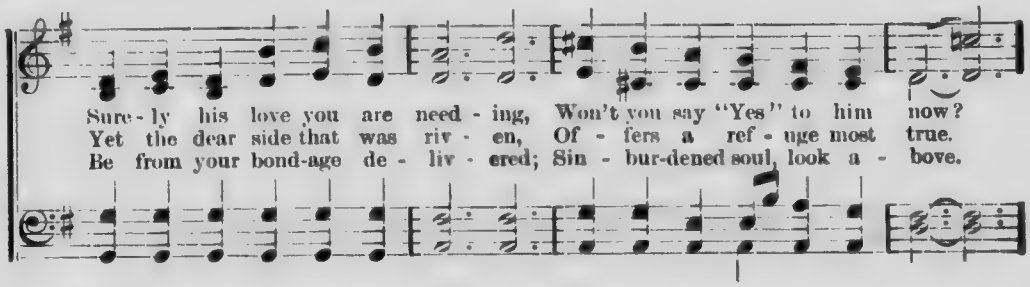
The Pilgrim's Song.—Concluded.

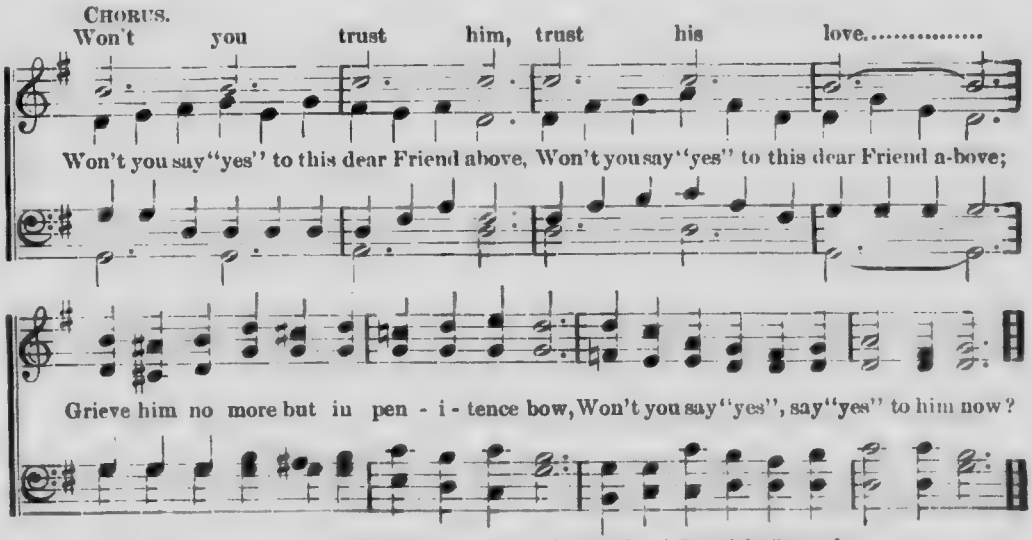


No. 77. Won't You Say "Yes" to Him Now?

JAMES ROWE. JEAN HOWARD.







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No. 78. Forward, All Rejoicing.

JAMES ROWE. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. For-ward, all re - joic - ing, with the Sav - iour we will go; If we tru - ly
2. For-ward, all re - joic - ing, send-ing out the gos - pel light, Mak - ing sad ones
3. For-ward, all re - joic - ing, keep-ing pure and sweet with-in, Shunning world - ly

trust Him, we shall o - ver-come the foe; He will walk be - side us,
hap - py, mak - ing drear - y plac - es bright; Col - ors proud - ly show - ing,
pleas-ures, beat - ing back the hordes of sin; We will tell the sto - ry

cheer our hearts and guide us; Day by day, His bless - ing Je - sus will be - stow.
hearts with love o'er-flow - ing, For-ward, al - ways fight - ing for the truth and right.
of His love and glo - ry, Till, by lov - ing serv - ice, life's bright crown we win.

CHORUS.

On-ward, yes on-ward, We'll keep the cross be - fore us; For-ward, yes

On-ward, com-rades, on-ward, com-rades keep the cross be - fore us, com-rades, Forward, com-rades,

for-ward. We'll keep His ban-ner o'er us; Up - ward, yes up-ward, Un -

for-ward, com-rades, Keep His ban - ner o'er us comrades; Up-ward, com-rades, up-ward, comrades,

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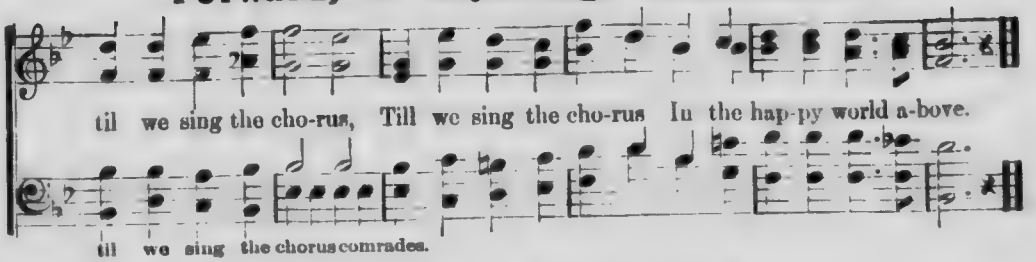
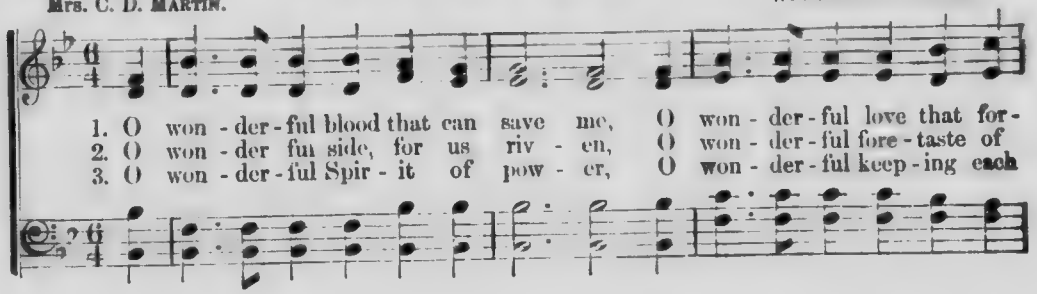
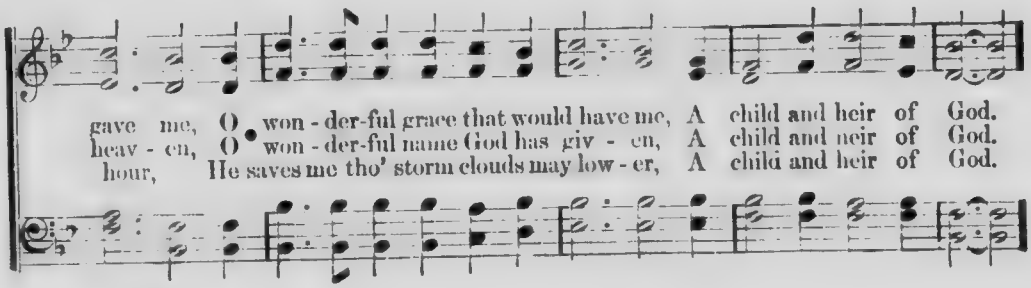
Forward, All Rejoicing.—Concluded.

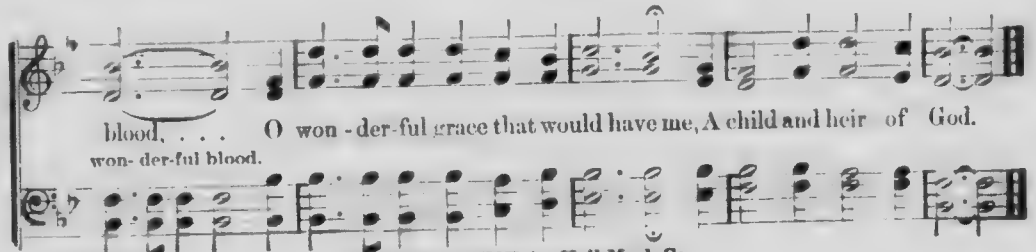


No. 79. A Child and Heir of God.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.







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No. 80. 'Tis There I'm Going.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. There's a land to which my steps are lead- ing, And I know I shall be wel- come there:
2. There the tree of life is ev - er blooming, There the wa-ters flow in ceaseless streams;
3. There the King of all the world is reign-ing, And the King himself shall welcome me;
4. There his love shall ev- er- more en - fold me, And the sor-rows of the world be o'er;

And my heart shall beat with joy and glad-ness As I en - ter in that realm so fair.
There the Sun of Righteousness is shin- ing Shed-ding o - ver all his heal-ing beams.
And my soul shall thrill with joy and won-der That his mer-cy is so full, so free.
And when I shall pass those pearl-y por - tals, I shall stay within for ev - er - more.

Chorus.

{ Yes, 'tis there my soul is go - ing, Where the tree of life is grow- ing,
{ There I'll sing sal - va - tion's sto - ry With the ran-som'd hosts in glo - ry;

1

Where there is no sin, no death, nor night, There's no sor - row there.

2

O will you come and go with me to that land so fair.

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No. 81. God's Way.

L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET. *Expressivoso.*

1. God's way is the best way, Tho' I may not see Why sor-rows and tri - als
2. God's way is the best way, My path he hath plann'd, I'll trust in him al - way
3. God's way shall be my way, He know-eth the best. And lean-ing up - on him,

Oft gath-er 'round me; He ev - er is seek - ing My gold to re - fine,
While holding his hand. In shad-ow or sun - shine He ev - er is near,
Sweet, sweet is my rest. No harm can be - fall me, Safe, safe shall I be,

CHORUS. *Animato.*

So hum-bly I trust him, My Sav-iour di - vine.
With him for my ref - uge, I nev - er need fear.
I'll cling to him ev - er, So pre-cious is he.
God's way is the best way,

rit.

God's way is the right way, I'll trust in him al - way, He knoweth the best.

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No. 82. Since I Gave my Heart to Jesus.

LEWIS M. CLARK. HALDOR LILLENAS.

DUET. *Alto and Tenor, or Solo.*

1. Since I gave my heart to Je - sus I've had joy with - in my soul,
2. Since I gave my heart to Je - sus He has sav'd me thro' and thro',
3. Since I gave my heart to Je - sus, Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name;
4. Come and give your heart to Je - sus, Sin - ner, yield your stub- born will;

And a peace that is un - bro - ken While the bil - lows near me roll.
All my life is filled with glad - ness. And with bless - ings ev - er new.
In my soul is qui - et glad - ness, Ec - sta - sy I can't ex - plain.
Tho' you long his love re - ject - ed, He is wait - ing for you still.

There is sun - shine while 'tis rain - ing, There is calm a - midst the storm,
O the rap - ture and the glo - ry Of a heart from sin made free;
Blest com- mun - ion, se - cret con - verse, Sweetened by his gen - tle voice,
He for - sook his home in glo - ry, And for you he bled and died;

There is rest midst toil and la - bor, As I to his will con - form.
Can I ev - er tell the sto - ry Of what Christ has done for me?
As he draws me to his bos - om, Since I made his will my choice.
Come and give your heart to Je - sus And be ful - ly sat - is - fied.

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Since I Gave my Heart to Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Since I gave my heart to Je - sus, How my path - way has been bright;

I am sing - ing in the day - time, And re - joic - ing in the night.

No. 83. My Story and my Song.

J. R. JAMES ROWE.

1. Rap-ture my heart is swell- ing, Night has been chang'd to day; Je - sus with-in is dwell - ing, Sins have been wash'd a - way!
2. How could I ev - er grieve him, One who such love could show? Why did I not re - ceive him Ma - ny a year a - go?
3. Oh, it is sweet to love him, Pre-cious is he to me; None in my heart a - love him Ev - er a - gain shall be.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry to Je - sus, his blood made me free.

This is the song of my soul— This is my song and my sto- ry: Je-sus has made me whole.

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No. 84. Look On the Fields.

JENNIE WILSON. IRA B. WILSON.

1. Look on the fields where the har - vest is wait - ing, See how they reach in the dis - tance a - way, Near and a - far they are read - y for reap - ing, Yet they are
2. Hear how the Mas - ter for work - ers is call - ing, List to His voice as He earn - est - ly pleads, Free - ly He prom - is - es wa - ges a - bund - ant, Un - to the
3. Will you not go in the wide field to la - bor? Will you not gath - er the ripe gold - en sheaves, Bring them to Je - sus and when e - ven com - eth, Gain the re -
4. Look on the fields and no lon - ger de - lay - ing, Go where is wav - ing the boun - ti ful grain, Has - ten to toil side by side with the faith - ful, Serv - ing the

CHORUS.

few who will la - bor to - day.
toil - ers whose serv - ice He needs.
ward each true reap - er re - ceives
Mas - ter on hill - side and plain.

Look on the fields, on the fields white for har - vest,

Look on the fields that are broad as the earth, Thrust in the sick - le, for gar - ners e - ter - nal, And save the bright yield of un - speak - a - ble worth.

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No. 85. The Victory Depends On You.

H. W. Huntley. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. O the bat- tle cry is ring-ing, There's a triumph to be won, And our loy- al ban-ner
2. So we haste with hearts undaunted, And we'll win for God our land, For the foe with pow'r so
3. So we'll strive to save our nation, And our homes we'll seek to guard, From the sin and des-o-

flinging On-ward till our warfare's done. O a joy - ful song shall cheer us, And our
vaunted Ne'er against us shall withstand. For the Lord of hosts shall hear us, And to
la - tion, That the land so oft have marred, And the hosts of sin shall fear us, For their

cour-age still re - new, For the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may depend on you!
him we'll e'er be true, O the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may depend on you!
strength we'll soon subdue, O the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may depend on you!

Chorus.

O our foes shall ev - er fear us, And shall see our tri - umph, too,

For the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may de - pend on you!

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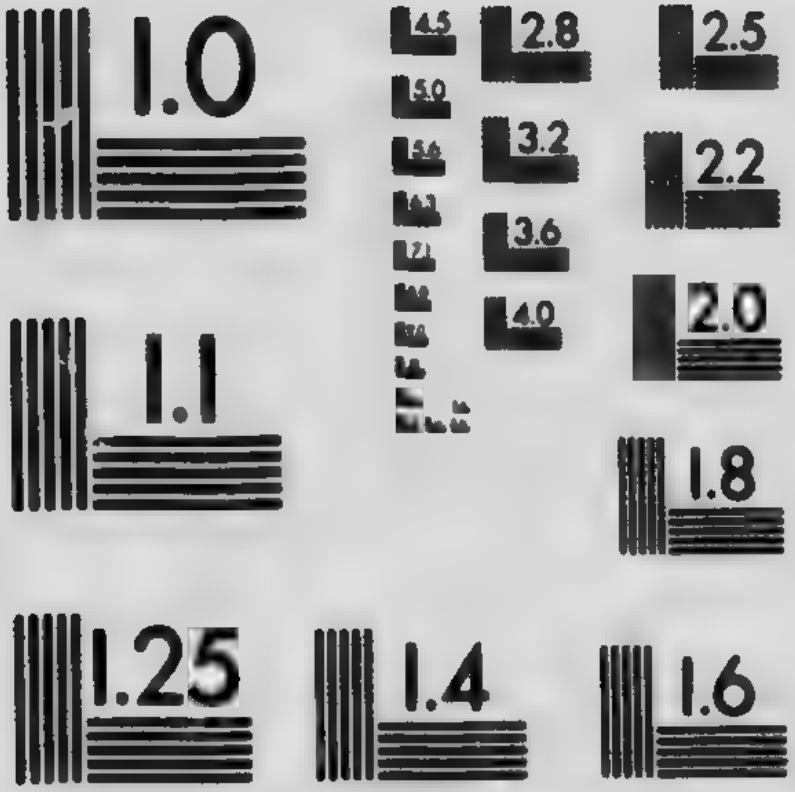

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NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
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No. 86. Someone Will Be Waiting.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I must lay this bod - y down and soar a - way, Where there waits for me a crown of end-less day; Past the pearl-y gates Where my mansion waits,
2. I must pass the val - ley dim to reach my home, Yet I'll walk still close to Him whate'er may come; When the light I see Of my home to be,
3. If it be my lot to lie in o - cean bed, Or where flow'rs be-hold the sky far o - ver head: Still my joy shall be When my home I see,
4. When I press my will - ing feet up - on that strand, I shall find some friends to greet with outstretched hand; Tho' their lov - ing smile Left me for a while,

Chorus.

Some-one will be there to bid me "Wel-come home."
Some-one will be there to bid me "Wel-come home."
Some-one will be there to bid me "Wel-come home."
They will be at hand to bid me "Wel-come home."
} Someone will be wait-ing, for me,

Wait - ing, for me, wait - ing, for me, . . When I cross the bil - lows foam, When I reach my heav'nly home; Someone will be wait - ing, for me, . . For me, for me.

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No. 87. Sometimes.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

Duett.

1. Sometimes we may not understand, Some-times a cloud may hide our way;
2. Sometimes the bitter tears shall fall, Some-times our hearts are bowed with pain,
3. By faith we walk and not by sight, Some-times his will is that we wait;

But still our Father's loving hand, Doth guide us to that blessed day.
We won - der, doth he hear our call, Or have we served our God in vain.
Some day we'll see in God's clear light At home, beyond hope's golden gate.

Chorus.

Un - til that day, ... that hap - py day, When

Until that day, that hap-py day,

God shall wipe all bit - ter tears a - way; What-e'er our lot, ... We'll murmur

Whate'er our lot,

rit ad lib.

not, ... But glad - ly wait be - side hope's gold - en gate.

We'll murmur not.

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No. 88. A New Name in Glory.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. I was once a sin-ner, but I came Par-don to re-ceive from my Lord.
2. I was hum-bly kneeling at the Cross Fearing naught but God's an-gry frown.
3. In the Book 'tis written "Sav'd by Grace," O the joy that came to my soul.

This was free-ly giv-en, and I found That He al-ways kept His word,
When the heavens o-pened and I saw That my name was writ-ten down.
Now I am for-giv-en and I know By the blood I am made whole.
kept His word.

Chorus.

There's a new name written down in glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, its mine!
And it's mine, yes, it's mine!

And the white robed an-gels sing the sto-ry, "A sin-ner has come home,"
has come home,

For there's a new name writ-ten down in Glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's
And it's mine,

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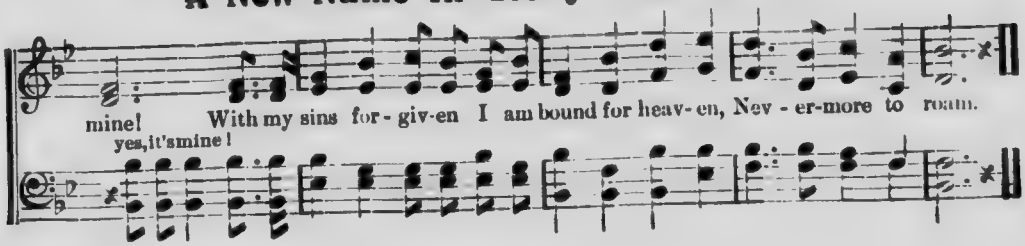
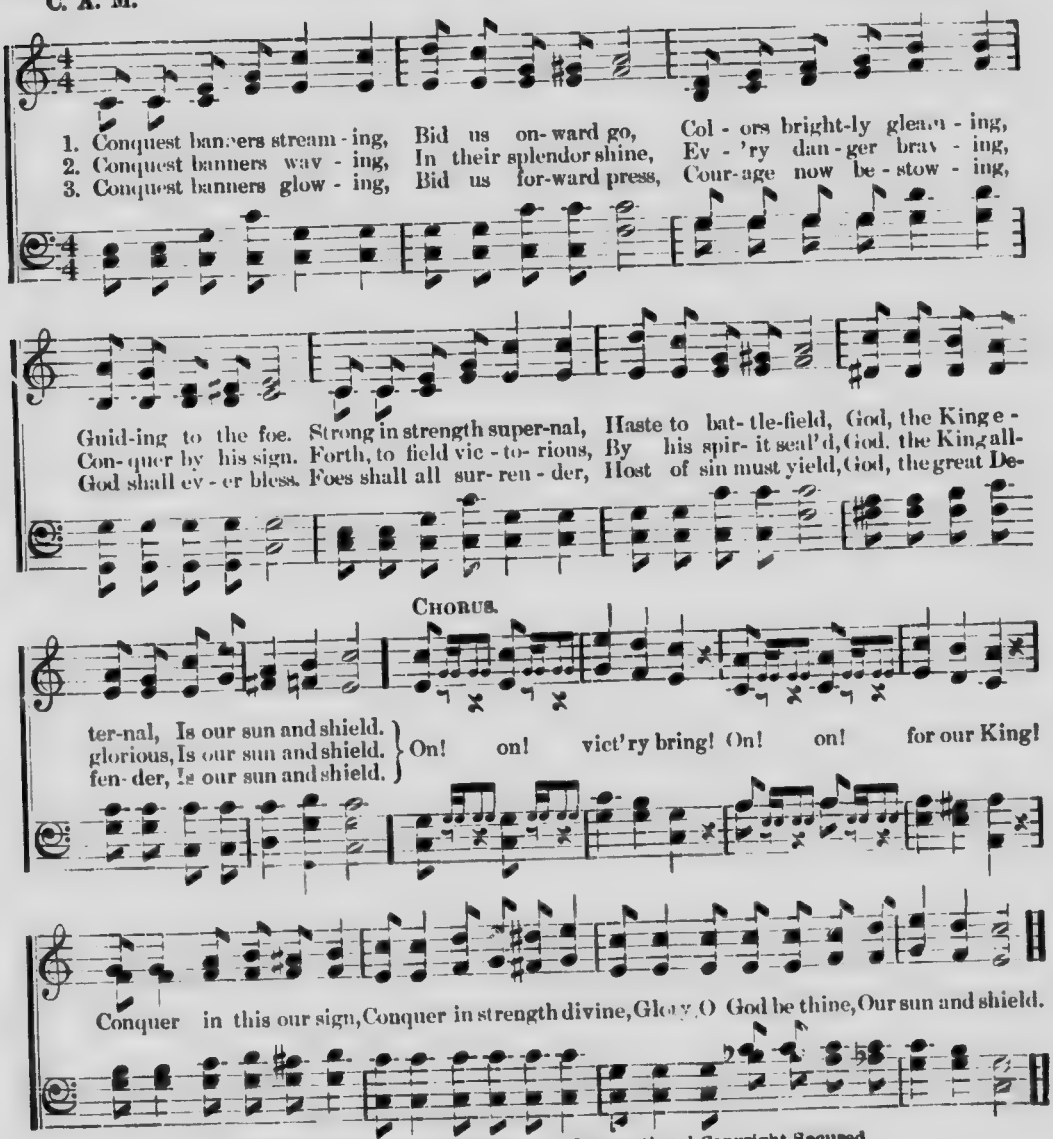


No. 89. Conquest Banners.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.



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No. 90. Hark! Hark! My Soul.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hark! hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, an
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls! for
3. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
4. An - gels, sing on; your faith-ful watch-es keep- ing, Sing us sweet frag - ments

o- cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
Je - sus bids you come!" And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweetly ring - ing,
darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in welcome to the wea - ry,
of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep- ing,

REFRAIN. *Unison, melody in Bass Clef.*

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu- sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
And heav'n, the hearts true home, will come at last.
And life's long shad - ows break in cloudless love.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of

Unison.

light, Sing ing to wel- come the pilgrims of the night, An gels of

Harmony.

Je- sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.

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No. 91. Mother's Religion.

C. W. D.

CHAS. W. DRISKELL.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. I was young, but I re-mem-ber; as I sat at mother's knee, How she taught me from the Bi - ble. of Christ who died for me, She said, my boy, trust Je - sus, his grace will set you free, Seek the Old Time Re - lig - ion. For 'tis
2. Years have pass'd since mother's spir - it winged its flight to yon bright shore, I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, am saved for ev - er - more, When-e'er I meet with tri - als, I now each day can see That the Old Time Re - lig - ion. Still is
3. When the shad - ows gath - er round me, at the clos - ing of life's day, Then the Old Time Re - lig - ion will be my guide and stay, When I cross death's turbid riv - er my Saviour's face I see Then the Old Time Re - lig - ion Will be

CHORUS.

good e nough for me. 'Tis the Old Time Re - lig - ion, 'tis the Old Time Re - lig - ion, 'Tis the Old Time Re - lig-ion; And 'tis good e - nough for me.

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No. 92. If Jesus Goes with Me.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
2. It may be I must car - ry the blessed word of life A- cross the burning
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
4. It is not mine to question the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to

sun - shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know— if
des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bur - dens be - yond the bil - low's foam, I'll prove my faith in him— con-
fol - low the lead - ings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or

be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
fess his judgments fair And, if he stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - iour, content an - y - where!

Chorus.

If Je- sus goes with me, I'll go . . . An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher-
I'll go

e'er I may be, If he is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here . . His
His cross, his

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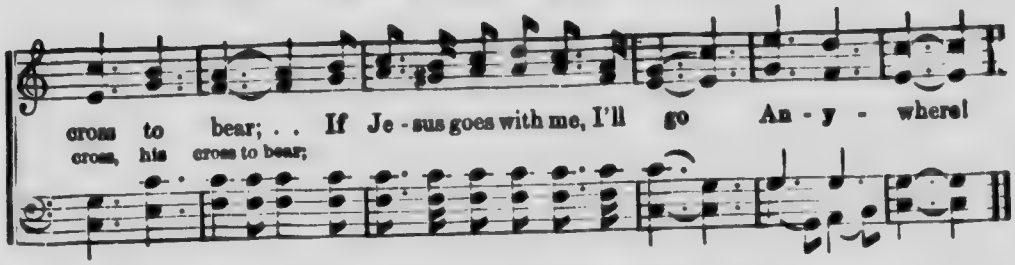
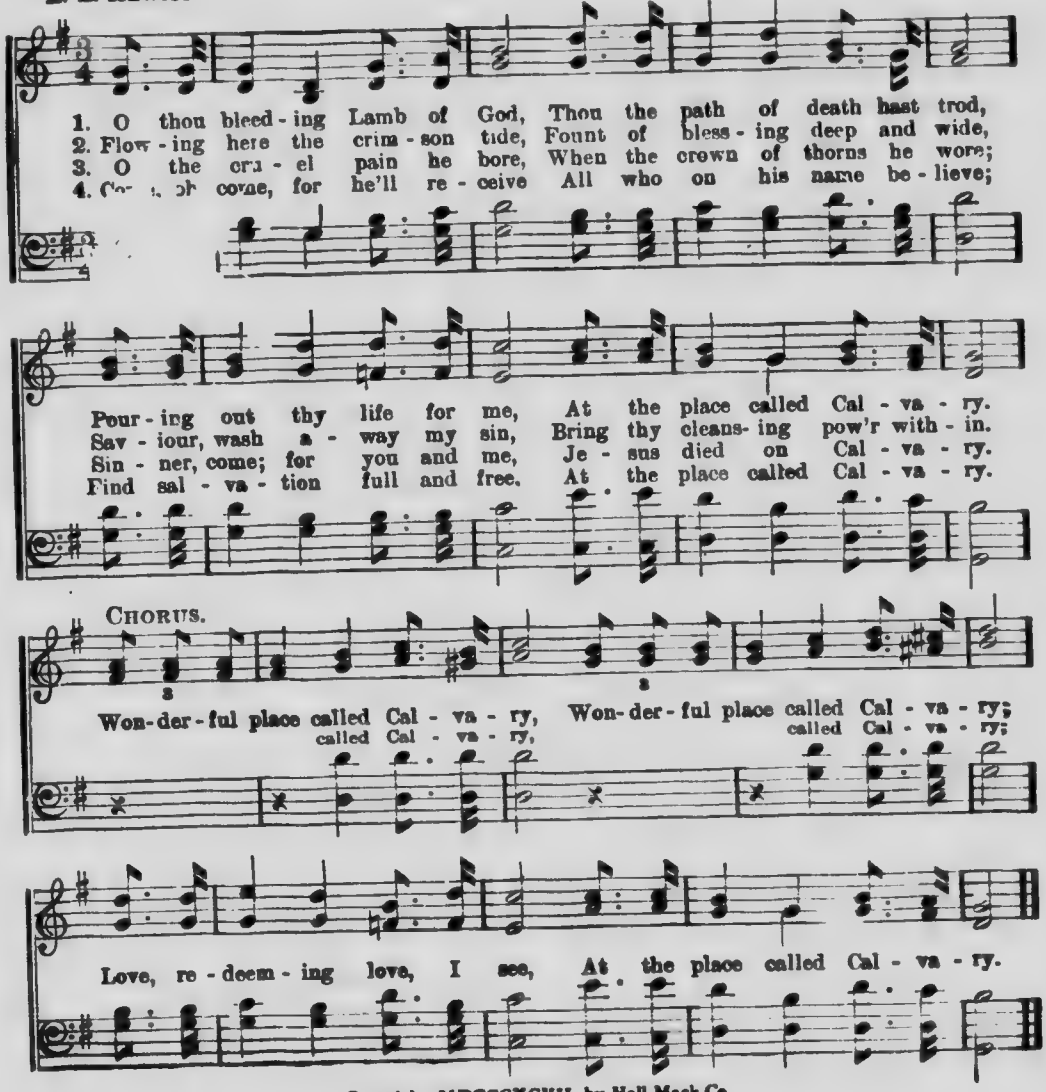


No. 93. The Place called Calvary.

E. E. Hewitt. Howard E. Smith.



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No. 94. I'm the Lord's Forever.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. I would sing of Je - sus and his good- ness day by day, I'm the
2. He my soul is keep - ing so I have no need to fear, I'm the
3. Tho' I walk in sun-shine or where shad- ows dark - ly fall, I'm the

Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; All my sins for - giv - en, I am
Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; In the hour of tri - al, I shall
Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; With his arms to shield me, naught of

on the up - ward way, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.
have his pres-ence near, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.
e - vil can be - fall, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.

Chorus.

I'm the Lord's for-ev-er, I'm the Lord's for-ev-er, I'm the Lord's for-ever, praise his name;

rit.

Mer-cy doth en-fold me, lov-ing arms uphold me, I'm the Lord's forever, praise his name.

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No. 95. Remember Thy Creator.

C. Austin Miles — Adam Geibel

1. Re - mem- ber thy Cre - a - tor, And learn to heed His word, So joy shall e'er at - tend thee And peace his name af - ford.
2. These hours of joy and glad - ness Are all in his con - trol, And his the pow'r to bless thee And fill with peace thy soul.
3. His, ev - 'ry bud and blos - som, His, ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, But thine to do his bid - ding, That bud may grow to flow'r.
4. Thy heart, O youth and maid - en, In - cline his will to do, Be just with mer - cy heed - ing, And to thy God be true.

Chorus. *Unison.*

Re - mem- ber thy Cre - a - tor, In youth-ful days that fly, While days of e - vil come not Nor all the years draw nigh, When pleasure is not in them Nor in the path thus trod. Re - mem- ber thy Cre - a - tor, And fear and love thy God.

rit.

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No. 96. Use Me.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miller.

1. I will seek to be a bless-ing, To some heart by grief bowed down, Take to
2. O! the joy a kind word car-ries, If in love a-lone 'tis giv'n, By the
3. I would be a bur-den bear-er, Shar-ing oth-ers' grief and pain; I would
3. Here we stand, and now de-part-ing, Hope that we shall meet a-gain, Where the

that one some kind greeting, To dis-pel the world's dark frown, For the joys of life are
com-fort in its message, Ma-ny souls are led to heav'n, O may mine be such a
speak some word of com-fort, And to bring a smile a-gain, Never lost is such a
sun's bright rays are beaming, O-ver hill and o-ver plain, Let there be no note of

fleet-ing, But the joys of heav'n shall last, And the heart with sor-row beat-ing, Views with
glo-ry, Thus to lead some wand'rer in, As I go from God's own tem-ple, To the
treas-ure, God rewards in his own way, And a fuller meas-ure, Shall be
sad-ness, For the God who rules on high, Shall in mer-cy e'er be with us, Till we

Chorus.

hope the grief that's past.
world where dwelleth sin.
mine some happy day
gath-er by and by.

Use me; use me, where I may be of serv-ice, Lord,

Here or yon-der, on-ly that thy hand I see; Use me; use me,

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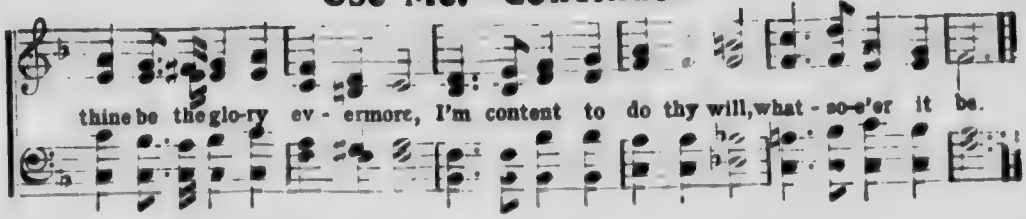

No. 97. Saved to Service.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

Animato.

1. When Je - sus sweet - ly sav'd me, He wash'd my sins a - way;
2. Now He's a - bid - ing with me, This pre - cious Friend di - vine;
3. Swift - ly the hours are pass - ing, Help me to win I pray;
4. Then when His voice shall call me, To lay my arm - or down;

I prom - ised I would love Him, Serve Him from day to day.
I have th lest as - sur - ance I'm His, and He is mine.
Bright jew - els for Thy king - dom, Ere clos - es life's short day.
May I se - cure for serv - ice, A bright and star - ry crown.

CHORUS.

Saved! saved! saved to serve the King, Oth-er lives to Him bring;
Yes, I'm saved, Oth-er lives to Him bring;

Saved! saved! saved to serve the King, Re-deem-ing love shall be my theme.
Yes, I'm saved!

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No. 98. Bless the Lord, O Ye Lands.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, O ye lands, Gold - en gifts un - to you he hath giv'n; For the skies fair and bright, for the days of de-light, Joy - ous praise, glad - ly raise to heav'n. For the flow'rs of the vale and the field, For his might and his love are re - vealed;
2. Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, roll - ing sea, Let the waves hear his voice and o - bey; O - cean calms at his will, when he bids "Peace be still!" Storms that sweep o'er the deep own his sway. And the ships as they speed o'er the foam, Trust in him who shall guide to their home;
3. Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, let the world Hom - age yield un - to him and a - dore; For the wealth of his love, for the joys from a-bove, Songs re-sound, hopes abound e'er-more. For the hills and the vales hath he clad, And the streams as they flow, all are glad;

GIRLS.

ALL. *May be sung in parts.*

TENOR.

For the joy of the spring, is our God and our King, Sing
For his might and his pow'r, ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Sing
Won-drous love, O pro-claim, bless the Lord, bless his name, Sing

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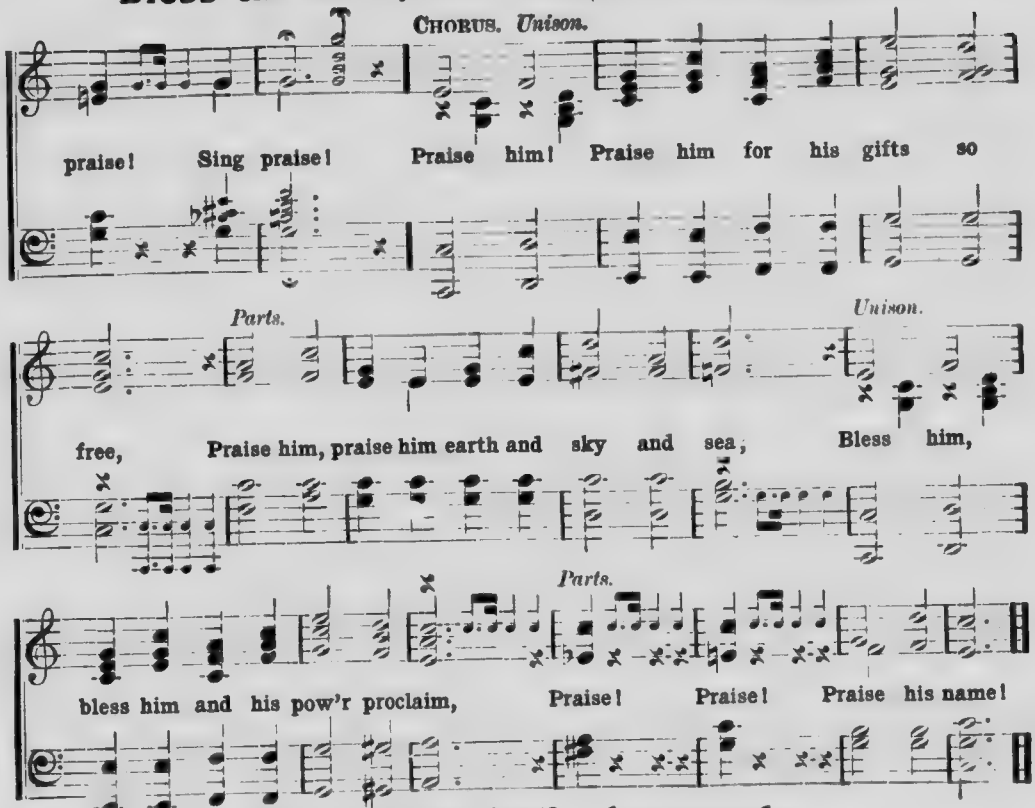
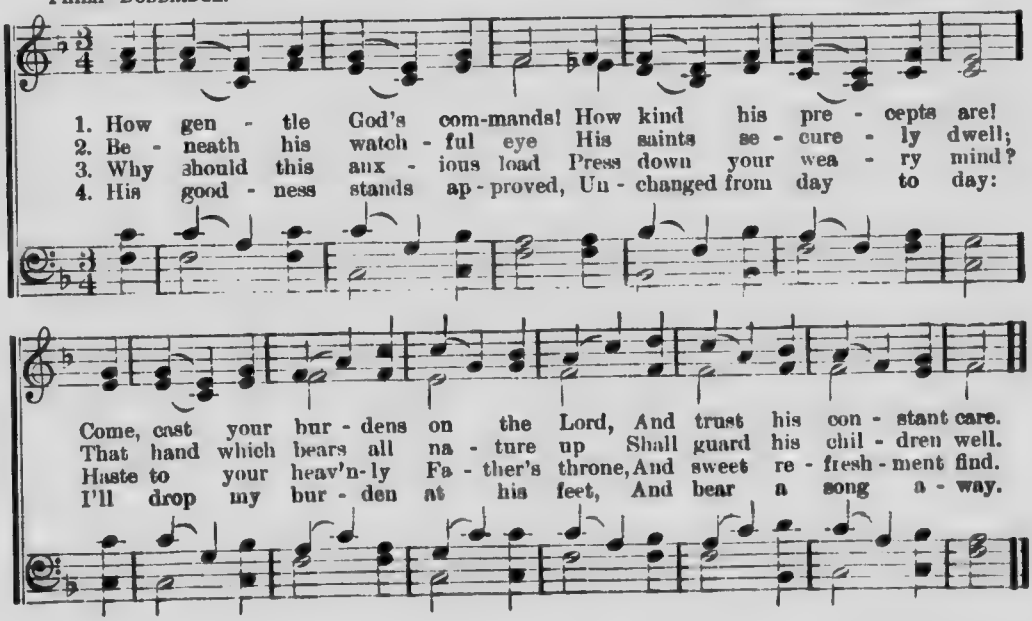
Bless the Lord, O Ye Lands.—Concluded.



No. 99. How Gentle God's Commands.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. Arr. from HANS G. NAEGELI.



No. 100. A Father's Love.

Elsie Duncan Yale. H. G. Stephens.

1. Riv-ers to the o-cean flow-ing, 'Neath the skies that bright are glowing,
2. 'Mid the leaf-y for-ests far-ing, Glo-ry of the gar-dens shar-ing,
3. Singing when the stars are gleam-ing, Singing 'neath the sil-v'ry beam-ing,

Mes-sa-ges of hope be-stow-ing, Tell-ing of a Fa-ther's care.
Glad-ness to the earth now bear-ing, Tell-ing of a Fa-ther's care.
Lull-ing all the flow'rs to dream-ing, Tell-ing of a Fa-ther's care.

Chorus.

Hast-en to the rest-less roll-ing tide; Hast-en to the o-cean deep and wide,

1

On-ward to the dis-tant gleaming goal, Onward where the waves unceas-ing roll;

2

Sing-ing 'neath the sun-lit skies a-bove, To tell a Fa-ther's love.

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No. 101. Flowers of the Field.

Elsie Duncan Yale. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Flow'rs of the field Blooming 'neath skies so fair, Hom-age to yield.
2. Flow'rs of the field Breathing your fragrant praise, Ye have re- veal'd
3. Flow'rs of the field Blooming your Lord to greet, You he hath seal'd.

Praise to the Father ye bear, Fill-ing earth with delight, Thrilling, hearts that are light,
Blessings of joy- la- den days— Heav-en, bendeth so near, Giv - en, gift of glad cheer,
Her- alds of blessings so sweet, Wak-ing earth un - to day, Breaking winter's dark sway,

Chorus.

Still - ing fears that af-fright, Your glad news bring.
Riv - en, bond-age so drear, U - nite in praise.
Tak - ing sad - ness a - way, Bring joy com - plete.
Flow'rs, flow'rs of the
Flow'rs of the field,

mead - ow, Glad message ye bring, Gone, gone are the shad - ows,
Flow'rs of the field, Ti-dings of joy ye bring, Shadows are gone, Shadows are gone,

Praise, praise we the King, Gone, gone are the shadows hail the joy-ous spring.
Praise we the King, King, Shadows are gone, Hail the spring, the joy-ous spring.

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No. 102. Shepherd Divine.

C. Austin Miles. Adam Geibel.

1. Shepherd Di-vine, be thou near us, Gath-er us in thy fold;.....
2. Shepherd Di-vine, ne'er for-sake us, Tho' we be far a-way;.....
3. Lead us, O Shepherd, so lov-ing, Down where the wa-ters flow;.....
4. Shepherd Di-vine, we shall al-ways Praise thee in heav'n a-bove,.....

There may thy mer-cy sur-round us, Safe from the winds so cold.
Sure-ly thou knowest we love thee, Tho' we do go a-stray.
Feed us, O Shepherd, so ten-der, That we no hun-ger know.
For we be-lieve thou hast ev-er Guid-ed us all in love.

Chorus.

O, Gen-tle Shep-herd, lead us, ev-er lead us, Where the liv-ing wa-ters flow, Where the balm-y breez-es blow; O, lov-ing Shep-herd, feed us, ev-er feed us, Living bread of heaven give, That we may live.....

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No. 103. "Conquest" Shall Be Our Watchword.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. "Conquest" shall be our watchword, Lead on the love divine, Gird on the gos-pel ar-mor,
2. "Conquest" shall be our watchword, On, where the banners go Vic-t'ry awaits the val-iant,
3. "Conquest" shall be our watchword, Dauntless, we do his wil F-ward, we ne'er can falter,

Con-quer in this his sign. On, where the standards royal, Lead in the narrow way;
Fear not the fiercest foe. Je - sus shall go be - fore us, Faith is our heav'nly shield;
God shall his word fulfil. Strong in the strength immortal, Seek not the world's renown;

TEN. AND BASS.

PARTS. CHORUS.

Forth with a cour-age loy-al, Heed his call to - day. } INST. { On-ward with faith un- "Conquest" our watchword
An - gels are watching o'e. us, And we ne'er can yield. { On - ward, on-ward, "Conquest," "conquest,"
Lo, at the shin- ing po.-tal, Waits the victor's crown.

1

fail - ing, Fear not the foes as - sail - ing. God o - ver all pre-vail - ing,
ev - er, He will forsake us nev - er, (*Omit* .....
faith un-fail-ing, On - ward, on - ward, foes as-sail-ing. On - ward, on - ward, God prevail-ing.
watchword ever, "Conquest," "conquest," watchword ever, (*Omit*.....

2

He shall the vict'ry bring. Forth to the fray, Onward to-day, Strong in the heav'nly King.

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No. 104. Beautiful Flowers of Eden.

C. Austin Miles. Adam Geibel.

1. Beau-ti-ful flow'rs of E-den, Grow-ing in gar-den fair,
2. Beau-ti-ful flow'rs of E-den, Who to the gar-den crept,
3. Beau-ti-ful flow'rs of E-den, Have ye not heard the world?

Nod-ding in sin-less splen-dor, Glo-rious the crown you wear.
Bring-ing a note of sad-ness, Hence all the world has wept?
One comes to lift the fall-en, Be ye by grace re-stor'd?

Fair-er than rose or lil-y Earth ev-er since has known,
Gone is your heav'n-ly beau-ty, Gone your ce-les-tial grace,
Lift ye your heads and see him, Je-sus, the Lil-y fair,

Hap-py in-deed your por-tion Fit for the Gard-'ner's throne.
Grow-ing, yet not in E-den, Low-ly in-deed your place.
E-den has none so per-fect, None can with him com-pare.

Chorus.

Beau-ti-ful flow'rs of E-den! Can a-ny with ye com-pare?

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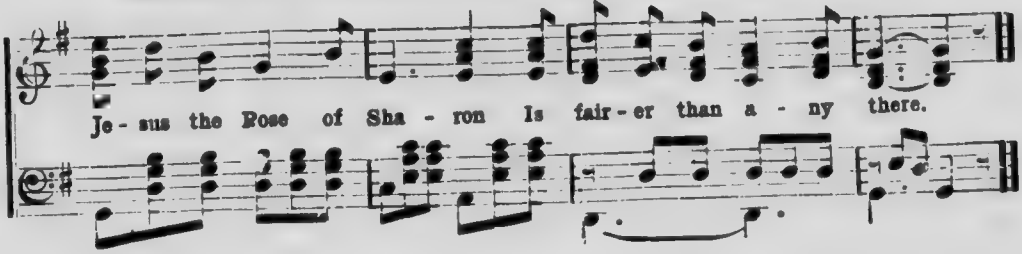
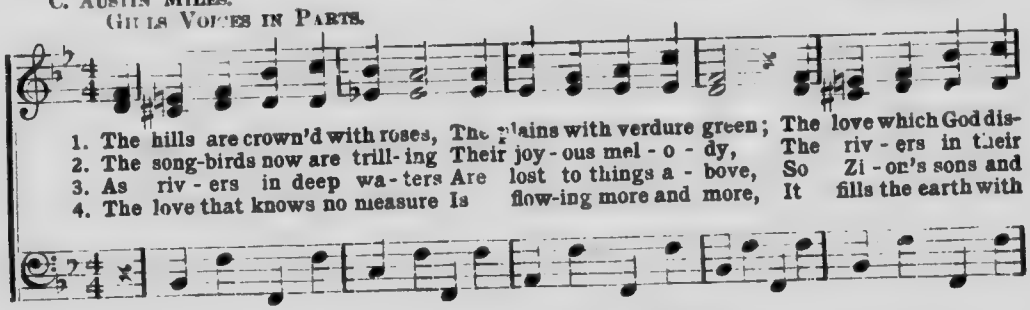
Beautiful Flowers of Eden.—Concluded.



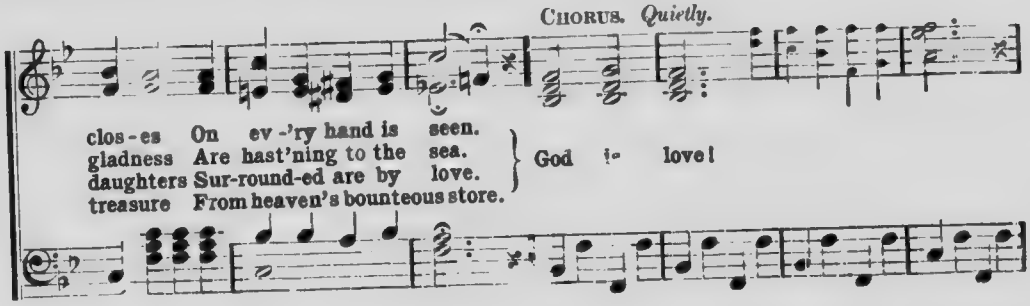
No. 105. Hills Crowned With Roses.

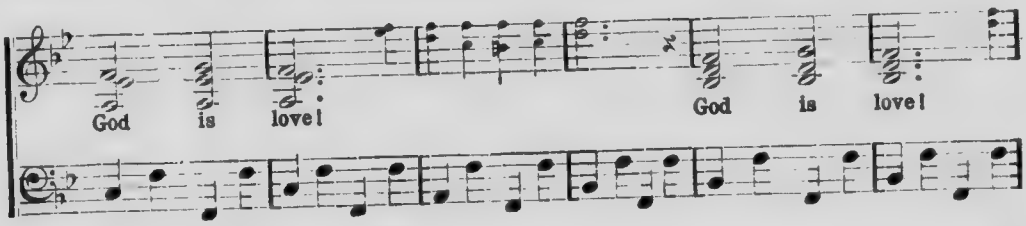
C. Austin Miles. Adam Geibel.

Girls Voices in Parts.

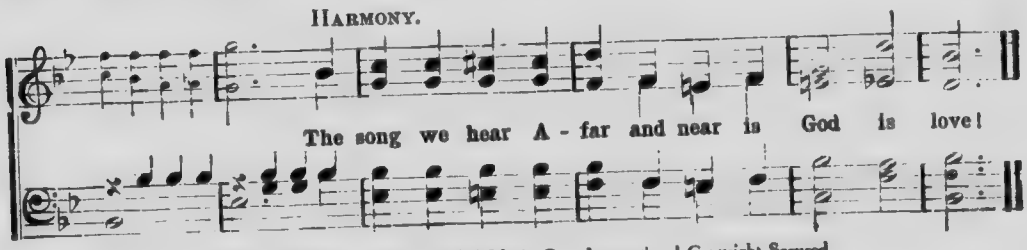


Chorus. *Quietly.*





Harmony.



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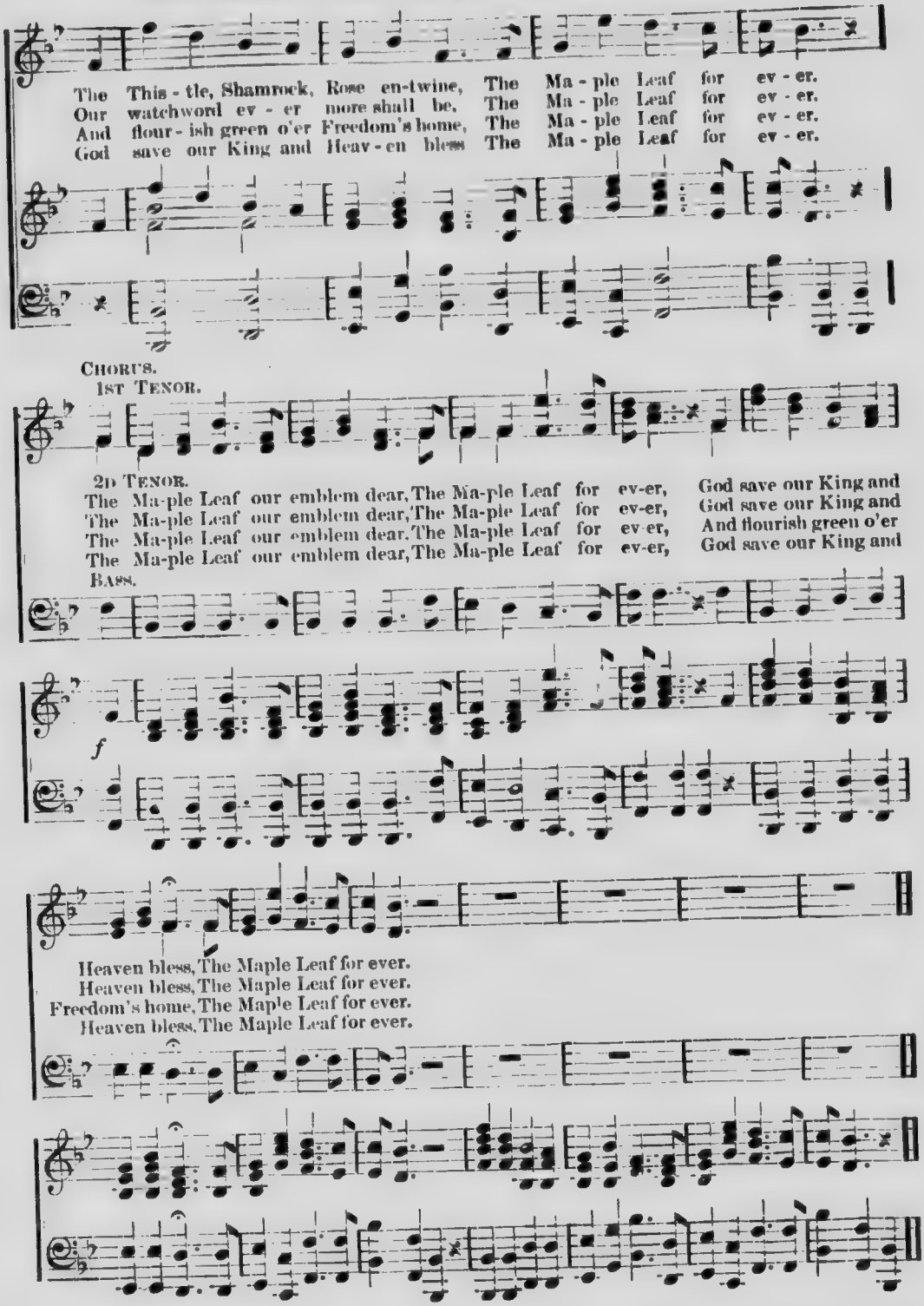
No. 106. The Maple Leaf Forever.

(The National Song of Canada.) ALEXANDER MUIR.

Con Spirito.

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolf the daunt-less he - ro came, And plant - ed firm Bri - tan - nia's flag, On Ca - na-da's fair do - main; Here may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er,
2. At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave Fa - thers side by side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood, and no - bly died; And those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er,
3. Our fair Do - min - ion now ex - tends From Cape Race to Noot ka Sound, May peace for ev - er be our lot, And plen - teous store a - bound; And may those ties of love be ours, Which dis-cord can - not sev-er,
4. On Mer - ry Eng - land's far famed land May kind Heav - en sweet-ly smile, God blest Old Scot-land ev - er - more, And Ireland's Em - er - ald Isle; Then swell the song both loud and long, Till rocks and for - est quiv-er,


The This - tle, Shamrock, Rose en-twine, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.
Our watchword ev - er more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.
And flour - ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.
God save our King and Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.
CHORUS.
1ST TENOR.
2D TENOR.
The Ma-ple Leaf our emblem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er, God save our King and
The Ma-ple Leaf our emblem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er, God save our King and
The Ma-ple Leaf our emblem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er, And flourish green o'er
The Ma-ple Leaf our emblem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er, God save our King and
BASS.
f
Heaven bless, The Maple Leaf for ever.
Heaven bless, The Maple Leaf for ever.
Freedom's home, The Maple Leaf for ever.
Heaven bless, The Maple Leaf for ever.

No. 108. Do You Know Him?

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1 Do you know my Sav-iour as I know him? He has spok-en peace to me.
2. Do you love my Sav-iour as I love him? Love him bet-ter, for 'tis he
3. Do you serve my Sav-iour as I serve him? Serve him bet-ter while you may,
4. I shall know him bet-ter o-ver yon-der, Tho' I can-not love him more:

And I find his fel-low-ship so bless-ed That I'd nev-er from it be free.
Who be-fore God's throne is in-ter-ced-ing By his purchase on Cal-va-ry.
Ere the time that's giv-en here for serv-ing Shall for-ev-er have pass'd a-way.
But thro' all e-ter-ni-ty I'll praise him, That the sor-rows of earth are o'er.

Chorus.

Do you know him? Do you know him? And the joy his for-give-ness as-sures? Do you know him? Do you know him?

Do you know him? Do you know him? Do you know him? Do you know him? Do you know him? Do you know him? He's my Sav-iour and would be yours.

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No. 109. We Shall Be Like Him.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. We shall be like him, when he shall come in glo - ry: Like him for - ev - er, thro' rich - es of his grace; O what as - sur - ance to all God's children giv - en,
2. We shall be like him, how - ev - er rough our jour-ney, Light from this promise shall brighten ev - 'ry place; "Like our Re-deem - er," our hearts sing hal-le - lu - jah,
3. We shall be like him, the vail will soon be lift - ed, Then we shall praise him for all his love and grace; No more the earth - ly, but glo - ry grand, e - ter - nal,

Chorus.

We shall be like him when we see his face. We shall be like him, We shall be

we shall be like him, For we shall see him as he is; We shall be

like him, we shall be like him, For we shall see him as he is.

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No. 110. Hills in Beauty Vernal.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

March.

1. Hills in their beauty so ver - nal, Message of gladness are bring-ing, Ti - dings of
2. Hills in their verdu-- and glo - ry, Meadow and plain are surrounding, Tell us the
3. Hills in the springtide of splen-dor, Ech - o the praise now ascend- ing, Hom- age to

INST.

h pe all e - ter - nal Wake, joy- ous earth, to sing- ing. Lift thine eyes in ad - o-
v/on- der - ful sto - ry, Tell us of love a- bound-ing. Pow'r and might around us
him would we ren - der, Voic - es in glad- ness blend-ing. For though mountains were re-

TEN. AND BASS.

ra - tion From the hills shall come thine aid, Sing with joy and ex - ul - ta - tion,
ev - er, As the hills en- cir-cling stand, God shall guard his children ev - er
mov- ing Yet his mer- cy ne'er de-parts, Dail - y we his word are prais - ing

SOP. AND ALTO.

INST.

CHORUS. PARTS.

Trust him, be not dis - mayed. By his al- migh- ty hand. Glad - ness has filled our hearts. } Praise him! Praise him! Praise him, the

Praise him! Praise him! Praise him! Praise him! Praise him!

giv - er of the joys that we share, Praise him! Praise him! Earth owns his

Praise him!

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Hills in Beauty Vernal.—Concluded.

INST. SOP. AND ALTO.

mer - cy and his con- stant care. Praise him, O ye mount- ains Sing, birds in your

TEN. AND BASS.

PARTS.

flight, Praise him, praise him, Ev - er- last- ing Lord of light.

Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,

No. 111. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un- known, And be - hold thee on thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

No. 112. Somebody's Praying for You.

Ida L. Reed. C. Austin Miles.

Duet. *Slowly.* Quartet.

1. Come to the Fa-ther, O wan-der-er come, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you,
2. God's voice is call-ing, O do not de-lay, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you,
3. Quench not the spir-it but yield from your heart, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you,

Duet. Quartet.

Turn from the sin-paths no lon-ger to roam Somebod-y's pray-ing for you. . . . .
Bow at the mer-cy-seat, bend while you may Somebod-y's pray-ing for you. . . . .
God waits His par-don, His peace to im-part Somebod-y's pray-ing for you. . . . .
is praying for you,

Duet. Quartet.

Somebod-y loves you wherev-er you stray, Bears you in faith to God day af-ter day;
Somebody's wrestling in pray'r for your soul, Longing to see you made per-fect-ly whole;
Kneel in your weakness confessing your sin Tho' they are many and dark tho' they've been;

Duet. Quartet.

Pray'r-ful-ly fol-lows you all the dark way, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.
Down where the bil-lows of Cal-va-ry roll Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.
O-pen your heart let love's cleansing tide in, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.

Chorus. ("For Y[illegible] I Am Praying.") *Very softly.*

For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you.

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No. 113. I Know He's Mine.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. B. Frank Butts.

1. There's One a - bove all earth- ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends,
2. He's mine be- cause he died for me, He saved my soul he set me free;
3. He's mine be- cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord be- cause I know he's mine.
With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

Chorus.

I know he's mine, ... this friend so dear, ... He lives with
I know he's mine, this friend so dear,

me, ... he's ev - er near; . . . . . Ten thousand charms, ...
He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms,

a - round him shine, ... And, best of all, I know he's mine.
a - round him shine,

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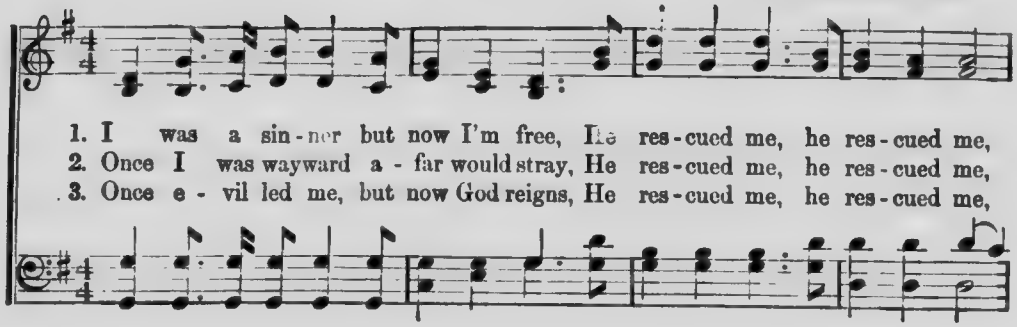
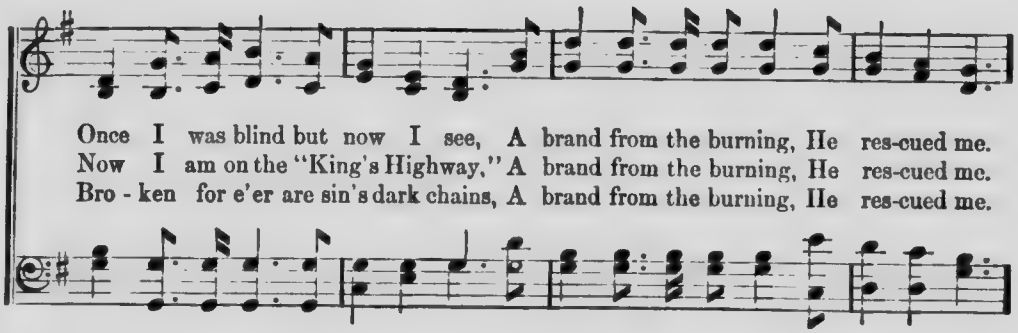
No. 114. He Rescued Me.

L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

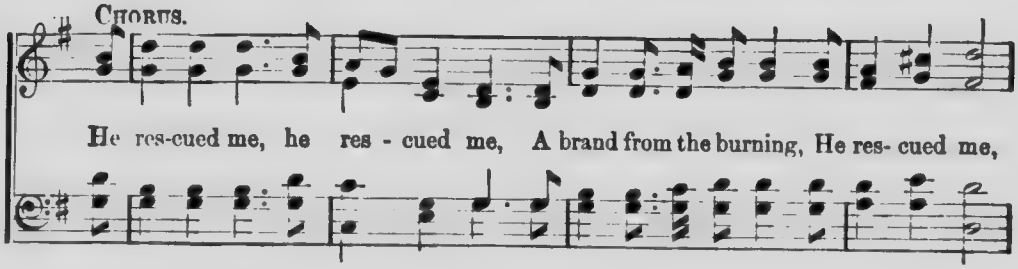


1. I was a sin-ner but now I'm free, He res-cued me, he res-cued me,
2. Once I was wayward a-far would stray, He res-cued me, he res-cued me,
3. Once e-vil led me, but now God reigns, He res-cued me, he res-cued me,

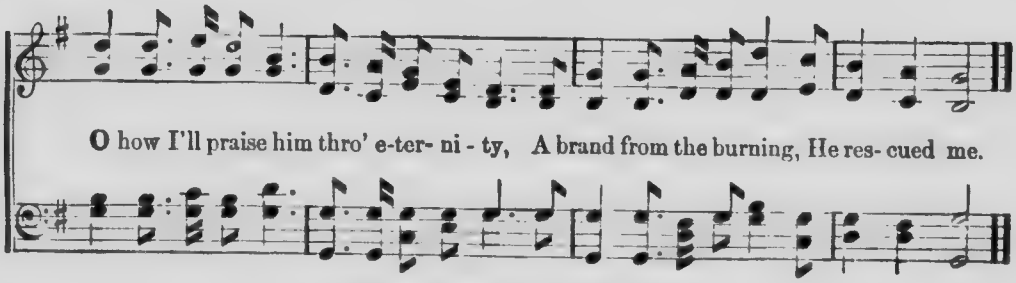


Once I was blind but now I see, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.
Now I am on the "King's Highway," A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.
Bro-ken for e'er are sin's dark chains, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.

CHORUS.



He res-cued me, he res-cued me, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me,



O how I'll praise him thro' e-ter-ni-ty, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.

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No. 115. He's the One.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un- derstands our hearts, When the
2. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there an - y - one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace, When His
4. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the end is draw-ing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym-pa-thiz- es with us, who in
faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten - der-ness will lift us, and the
heart is burden'd down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of par-don that af -
go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be - fore us, and dis -

won-drous love im-parts Just the ver - y, ver - y bless-ing that we need?
heav - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?
fords a sweet re - lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus; He's the One; When af-
Yes, there's One, on - ly One,

flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.

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No. 116. I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. S. C. FOSTER.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bending low, The
pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live To

D.S.—cause he first loved me And

Fine. CHORUS. *D.S.*

precious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood.
tell the world around the peace that he doth give.
} I love him, I love him Be-

purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-va-ry.

No. 117. What Did He Do?

W. OWEN.

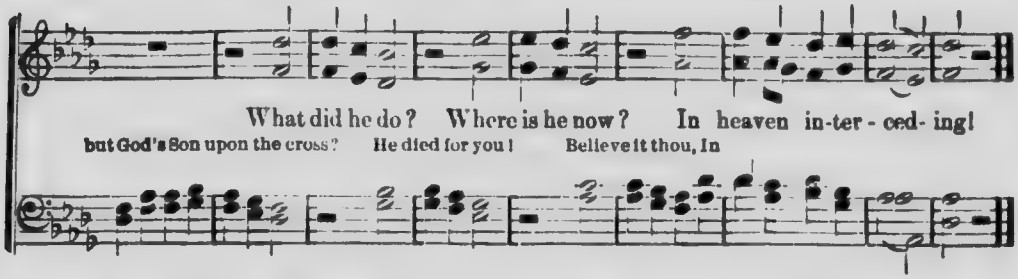
1. O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry, Once we dwelt am-ng the lost; Yet, Je-sus
2. No angel could our place have taken, Highest of the high tho' he; He nailed un-
3. Will you surrender to this Saviour, Now before him humbly bow? You, too, shall

CHORUS.

came from heaven's glory Us to save at aw-ful cost!
to the cross, forsaken, Was One of the God-head Three!
come to know his fav-or, He will save and save you now!
} Who sav'd us from eternal loss?

Who

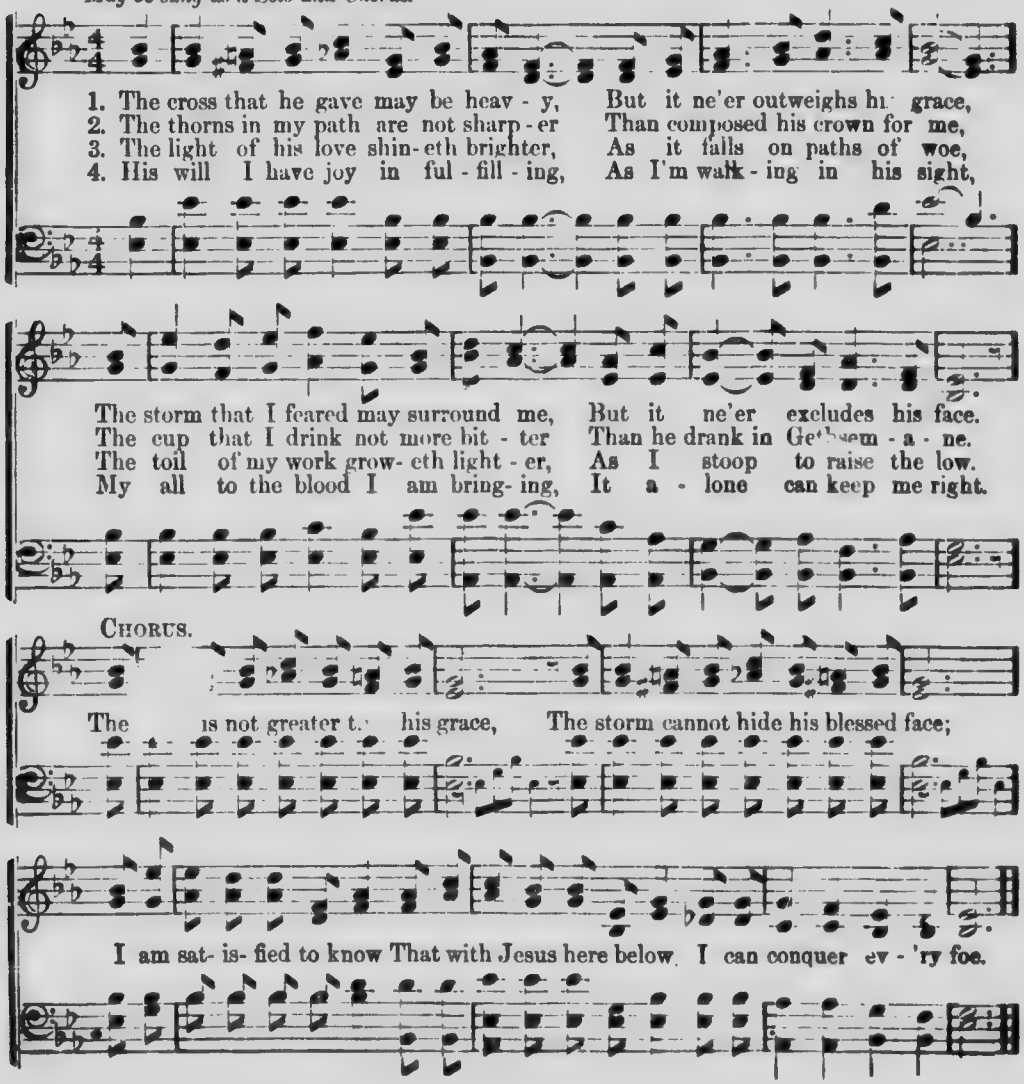
What Did He Do?—Concluded.



No. 118 The Cross Is Not Greater.

B. B. COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.



No. 119. Then Why Not I!

E. E. Hewitt. C. Harold Lowden.

1. Some one must car - ry a smil- ing face, Love's hap-py sunshine, the light of grace;
2. Some one must scat-ter the seeds that bear Boun - ti - ful fruit-age and blos-soms fair,
3. Some one must res-cue the sink- ing soul, When all a- round him the bil- lows roll,
4. Cups of cold wa-ter some hand must bring Com - forting draughts from the liv - ing spring;

Some one must brighten the cloud - y sky; Some one must do it, then why not I?
Watching their growth with a care - ful eye, Some one must do it, then why not I?
Brav - ing the wrath of the break-ers high, Some one must do it, then why not I?
Serv - ing the King as the days go by, Some one must do it, then why not I?

Chorus.

Why not I? Why not I? Je - sus is wait- ing the heart's re - ply;
Work must be done while the moments fly; Some one must do it, then why not I?

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No. 120. I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson, C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be- lieve thou dost re- ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

I'll Live for Him.—Concluded.

D.C. Chorus.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

No. 121. None of Self, and All of Thee.

THEODORE MONROE. JOSEPH D. LITTLE.

DUET.

1. Oh, the bit- ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev- er be, When I proudly
2. Yet he found me: I be- held him Bleed-ing on the accursed tree; And my wistful
3. Day by day his ten-der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help-ing, full and free, Brought me lower,
4. High- er than the high-est heav- ens, Deep - er than the deep-est sea, Lord, thy love at

said to Je - sus, "All of self, and none of thee," All of self, and none of thee, All of
heart said faint-ly, "Some of self, and some of thee," Some of self, and some of thee, Some of
while I whispered, "Less of self; and more of thee," Less of self, and more of thee, Less of
last has conquered; None of self, and all of thee," None of self, and all of thee! None of

Rit.

self, and none of thee, When I proud- ly said to Je - sus, All of self, and none of thee.
self, and some of thee, And my wist - ful heart said faintly, Some of self, and some of thee.
self; and more of thee, Brought me low- er, while I whispered, Less of self, and more of thee.
self, and all of thee! Lord, thy love at last has conquered; None of self, and all of thee.

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No. 122. My Lord With the Nail-Scarred Hands.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. In glo-ries e-ter-nal of mansions a-bove, The throng of the glo - ri-fied stands;
2. O joys that a-wait me in mansions of light, When end-ed are life's sinking sands;
3. So glad-ly I'll serve him from day un-to day, O - bey-ing with joy his com - mands;

I soon shall behold him, the King whom I love, My Lord with the nail-scarred hands.
And then I shall see him in beau-ty so bright, My Lord with the nail-scarred hands.
And soon I shall praise him in shin-ing ar - ray, My Lord with the nail-scarred hands.

CHORUS.

My Lord with the nail-scarred hands,..... 'Mid throngs of the glo - ri - fied stands;.....
wounded for me, glo-ri-fied stands;

rit. e dim.

In man-sions so fair I'll dwell with him there, My Lord with the nail-scarred hands.

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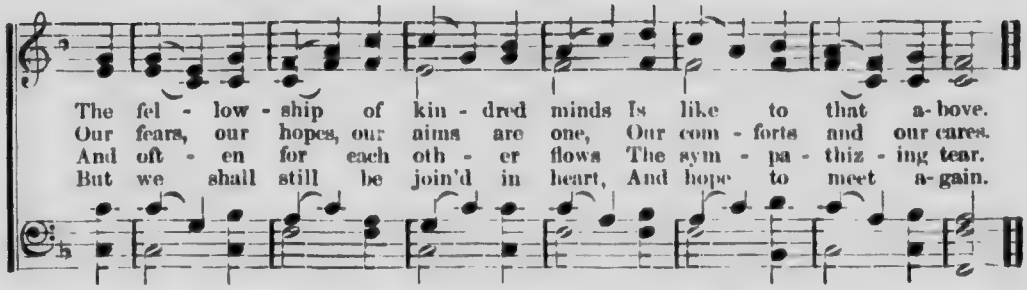
No. 123. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.

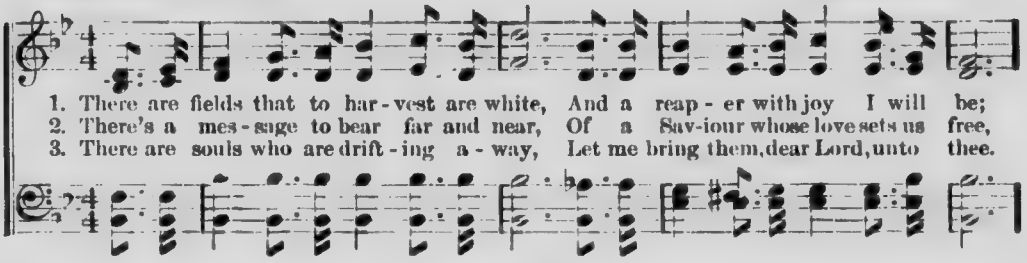
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain.

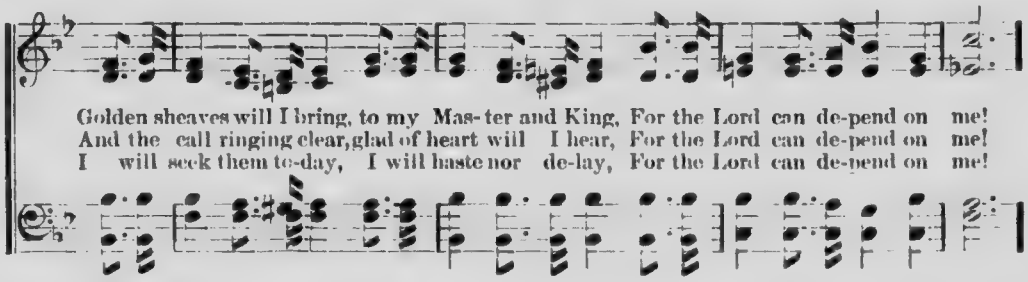
Blest be the Tie that Binds.—Concluded.



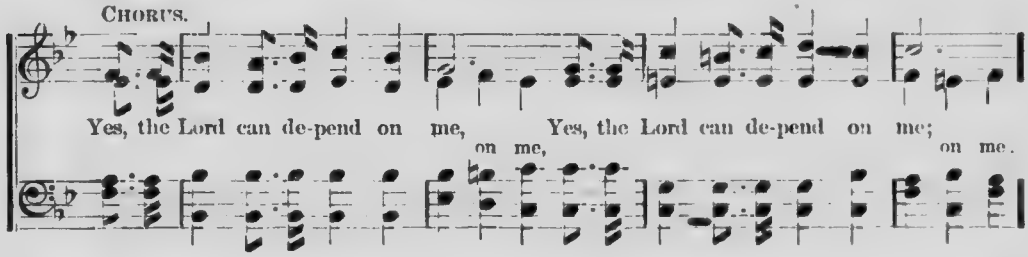
No. 124. Yes, the Lord Can Depend On Me.

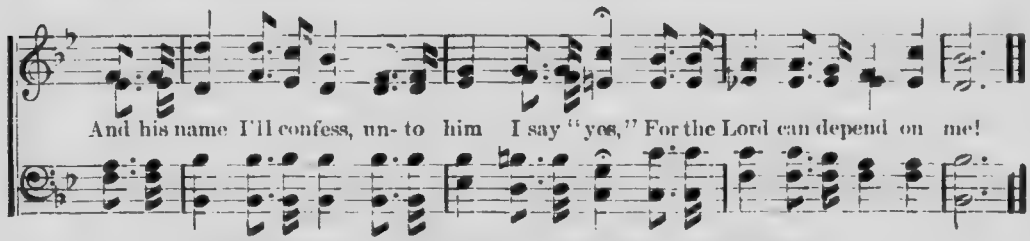
ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.





CHORUS.





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No. 125. I Have a Friend.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

DUET.

1. I have a friend whose changeless love, I e'er shall prize all gifts a - bove;
2. On him I cast my ev - 'ry care, My joy, my grief he'll al-ways share;
3. My earthly path his love has planned, In tri - al's hour he holds my hand;
4. I have a friend and bless his name, He loves from day to day the same;

rit.

Though earthly friends prove false to me, This friend of friends will faith-ful be.
In him I rest, sweet peace is mine, He leads me on in love di - vine.
He guides me on lest far I roam, And brings at last to heav'nly home.
And ah! I know that he will be The same for all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

I have a friend whose love complete, Makes earth a place of pleasure
have a friend love complete, earth a place

sweet; I cling to him, he clings to me, And life is all that life can be.
pleasure sweet; cling to him, me, to me, life is all

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No. 126. A Talk With Jesus.

J. R. JAMES ROWE.

1. I have had a talk with Je - sus, It has brought me peace, From my sin, from ev- 'ry
2. I have had a talk with Je - sus, It has cheered my way, And in him I'm now con -
3. I have had a talk with Je - sus, It has brought re - lief; For I told of ev- 'ry
4. I have felt his arms a - round me, Heard his cheering voice; He has ban-ished all my

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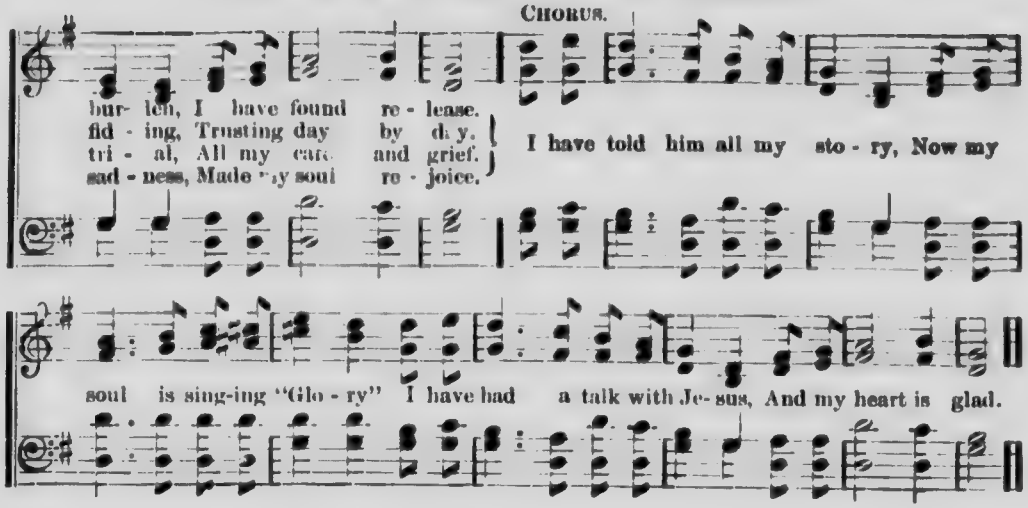
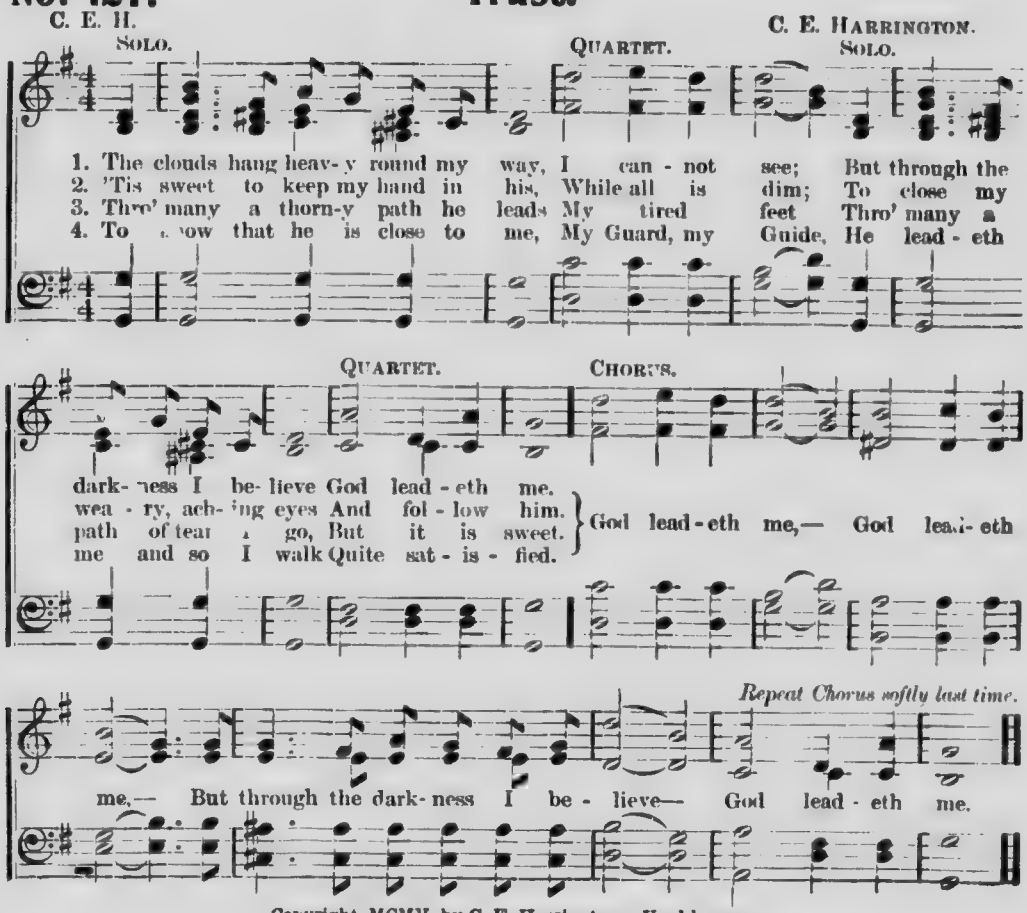
A Talk With Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 127. Trust.



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No. 128. In the Same Old Fashioned Way.

Rev. N. B. Herrell, Cho. B. H. Lillenas. Haldor Lillenas.

1. In the up - per room in Je - ru - sa - lem, On the day of Pen - te - cost.
2. In the up - per room in Je - ru - sa - lem, On each wait - ing, watching guest,
3. From the up - per room in Je - ru - sa - lem, In a glo - ri - ous ar - ray,
4. In the Church and home, our Je - ru - sa - lem, We can have this grace to - day;

Like a rush - ing wind, God and man to blend, Came t' bless-ed Ho - ly Ghost.
Like a fie - ry flame, In the Sav-iour's name Clov-en tongues of fire did rest.
With a con-qu'ring tread, By the Spir it led, Went the Church of Christ that day.
Like a might - y show'r, Comes the promised pow'r, In the same old fashioned way.

Chorus.

In the same old fash-ioned way, Comes the Ho - ly Ghost to - day,

To each yield - ed heart he will grace im - part, In the same old-fashioned way.

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No. 129. Ours the Victory.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. O'er the bat - tle-ments of heav - en, Comes a soul - in - spir - ing cry: God, him-
2. E - vil hosts in fear are flee - ing, As the cross of Christ they see, On - ward
3. Falt - 'ring nev - er, nev - er doubting, Ours the vic - tor's crown shall be, We shall

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Ours the Victory.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

self, the word has giv - en, "On to vic - to - ry."
press in tri-umph shouting, "On to vic - to - ry."
stand in glo - ry shouting, "On to vic - to - ry."
"On to vic - to - ry'

This our cry shall be, God him-self the word has spok-en, "On to vic - to - ry!"

No. 130. Does Jesus Know?

LIZZIE R. BARDSLEY. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus know when burdens press, When days are dark and drear, Does Je - sus
2. Does Je - sus know the path I lead, My sor - row and my grief, Does Je - sus
3. Does Je - sus know when I must part, With friends of earth so dear, When with a

CHORUS.

know when doubts distress And hearts are fill'd with fear?
know when joy has fled, And will he bring re - lief?
lone - ly brok - en heart I weep in sad - ness here?
He knows! He knows! O He knows! He knows!

rall.

yes, my Saviour knows. His love is near, my path to cheer, O yes, my Saviour knows
He knows,

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No. 131. The Cross.

L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. O hallowed cross of Cal - va - ry, Re - deem- ing love of Christ I see;
2. Love lights the way for you and me, Where Je - sus bore the rug - ged tree;
3. Help me to bear the cross each day, Tho' shad-ows dark ob - scure my way;

CHORUS.

Tru ly to give his life for me, On the cru - el tree.
And tho' the path-way toil-some be, Still I'll fol - low thee.
Yet thro' the gloom a light I see, From dear Cal- va - ry.
} The cross, the cross, the cross of Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus died to make me free; I have no oth - er hope, I have no oth - er plea, But the blood that was shed for me.

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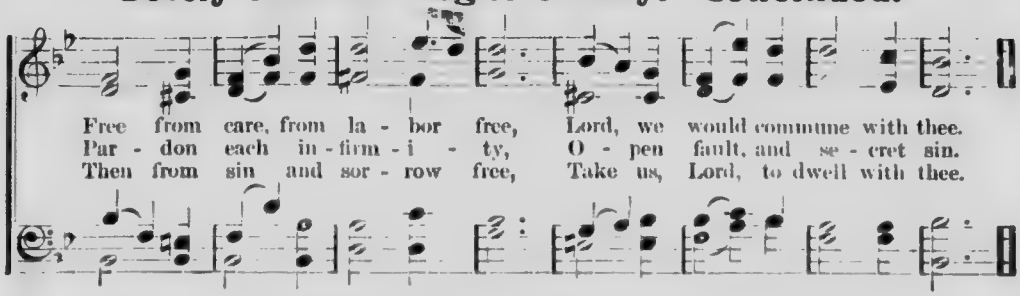
No. 132. Softly Now the Light of Day.

GEORGE W. DOANE. LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

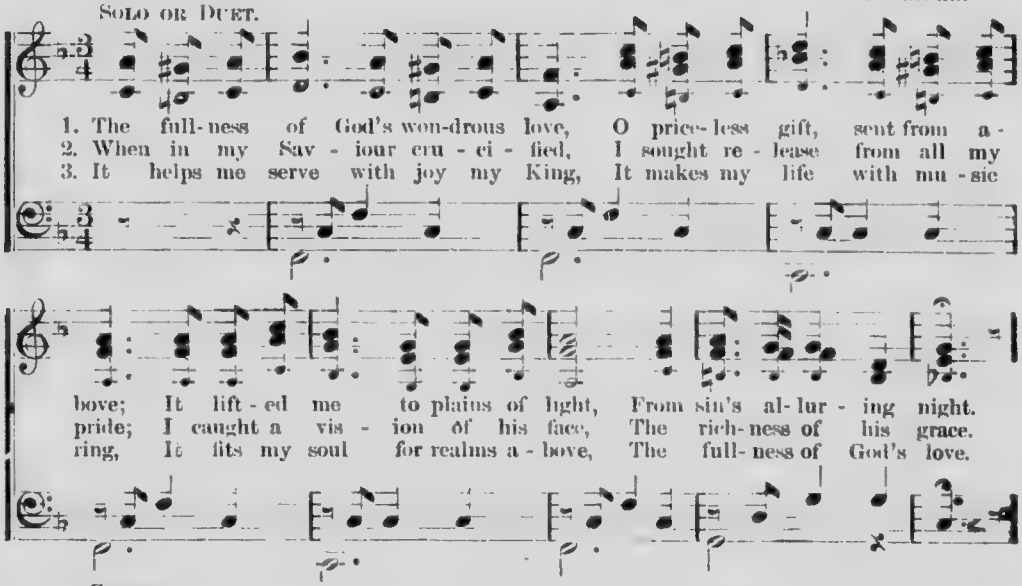
Softly Now the Light of Day.—Concluded.



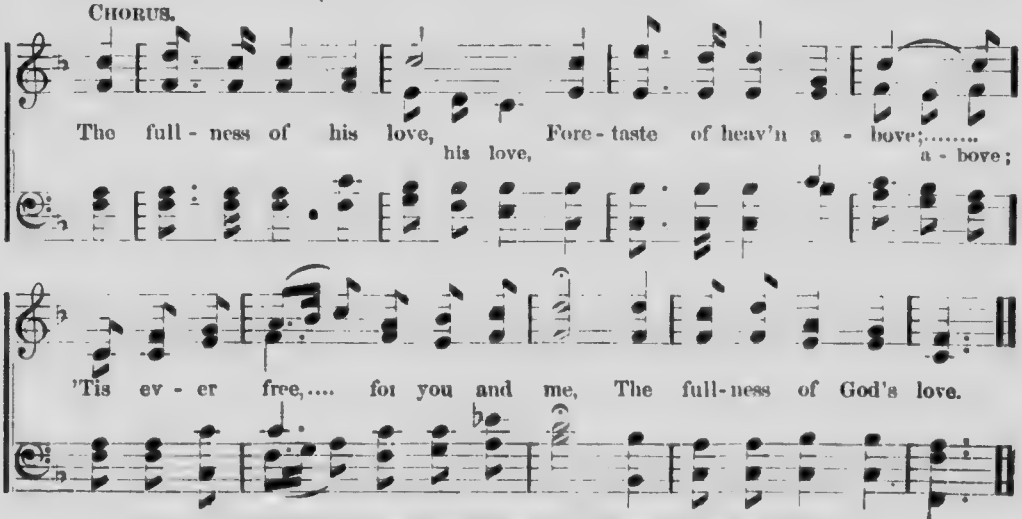
No. 133. The Fullness of His Love.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH
SOLO OR DUET.

ADAM GEIBEL.



CHORUS.



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No. 134. A Place for Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Work - ers all are need - ed; hear the Mas - ter call, In his world-wide
2. Where the Mas - ter wants me, there may I be led; Choos- ing not my
3. Soon shall come the har - vest, when the sheaves we'll bring, To the bless - ed

har - vest, there is room for all; Ev - 'ry one is need - ed, low - ly tho' I be,
pleas- ure, but his will in stead; Be it joy to serve him, by his grace so free;
gar - ner of the Lord our King; Let me toil sin-cere - ly till the shadows flee;

Chorus.

Sure - ly there's a place in his field for me. A place in his field for

me, Small and hum - ble tho' I be; And the Lord's appointment
for me,

brings no dis - ap- point- ment, If we la - bor on- ward faith - ful - ly.

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No. 135. One Who Knows.

C. Austin Miles. Clinton D. Lowden.

1. There is no day so dark, but has its gleam..... Of hope up -
2. There is no word so harsh, but has its tone..... Of love that
3. There is no grief that calls for bit - ter tears, ... But finds its

on the shad - ows that be - fall. No hour, but that the
waits its kind - ness to im - part; No thought - less act that
share in O- no knows its weight. There is no road that

pass - ing min - utes seem To tell my heart that God is o - ver all.
falls on me a - lone, That is not borne up - on An - oth - er's heart.
I must walk with fears, But has its Friend who waits to ope the gate.

Chorus.

O joy - ous hope that fills my soul, No mat - ter if I sleep or

rit.

wake; I safe - ly rest in sweet con - trol Of One who knows the way I take.

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No. 136. Hand in Hand.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. Hand in hand with Christ we're marching onward and we'll conquer the world for him,
From the highways, from the lanes and by-ways, go and gath-er the young and old,

2. Swell the might-y cho-rus, Christ the Lord is for us, so then with faith we pray,
In sweet song the gos pel truths pro-long un-til the na-tions shall turn from sin,

1

Ral-ly then ye christian work-ers, ral-ly 'gainst the might-y hosts of sin.
He is more than all that is a-gainst us, by his might we'll win the day.

2

Lead them gent-ly by the pow'r of love in-to the dear Re-deem-ers fold.
O-pen wide their hearts un-to the Sav-iour glad-ly bid him en-ter in.

CHORUS.

Hand in hand with Christ we'll conquer ev'ry foe, For-ward to the con-flict, brave-ly

then we go, we go. O-vercoming sin thro' Christ our King, Other lives to him we'll bring.

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No. 137. Wave the Standard Royal.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. MARSH.

UNISON.

1. The prince of night is mar-shal-ing his for-ces; Up, comrades, up, a
2. Be free from fear, have faith in him who leads us; No harm can come, for
3. March on and on, with Christ the King of heav-en, To all the world dis-

way, the foe to meet; The Sav-iour lives and right-eous-ness en-dor-ses;
Christ will be our shield; Go forth with speed, the King of glo-ry needs us
play your faith and love; To faith-fu. souls the life-crown will be giv-en

CHORUS.

Go forth with him, sin's ar-my to de-feat.
To face the foe and drive him from the field.
And end-less peace and joy and rest a-bove.
A-way, a-way, O

wave the standard roy-al, Fal-ter not till vic-to-ry be won, The Sav-iour

lives to lead his sol-diers loy-al; Go forth, to fight, with God's im-mor-tal Son.

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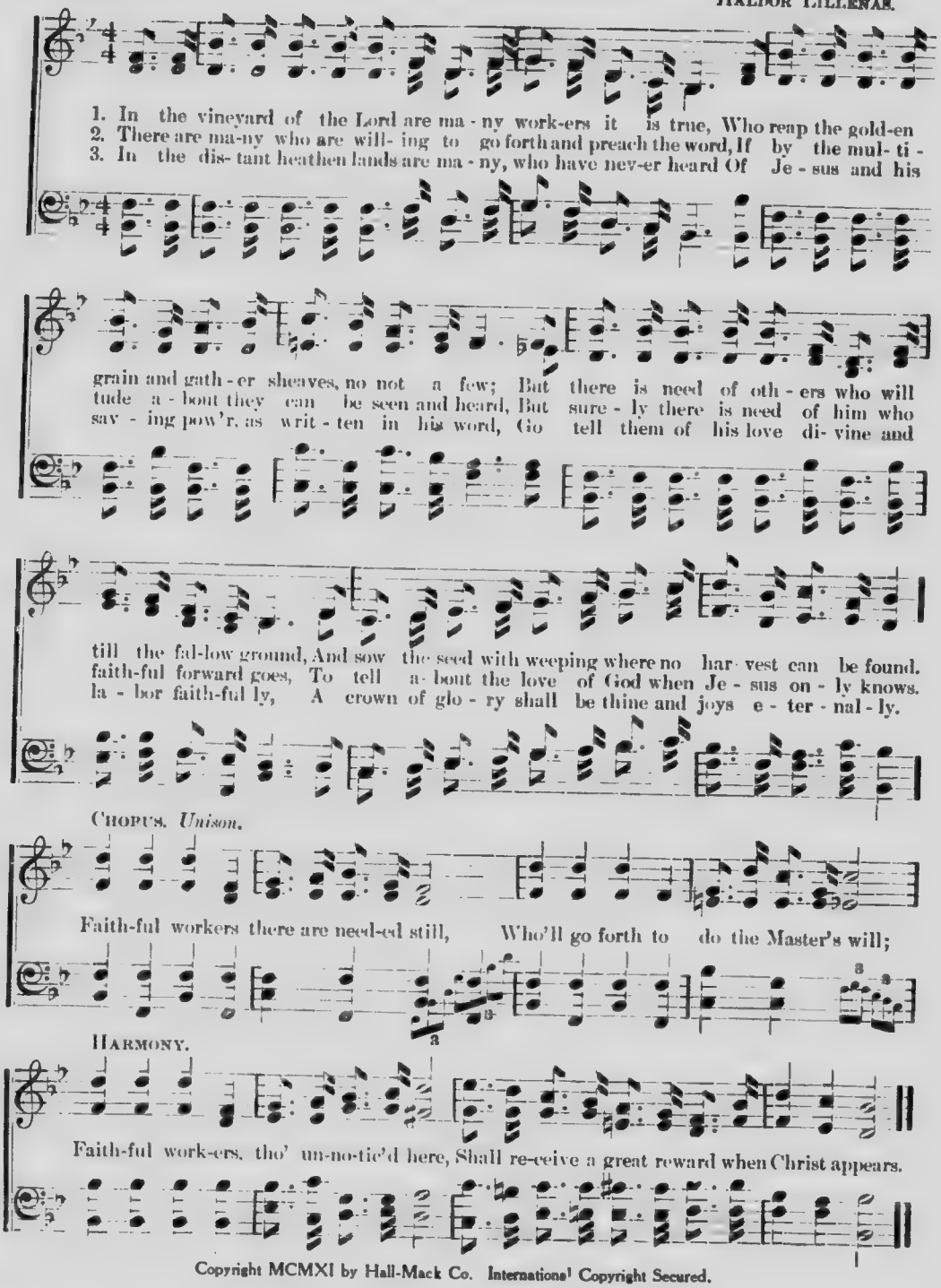
No. 138. Faithful Workers.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



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No. 139. Be Not Idle.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. Be not i - dle to-day, time is pass-ing a - way; Go, if your King is send-ing.
2. Who is call-ing to-day? to the har-vest a - way, Quickly your aid be lend-ing.
3. Then when e-ven shall fall, and the Mas-ter shall call, Glad ly to come be - fore him.

There's no sor-row nor pain that is noth-ing but gain, Love is your way at - tend-ing.
Joy is wait-ing for you, so be faith-ful and true, God is on you de- pend-ing.
When his welcome so sweet makes your blessing complete, With joy shall you a - dore him.

Chorus.

On, ev-er on, 'neath the ban-ner of the free,..... On, ev-er on for the wait-ing fields we see..... On, ev-er on, faithful to the end en - dure, On, ev-er on, our re - ward is sure.

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No. 140. Where He Calls.

A. A. Payn.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Call - ing from our ease Je - sus bids us bear his ban - ners on,
2. On - ward! Where he calls, Glad - ly will we bear the news a - far,
3. Wait - ing at our door See the ma - ny na - tions in de - spair.

1. Call - ing, call - ing
2. On - ward, on - ward!
3. Wait - ing, wait - ing

O - ver des - ert drear - y Till the earth's re-mot - est land is won.
Tell - ing souls in dark - ness Of the ev - er shin - ing Morn - ing Star.
Glad - ly let us help them If the Mas - ter bids us here or there.

Chorus.

We will fol-low where he leads us, ev - er, ev - er, On the Liv-ing Word he

feeds us While with him we go. There is naught can sev - er

From him now or ev - er, 'Neath his ban-ner from his foes he shall de - liv - er.

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No. 141. Some Day.

L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET. *Slowly.*

1. Some day I'll know why o'er my way, The shad-ows gath - er dark and drear;
2. Some day I'll know why oft my feet, Have wandered from the nar-row way;
3. Some day I'll see his face so dear, Who gave his pre - cious life for me;

And on my heart a cross is laid, Which fills my soul with doubt and fear.
And still my Sav-iour, praise his name! Has loved me ev - en when a - stray.
And while the end - less a - ges roll, With him in glo - ry I shall be.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Some day I'll know,..... yes, some glad day,.....When earth's dark
Some day I'll know, yes, some glad day,

mists..... have cleared a - way,..... And in the
When earth's dark mists have cleared a - way,

light..... of heav'n's pure glow,..... Then I shall ful - ly know.
And in the light of heav'n's pure glow,

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No. 142. Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. Far a - way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the
2. Far be - low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat - ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez- es blow, their cry can- not a - larm me, I am safe - ly
4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con- tem - pla - tion, Hear- ing now his

sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand. Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
shel-ter'd here pro - tect - ed by God's hand. Here the sun is al - ways shin - ing,
bless- ed voice, I see the way he plann'd. Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I

vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re - treat - ing, Noth - ing then can reach me— 'tis Beu - lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.

Chorus.

I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der - neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!

drinking at the fountain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

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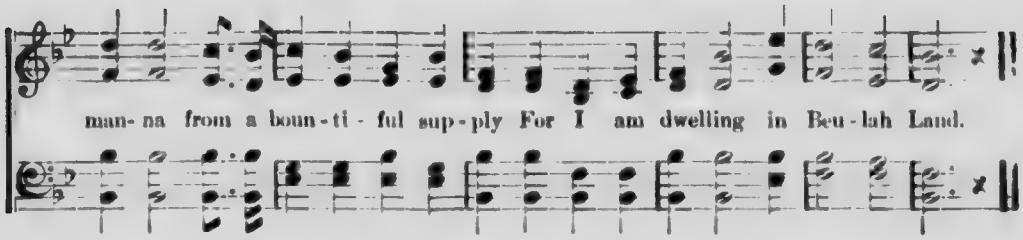
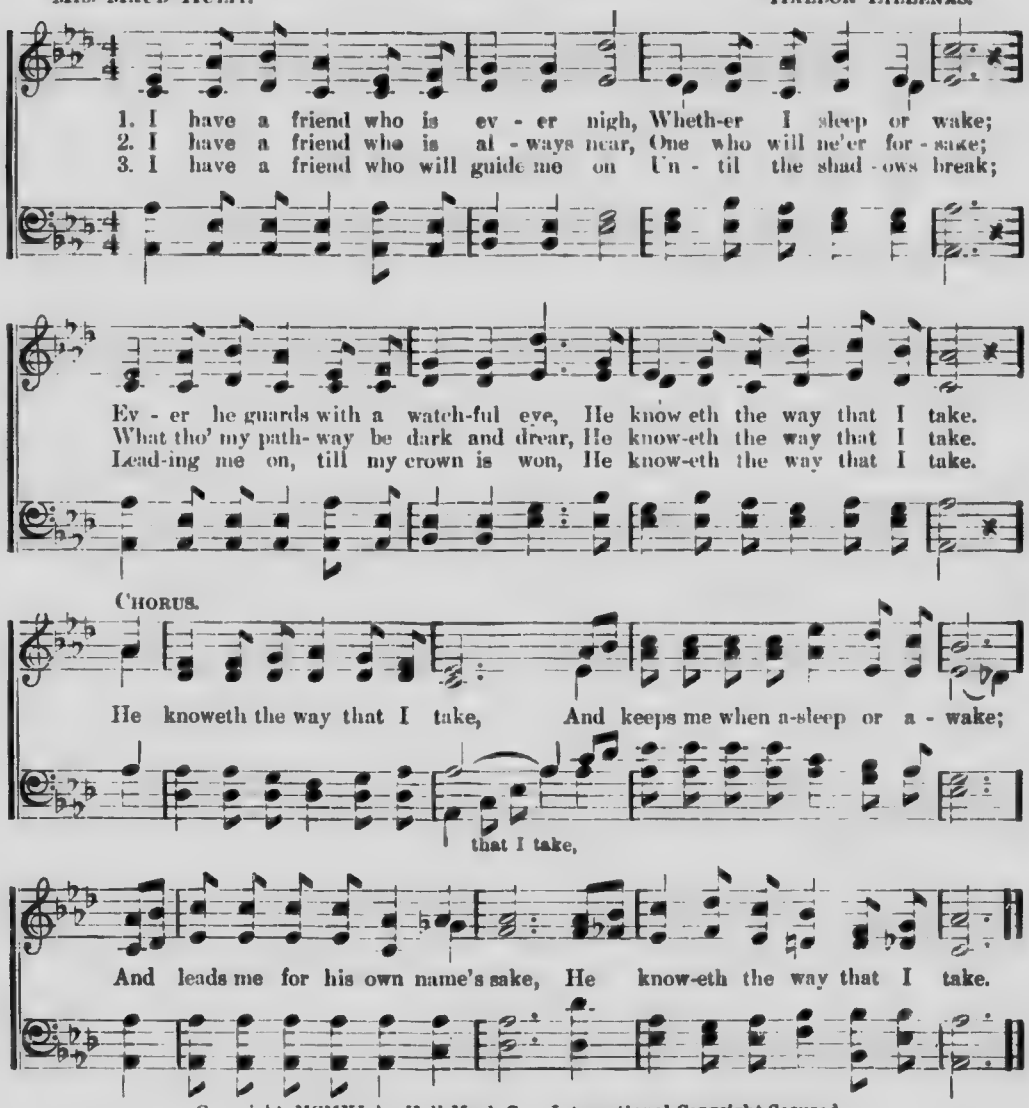
Dwelling in Beulah Land.—Concluded.



No. 143. He Knoweth the Way that I Take.

Mrs. Maud Hulit. Haldor Lillenas.



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No. 144. Keep On Praying.

R. O. Smith, Arr.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Tho' the foes of right oppress, Keep on pray-ing; God is ev - er near to bless,
2. Christian has your faith grown weak? Keep on praying; Do the tears roll down your cheek?
3. Pil- grim have you wea-ry grown, Keep on pray-ing; God is yet up - on his throne,
4. Prais-es shall with pray'rs ascend, Keep on pray-ing; Pray and praise till life shall end,

Keep on pray-ing. Let not fear your heart ap-pall, Naught of e - vil can be - fall,
Keep on pray-ing. Soon you nev - er more will sigh Tears no more shall dim your eye,
Keep on pray-ing. He will hear your faith-ful cry He to help is ev - er nigh,
Keep on pray-ing. Till you reach the gold- en gate, Where the ransomed souls a - wait,

Chorus.

Strong - er is your God than all, Keep on pray-ing.
Pray to him who's ev - er nigh, Keep on pray-ing.
You shall con - quer by and by, Keep on pray-ing.
Claim - ing there your tri - umph great, Keep on pray-ing.
} Keep on pray-ing,

Keep on pray-ing; You shall con - quer by and by, Keep on pray-ing.

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No. 145. Redeemed.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. Up lift - ed high on Cal - va - ry a cross I see, It bears the Son of
2. There is no price for me to bring, the price is paid, The sins that rest - ed
3. Some time I'll feel the gen - tle touch of His own hand, Some time a round His

God, to die for me, for me; My soul He ran-somed with His life and
on my soul on Him were laid; And as He suf - fered on the cross for
glo - rious throne I too shall stand, And join the ran-somed of the Lord, a

Chorus.

now I'm free, For by His blood I am re-deem'd.
me He pray'd, And spoke for-give-ness full and free.
count-less band, Who by His blood have been re-deem'd.

Re-deem'd, re-deem'd by
Redeem'd, redeem'd,

Je - sus' pre-cious blood! Re-deem'd, re deem'd, from sin set free! Re-deem'd, re -
Redeem'd, redeem'd, Redeem'd,

deem'd, and rec - on - ciled to God By Him who died on Cal - va - ry!
redeem'd,

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No. 146. Why Not Be a Helper?

J. W. H.

J. Wesley Hughes.

1. There's ma - ny a soul will per - ish, For want of friend - ly aid,
2. The Mas - ter hath need of help - ers, He calls for you to - day;
3. Then res cue a soul for Je - sus; If on - ly one soul it be;
4. If on ly a cup of wa - ter Be giv - en in Je sus' name
5 Re mem - ber, the great - est vai or Not on - ly claims re - nown,

Whom Je - sus has died to ran - som; Their full re - demp - tion paid!
Then an - swer the sum - mons glad - ly, Thy ser - vice he'll re - pay.
'Twill bring thee a hal - lowed pleas-ure To all e - ter - ni - ty!
To one who is faint and wea - ry, It shall not be in vain.
But low - li - est deeds of kind - ness Will gem thy glo ry crown!

Chorus.

Then why not be a help - er, Some pre - cious soul to win?

Then why not be a help - er, To bring the lost ones in?

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No. 147. The Mount of Prayer.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. When the earl - y morn is break - ing I will seek the Mount of Prayer;
2. When the clouds of tri - al gath - er, O - ver- cast - ing all the sky,
3. When the hosts of sin en - deav - or Thus to drive me from his feet,
4. When the dark- ness gath - ers round me, At the clos - ing of the day,

'Tis a pre- cious time of wait - ing, For my soul is strengthened there.
Driv - ing from my heart the sun - shine, To the Mount of Pray'r I'll fly.
To the Mount of Pray'r I'll hast - en, 'Tis an on - ly safe re - treat.
From the Mount of Pray'r a - bove me Comes a cheer- ing, help- ing ray.

Chorus.

To the Mount I'll go, To the
To the Mount I will go, to the Mount I will go, To the

Mount I'll go, When the hosts of
Mount I will go, to the Mount I will go,

sin sur - round me, To the Mount of Pray'r I'll go.

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No. 148. Dearest of All.

J. W. V.

J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. There are friends I re-call That are dear to my mem'ry, And they
2. There are dear ones of yore That were near me in childhood, And their
3. In my sins I was lost, Far a-way from my Saviour, I was

live ev-er treas-ured with-in; But the dear-est of all, One I
love I shall ev-er ex-tol; But there's none I a-dore Like the
doomed with the down-fall-en race; But the Lord paid the cost, Gave his

love more than an-y, Is the one who has saved me from sin.
bless-ed Re-deem-er, Who was wounded to res-cue my soul.
life to re-deem me, I was saved by his in-fi-nite grace.

Chorus.

Dear-est of all is the kind, lov-ing Sav-iour, Je-sus, who

died for my sins on the tree; He is the best and the

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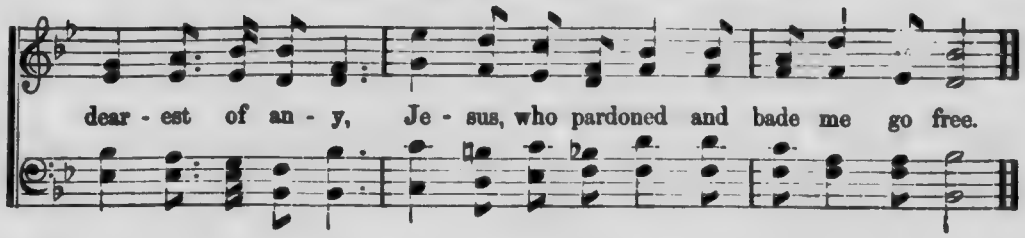
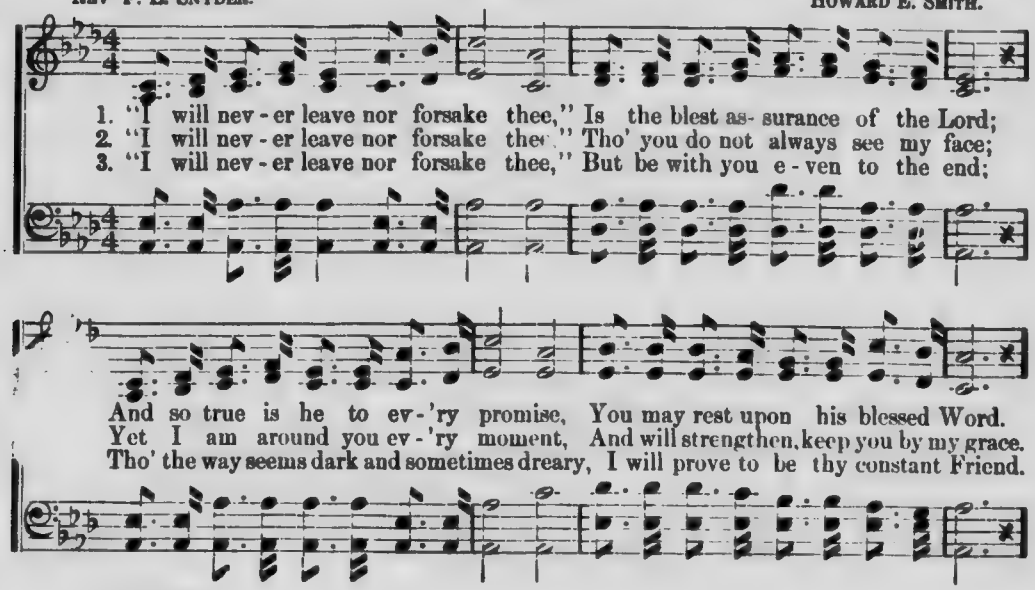
Dearest of All.—Concluded.



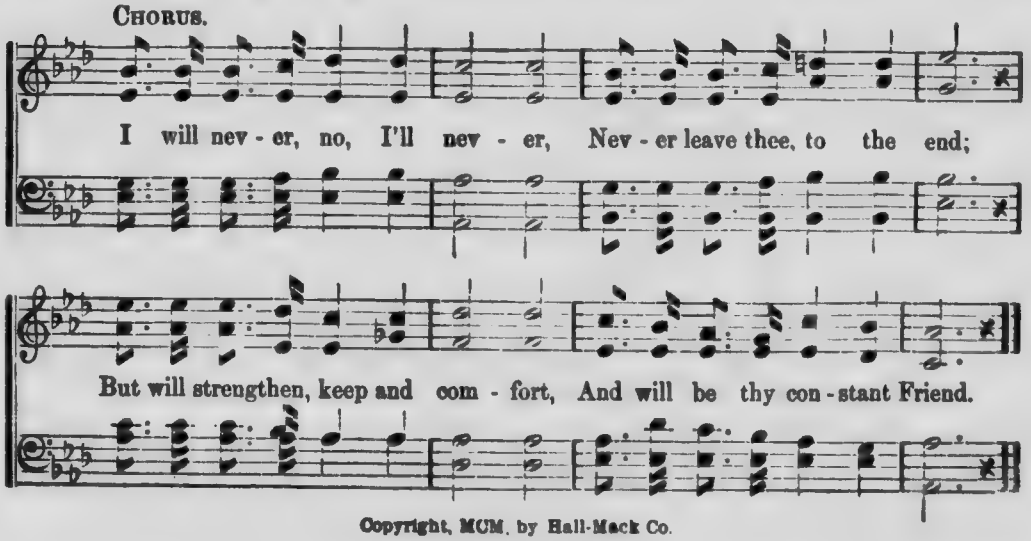
No. 149. I Will Never Leave Thee.

Hebrews 13 5.

REV F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.



CHORUS.



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No. 150. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings pro-tect-ing, hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float- ing o'er you,

With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put his arms un - fail- ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Chorus.

Till we meet,..... till we meet,..... Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,.....
till we meet, Till we meet,

till we meet,... God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet, till we meet,

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No. 151. Mother's Prayers are Answered.

FRANK A. DOTY. HALDOR LILLENAS.

SOLO OR DUET. *With much feeling.*

1. Long years a - go, I heard my moth - er pray, To God that He would
2. In Sa - tan's paths I wan - der'd ma - ny years, The pow'rs of dark - ness
3. The voice of Je - sus gen - tly spoke to me, My sins be - fore me
4. She's wait - ing for me in that home a - bove, The house of ma - ny

save her wand-'ring boy, She oft - en told me in her lov - ing way,
held me at their will, But moth-er's lov - ing plead-ings, pray'rs and tears,
rose like mount-ains high, He whis-per'd to me "Son, give me thy heart,"
man-sions o - ver there, While Je - sus sweet-ly keeps me in His love,—

CHORUS.

How that would bring her sweetest peace and joy.
So true and gen- tle lin-ger'd with me still.
Till fall - ing at His feet He heard my cry
I'm go - ing home in an - swer to her pray'r.

Moth-er's pray'rs are answered I am

saved, Moth-er's pray'rs are an-swered, I am saved, When all lad - en down with

I am saved, I am saved,

ad lib.

sin, Je - sus bro't me back to Him, Mother's pray'rs at last are answered, I am saved.

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No. 152. Meet Me at the Cross.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. There is hope, O soul, for you, There is peace and par-don, too; There's sal-va-tion
2. Tho' a Saviour's dy-ing there, Crown'd with thorns his brow so fair; There is joy for
3. Soul in sin can you de-spise, All the love light of his eyes? Come, O come and
4. If you'll touch its crim-son tide, Heaven's gate shall o-pen wide, Par-don writ-ten

Chorus.

full and free, At the cross of Cal-va-ry.
you and me, At the cross of Cal-va-ry.
knee with me, At the cross of Cal-va-ry.
you shall see, On the cross of Cal-va-ry.

If you'll on - - ly

If you'll on - ly

meet me, If you'll on - ly meet me, If you'll on-ly meet me, sin-ner, At the

If you'll on-ly meet me,

foot of the cross You shall find your Sav-iour, You shall know his

You shall find

You shall know

rit. ad lib.

fa-vor, If you'll on - - ly meet me, At the foot of the cross.

on-ly, on-ly

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No. 153. My Shepherd Leads Me All the Way.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. My Shep-herd leads me all the way, All the way, all the way, And I can nev-er go a-stray, All the way, all the way,
2. So close be-side Him will I keep, All the way, all the way, Through val-leys dark o'er mountains steep, All the way, all the way,
3. He leads in sor-row's bit-ter hour, All the way, all the way, He ev-er keeps me by His pow'r, All the way, all the way,
4. His staff sup-ports me and His rod, All the way, all the way, I tread the path that once He trod, All the way, all the way,

All the way, all the way, all the way, all the way,

CHORUS.

rit.

all the way. . . . . My Shep-herd leads . . . me all the way, all the way. Shep-herd leads me all the way, And from His path . . . I ne'er shall roam, I ne'er shall roam, He safe-ly leads me all the way, And sure-ly I . . . shall reach my home. From His path I ne'er shall roam, Safe-ly leads me all the way, Surely I shall reach my home, my home.

rit.

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No. 154. No One But Jesus.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

With tenderness.

1. No one but Je - sus can hear my prayer, No one but Jesus my load can bear,
2. No one but Je - sus my heart can cheer, No one but Jesus dis - pel my fear,
3. No one but Je - sus can grace impart, No one but Jesus make woe de- part,
4. No one but Je - sus could set me free, No one but Jesus could die for me,

f *pp*

No one but Je - sus my grief can share, No one can help me but Je - sus.
No one but Je - sus is al - ways near, No one can help me but Je - sus.
No one but Je - sus has won my heart, No one can help me but Je - sus.
No one but Je - sus e - ter - nal - ly, No one can help me but Je - sus.

CHORUS. *p*

No one but Je - sus can comprehend, No one but Je - sus can com- fort send,

f *pp*

No one but Je- sus, for he's my friend, No one can help me but Je - sus.

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No. 155. I Have Made the Great Change.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. I have made the great change, I have turned from my sins, And to-day they are under the blood;
2. I have made the great change, from a rebel 'gainst God, I have chosen his soldier to be;
3. I have made the great change, and to live for my King For- ev - er my business shall be;

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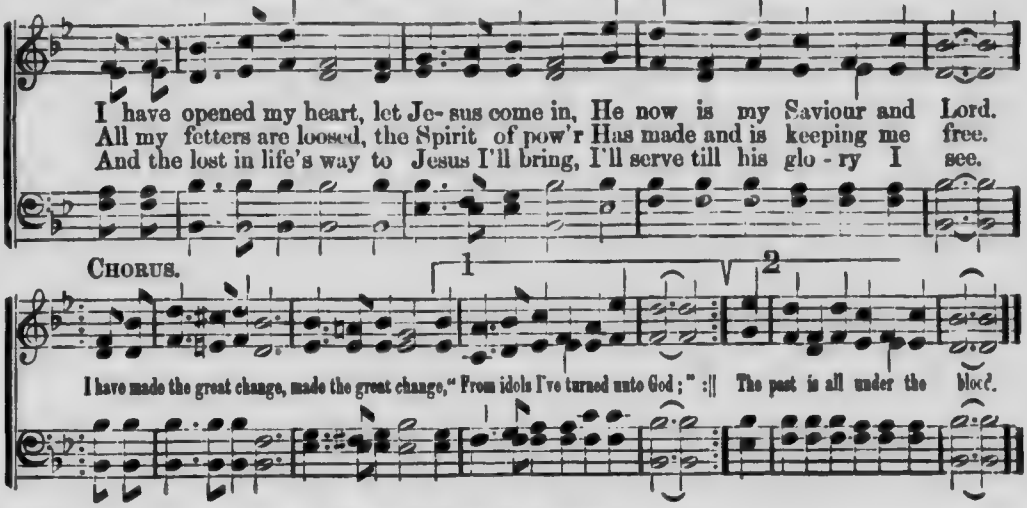
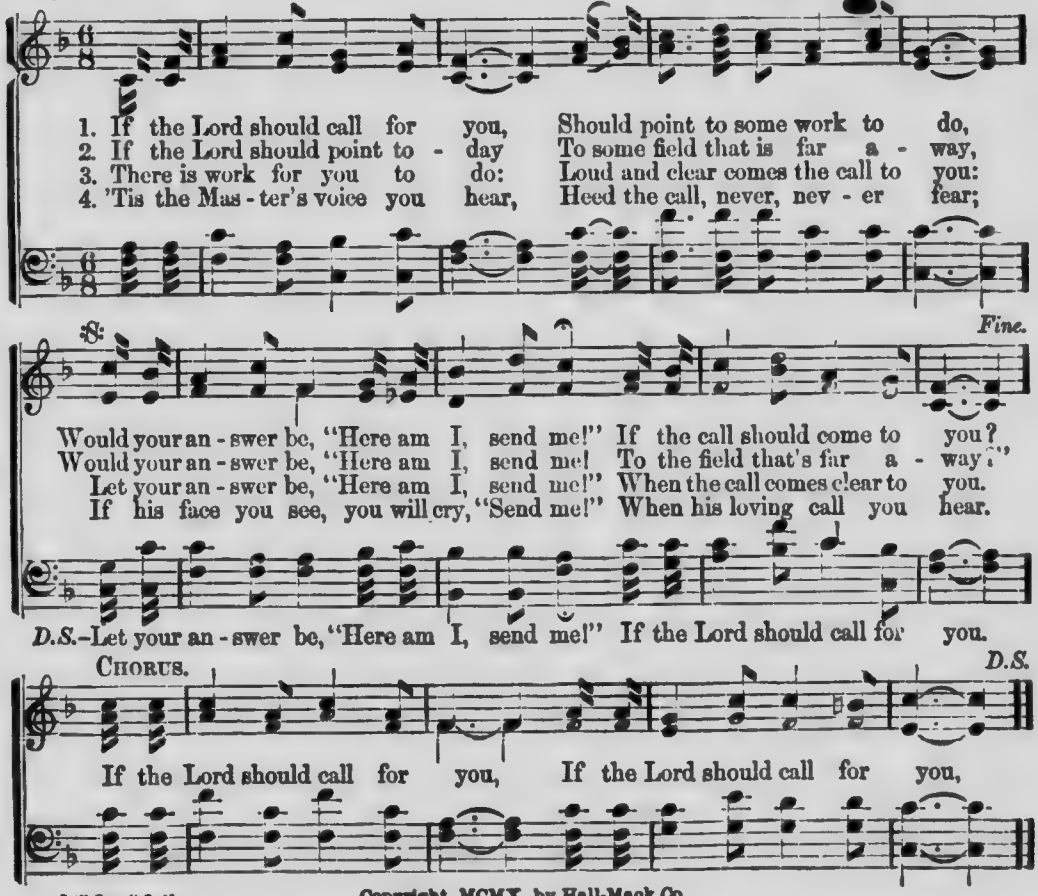
I Have Made the Great Change.—Concluded.



No. 156. Send Me! Send Me!

A. W. S. ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.



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No. 157. No Burdens Allowed to Pass Through.

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

1. I'm wea - ry of bear- ing my bur - den, But hope as my way I pur - sue,
2. I've en- tered dark valleys un - daunted, To take up my burden a - new,
3. My hand to my Saviour I've giv - en, To do what he asks me to do;
4. And then with the souls of the ransomed The journey complet - ed I'll view,

ritard.

I'll come to that gate where 'tis writ- ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."
And look for the gate where 'tis writ- ten "No burdens allowed to pass through."
Con- tent till he leads where 'tis writ- ten 'No burdens allowed to pass through."
With joy having pass'd where 'tis writ- ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."

Chorus.

If sor - row or pain be my por - tion, To Je - sus I'll ev - er be true,

ritard.

Till I reach the fair gate where 'tis written, "No burdens allowed to pass through."

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No. 158. The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. Wm. Hunter, D. D.

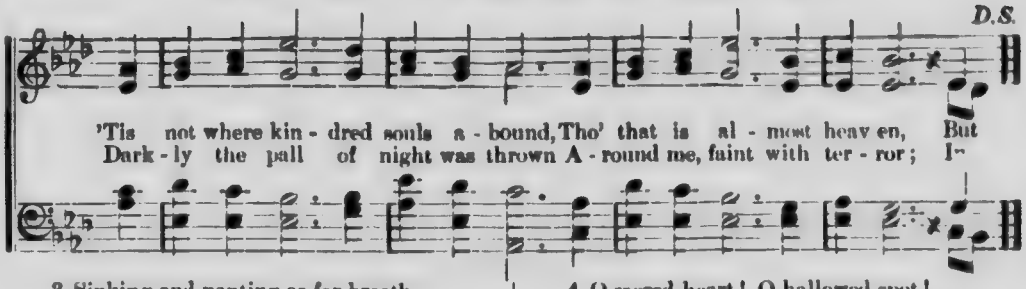
Old Melody.

Fine.

1. { There is a spot to me more dear Than na - tive vale or mountain;
   { A spot for which af - fection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain. }
2. { Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd up - on the o - cean:
   { A - bove me was the thunder's roar, Be - neath the wave's commo - tion. }

D.S.—where I first my Sav- iour found, And felt my sins for - giv - en.
D.S.—that dark hour how did my groan As- cend for years of er - ror.

The Hallowed Spot.—Concluded.



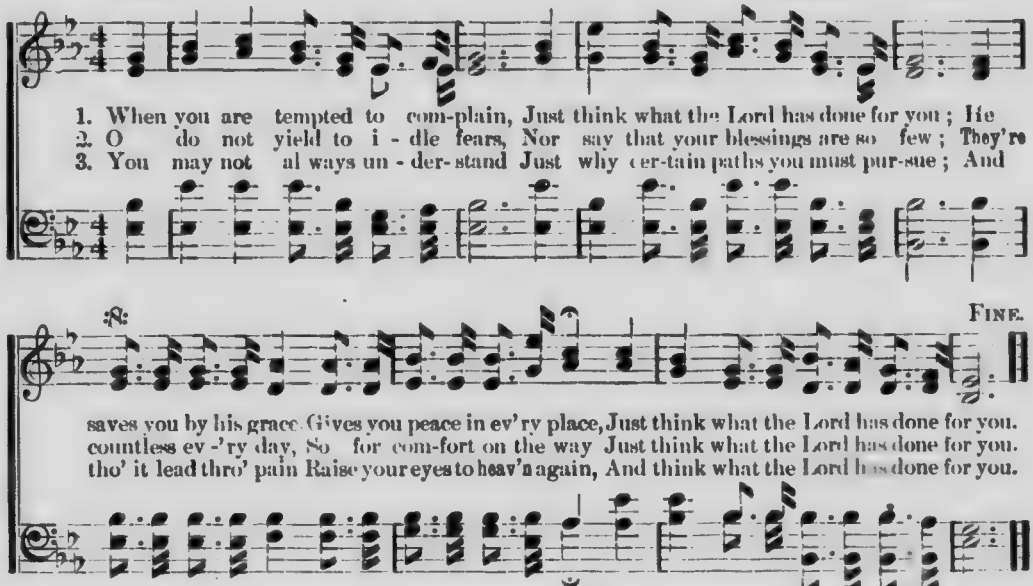
3 Sinking and panting as for breath
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, "O save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me;"
Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood beside me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory, glory."

4 O sacred heart! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger round thee.
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes no more,
Where I was first forgiven.

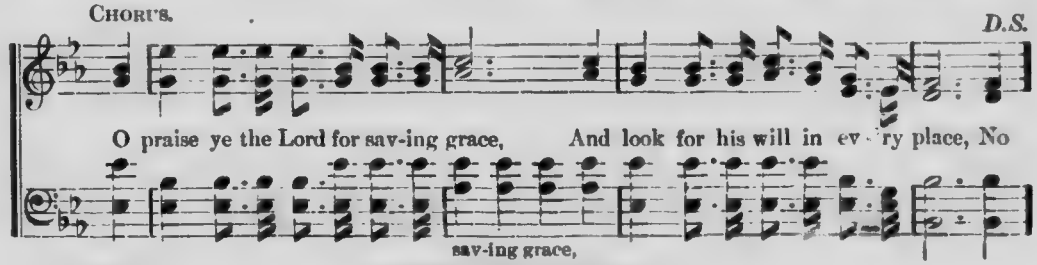
No. 159. What the Lord Has Done.

An experience of a devout Christian while lying in the hospital as the result of an accident.

A. A. Payn. Herbert J. Lacey.



Chorus.



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No. 160. Just One Touch.

BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as he move- a - long, Push'd and press'd by the jost - ling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, speaks sweet peace to my sin - sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless - ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O! the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his might-y pow'r, He can heal thee this ver - y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
At his feet all my bur - dens roll,—Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tem - pests low'r, Cured by the Heal - er di - vine.

CHORUS.

Just one touch as he pass - es by, He will list to the faint - est cry

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal - er di - vine.

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No. 161. You and I.

FRANK L. ARNOLD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Shall we pass thro' the pearl gates By and by; Re- ceive the crown that
2. When we some day the cross lay down, By and by; Shall we re- ceive the
3. Or shall we knock when doors are shut, By and by; And hear Christ say "I
4. A - cross the fields of heav'nly rest, By and by; We'll roam with friends for-

there a - waits You and I. O shall we walk the streets of gold and Christ
gold an crown You and I. Will we some day our Sav-iour see And from earth
know me not" You and I Or shall the gates swing o pen And Christ say
blest, You and I We'll sin no more! O bless ed be weak-ness

Sav - iour there be- hold, En - joy with Him, joy long for - ever, You and I.
rows be set free, And live thro'-out e - ternity You and I.
"Enter, with me a - bide, For you on Calv'ry's cross died You and I.
cr that got, How hap - py then will be lot, You and I.

CHORUS.

You and I, By and by, Some day our Saviour we shall see, You and I,

You and I, By and by, Some day our Saviour we shall see, You and I.

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No. 162. Never Alone.

Annie Lewis Pinfold.

SOLO OR DUET.

Adam Geibel.

1. Nev - er a - lone do we jour-ney be-low, Tho' dark clouds lower and wild tempests blow;
2. Nev - er a - lone, tho' the path's rough and steep, He who is with us our foot-steps will keep.
3. Nev - er a - lone, tho' oft- times we for-get When dangers threaten and hard-ships be - set,
4. Nev - er a - lone, His strong arm will not fail E'en to up - hold us thro' death's nar-row vale,

Je - sus, our Saviour, leads on day by day, He will go with us each step of the way.
Safe o'er life's troubles He lifts us al - way; He will go with us each step of the way.
If from the pathway we heed-less - ly stray, Still He is with us each step of the way.
To that fair land where for-ev - er 'tis day, He will go with us each step of the way.

CHORUS.

Nev - er a - lone—He's a friend and a guide, Nev - er a - lone— ev - er close to our side. Nev - er a - lone—naught our hearts should dis - may, For He will go with us each step of the way.

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No. 163. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Adam Geibel.

DUET, ALTO AND TENOR.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,.... Let me hide my - self in
2. Not the la - bors of my hands.. Can ful - fil Thy laws de-
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring,.. Sim - ply to Thy cross I
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in

Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
mands; Could my zeal no res- pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
cling; Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
death, When I soar to worlds un- known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

Be of sin..... the doub - le cure,.... Cleanse me from.... its guilt and
All for sin..... could not a - tone;.... Thou must save .... and Thou a -
Foul, I to..... the fount - ain fly;..... Wash me, Sav - iour, or I
CHORUS. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,..... Let me hide..... my - self in

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its
All for sin could not a- tone; Thou must save, and
Foul, I to the fount- ain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my -

power, Be of sin.... the doub- le cure,..
lone,.. All for sin.... could not a - tone;..
die..... Foul, I to..... the fountain fly;....
Thee,.. Rock of A - ges cleft for me,....

guilt and power, Be of sin the doub-le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
Thou alone, All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
or I die, Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.
self in Thee, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in Thee.

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No. 164. 'Neath the Banner of God's Love.

Lavinia E. Brauff. R. Frank Lehman.

Unison. *Harmony.*

1. Hearts grow firm and strong, as we march a - long 'Neath the ban - ner of God's love; Which is
2. Ev - 'ry wind that blows, ev - 'ry star that glows, Tells of God's e - ter - nal might; Ev - 'ry
3. End - less joy Christ gives, to the soul that lives On His prom - is - es of love; We, His

Unison.

crown'd with grace, pointing out the race To the realms of peace and love; Ev - 'ry
grow - ing seed, ev - 'ry lov - ing deed, Brings us near - er to the light; Ev - 'ry
bless-ings share, and our griefs He'll bear, Till we reach the realms a - bove; Let us

Harmony.

rip-pling stream, and each gold-en beam Of the sun - light seems to say, "Lift your heart and
blooming flow'r, and re-fresh-ing show'r, Brightens earth and seems to say, "Lift your heart and
strive to toil, and the tempt-er foil, Wher-so - e'er our footsteps stray; Let us heed the

CHORUS. BOYS.
In unison.

voice, and in Christ re-joice, On this bless-ed Sab - bath day."
voice, and in Christ re-joice, On this bless-ed Sab - bath day."
voice, and in Christ re-joice, On this bless-ed Sab - bath day.
} With the love of God a -

bound - ing a - long our pil - grim way, And the children's songs re-sound - ing this

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'Neath the Banner of God's Love.—Concluded.

GIRLS.

bright and hap-py day, We go for-ward in our jour-ney, and thank Him all the

ALL. *Harmony.*

way, Let the whole world sing praises to the King, On this bless-ed Sab-bath day.

No. 165. Our Song of Loving Praise.

Lavinia E. Brauff. Adam Geibel.

1. Our song is one of lov-ing praise To Him who fails us nev-er, Whose glo-ry shines thro'
2. We thank this Saviour that our feet Have learn'd the path of du-ty, That we have heard the
3. Dear Je-sus, may Thy grace be-stow A light from realms su-per-nal, To wand'ring souls that

REFRAIN.

end-less days, And who is ours for-ev-er.
sto-ry sweet A-bout the land of beau-ty.
do not know The Lord of life e-ter-nal.
} We love to sing to Christ our King, Who is

always kind and gracious, Whose word of cheer quells ev-'ry fear, Whose name is al-ways pre-cious.

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No. 166. We Praise the Lord Almighty.

Lizzie DeArmond. Adam Geibel.

Unison.

Joy! Joy! Joy! Hearts and voic- es blend-ing, Songs of praise as-cend-ing, Joy! Joy! Joy!

Hap - py greet-ing now we bring. Joy! Joy! Joy! For His strength and power

rit. FINE.

In each try - ing hour, We praise the Lord Al- might - y, Our Great Je - ho - vah King.

GIRLS. *Unison.*

Re - joice! re - joice! His bless-ings crown us ev - er, His light and

ALL.

truth with glo - ry fill our way, A - dore His Name, the

Harmony.

ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, Whose word di - vine the shin- ing hosts of heav'n o - bey.

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We Praise the Lord Almighty.—Concluded.

GIRLS. *A little slower.* BOYS. GIRLS.

O may His love im - mor - tal Each tongue with joy confess, Our Hope, and our Sal -

BOYS. ALL.

va - tion, The Lord our right-eous-ness. O come and bow be - fore Him While songs of

D. C. al Fine.

praise are ring - ing, Re - joice, re - joice with glad - ness God is our strength and song.

No. 167. Evening Prayer.

William H. Gardner. (RESPONSE.) Florence W. Williams.

1. As the twi - light shad - ows steal, Here be - fore Thee now we kneel.
2. Make our hearts as white as snow, Guide us, Lord, wher - e'er we go.

Je - sus keep us thro' the night, Safe - ly till the morn-ing light.
Help us, Je - sus dear, to be, More and more, each day, like Thee! A - men.

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No. 168. Soldiers of the King.

Birdie Bell. R. Frank Lehman.

1. Is the battle fierce and long? We shall raise the vict'ry song, For the
2. Bravely fight against the foe, In our Captain's strength we go, Nev - er
3. We must keep our ar-mor bright, We are children of the light, Yield - ing

right shall conquer wrong, We are sol - diers of the King; Fol-low Him who leads His
fear to strike a blow, We are sol - diers of the King; Strike a blow for freedom's
not to hosts of night, We are sol - diers of the King; When we lay our weapons

1. Fol - low Him who
2. Strike a blow for
3. When we lay our

band Up - ward to..... the Fa - ther-land, Ev - 'ry en - e - my with -
sake, Sin's strong fet - - ters glad - ly break, Strains of vic - t'ry we shall
down, We shall wear.... a fade-less crown, Shall we fear when oth-ers

leads His band Up-ward to the Fa - ther - land, to Him;
free-dom's sake, Sin's strong fetters glad - ly break, now break;
weap-ons down, We shall wear a fade - less crown, a crown;

CHORUS.

We are sol - diers of the mighty

stand, (withstand,) We are soldiers of the King.
wake, (shall wake,) We are soldiers of the King.
frown? (O no!) We are soldiers of the King.

Soldiers true, soldiers true, Soldiers of the

King, To His bless - ed prom-is - es we cling,

mighty King, Now we cling, now we cling, un - to His blessed word we cling, And to Him our

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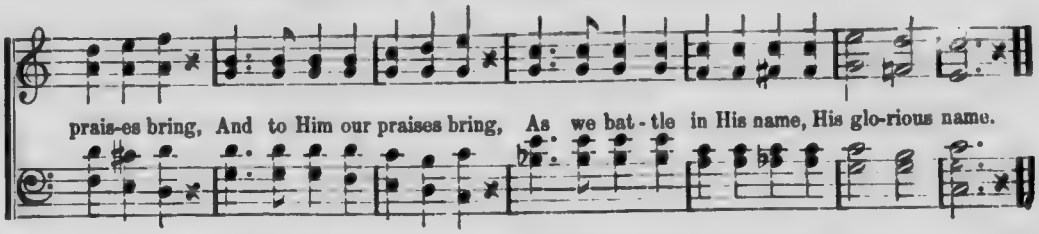
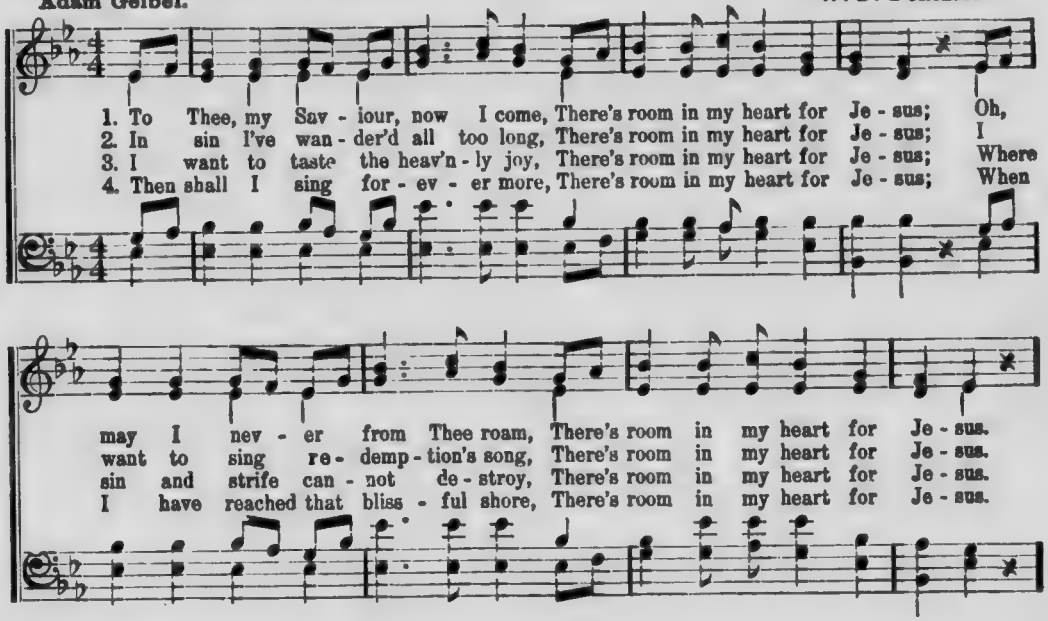
Soldiers of the King.—Concluded.

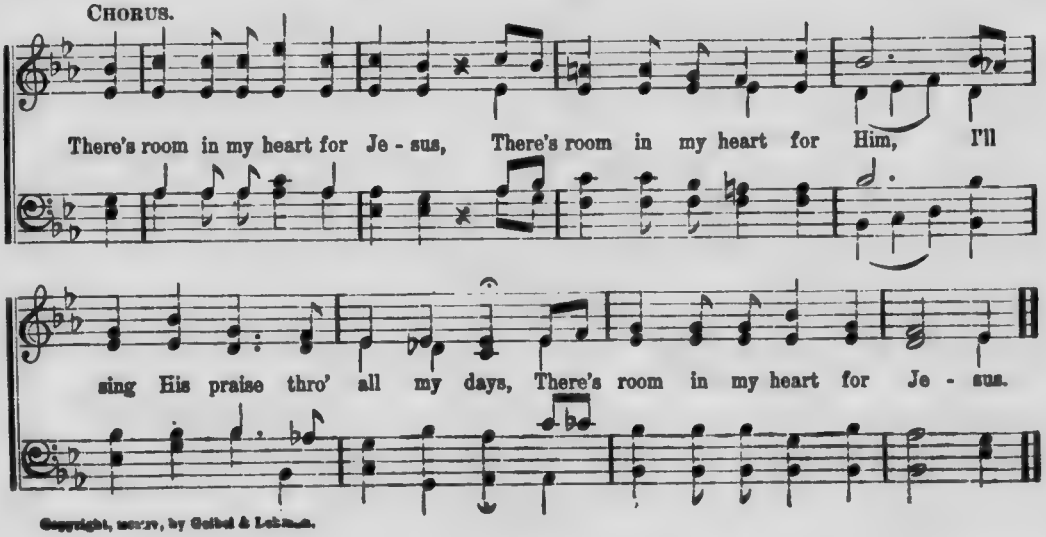


No. 169. There's Room in My Heart for Jesus.

Adam Geibel. W. P. Fenimore.



CHORUS.



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No. 170. Go Forward, Christian Soldier!

Lawrence Tuttiett.

R. Frank Lehman.

Unison.

1. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true! The Lord Himself, thy
2. Go forward, Christian sol - dier! Fear not the se - cret foe; Far more o'er thee are
3. Go forward, Christian sol - dier! Nor dream of peaceful rest, Till Sa - tan's host is
4. Go forward, Christian sol - dier! Fear not the gath'ring night: The Lord has been thy

Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due..... His love fore-tells thy tri - als; He
watch- ing Than hu - man eyes can know:.. Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap- tain; Cease
van - quished And heav'n is all po - sessed;.. Till Christ Himself shall call thee To
shel - ter; The Lord will be thy light..... When morn His face re - veal - eth, Thy

Harmony.

knows thine hour-ly need; He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint - ing spir - it feed.
not to watch and pray; Heed not the treach'rous voic - es That lure thy soul a - stray.
lay thine ar - mor by, And wear in end-less glo - ry The crown of vic - to - ry.
dan - gers all are past: Oh, pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last!

CHORUS. *Boys, or entire school in unison.*

GIRLS. *Unison.*

Go for- ward, Chris- tian sol - dier, Be-neath His ban - ner true! The Lord Him- self, thy

ALL. *Unison.*

Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due. His love fore-tells thy tri - als; He

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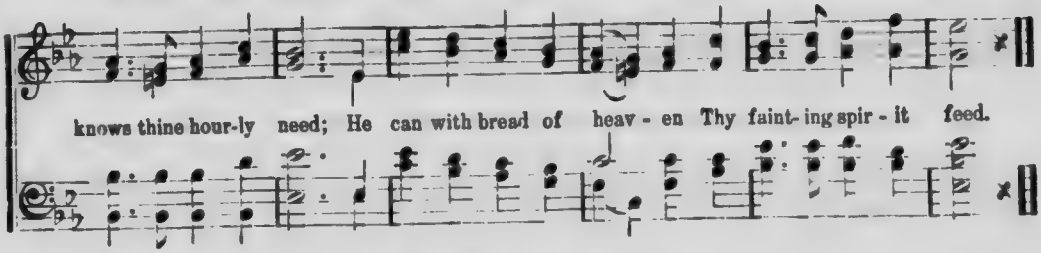
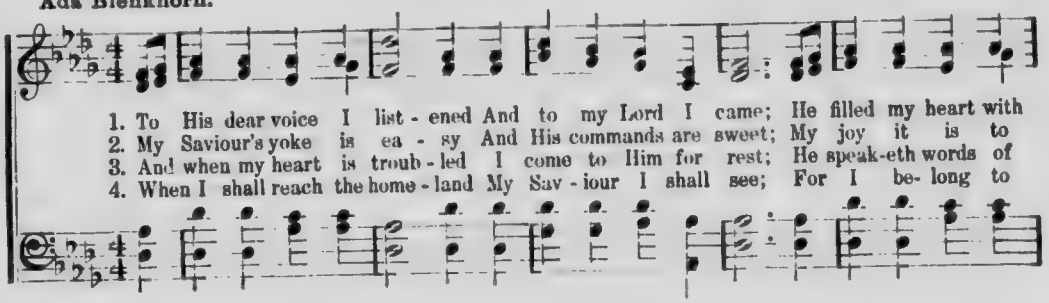
Go Forward, Christian Soldier!—Concluded.

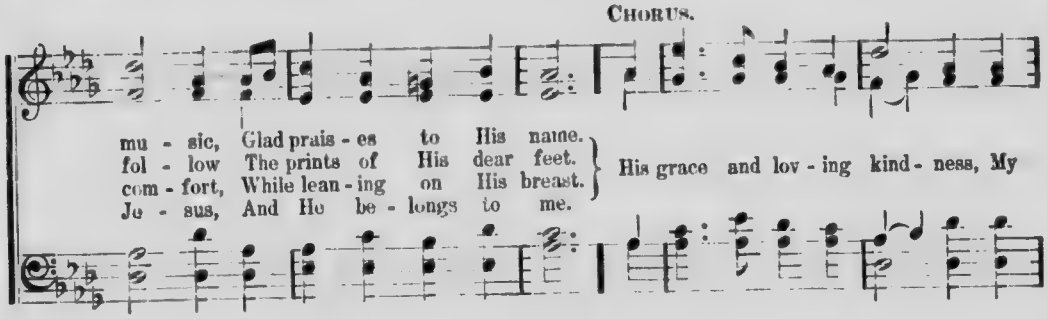


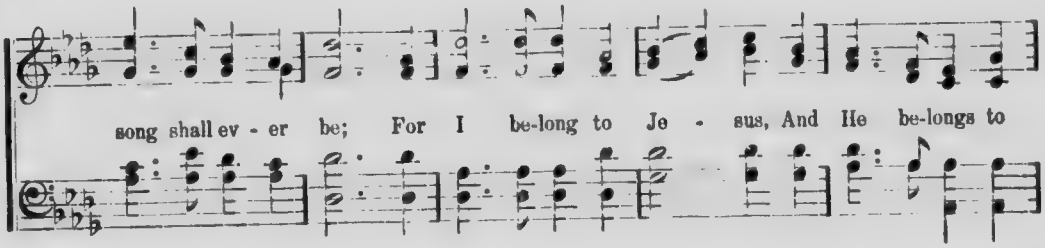
No. 171. I Belong to Jesus.

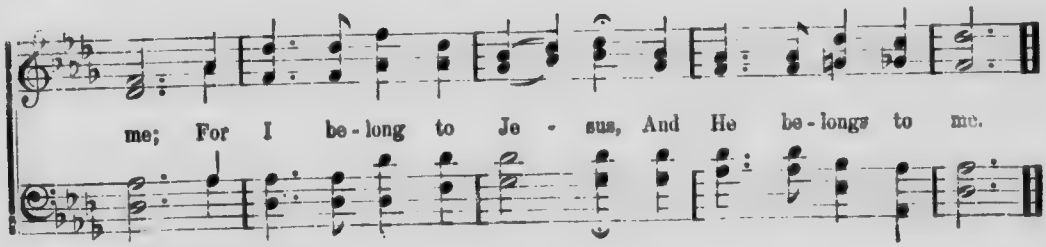
Ada Blenkhorn. Adam Geibel.



CHORUS.







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No. 172. When the Watching Time is Past.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. R. Frank Lehman.

1. We're watch-ing and pray-ing all a-long life's way, Pray-ing on, watch-ing on
2. Tried oft-en and tempt-ed by the un-seen foe, Yet to God's bless-ed rule
3. We're watch-ing and pray-ing while we lend a hand, Do-ing all for the Lord

till the last; What tho' we are wea-ry, soon will come the day When the
we'll hold fast; If He find us watch-ing, to Him we may go When the
till the last; We watch for the morn-ing of that gold-en land, Then the

CHORUS.

watch-ing time is past.
watch-ing time is past.
watch-ing will be past.
} Watch-ing on, all the way, watch-ing on, night and day,

Watch-ing on while this life shall last; (this life shall last;) But up yon-der we'll

rest on our dear Saviour's breast, When the watch-ing time is past. (is past.)

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No. 173. Try to Carry Sunshine.

Fanny A. Kimball. Adam Geibel.

1. Try to car - ry sun - shine Ev - 'ry-where you go; Try to bright - en, some way,
2. Try to be a sun - beam Shin - ing for the Lord, Liv - ing in His pres - ence,
3. If you walk with Je - sus, Joy - ful - ly each day, Try - ing to tell oth - ers
4. If your life is glad - some, Full of joy and love, It will point to Je - sus,

Lives of those you know. If the day be drear - y, And the way seem long,
Feed - ing on His word. Storms may o - ver - take you, Fear - ful in their might;
Of the bless - ed way, Nev - er fear temp - ta - tion, He'll not let you fall;
And the life a - bove. If you are but faith - ful Thro' life's lit - tle day,

CHORUS.

Try..... to car - ry

Try to make it brighter By a bit of song.
Trust to Je - sus' guid - ing, For with Him 'tis light.
Christ, the Lord, is near you When you on Him call.
You may show to oth - ers God's ap - point - ed way.

} Try to car - ry sun - shine

sun - shine Ev - - - 'ry-where you go;

Ev - 'ry-where you go; Try to car - ry sun - shine Ev - 'ry-where you go;

Try to brighten, some way, Lives of those you know; Try to car - ry sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.

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No. 174. Somebody Needs You.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Adam Geibel.

GIRLS.

1. Some - bod - y needs the kind words you might speak, Stop for a
2. Some - bod - y needs the bright light of your smile, Some lone - ly
3. Some - bod- y's strug - gling with bur - dens of sin, Tell him of

min - ute and give them to-day, Swift - ly the mo - ments are
heart longs for com - fort and cheer, Give out the bless - ings of
Je - sus, the Sav - iour di - vine, Some - bod - y's soul in His

speed - ing a - long, Once, on - ly once, will you pass o'er life's way.
love as you go, Serv - ing with glad - ness the Mas - ter so dear.
name you may save, Bright as the stars in your crown it will shine.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Some - bod - y needs you, needs you to - day, Needs the sweet

rit. *a tempo.*

com - fort your heart can give, Some - bod - y needs you to

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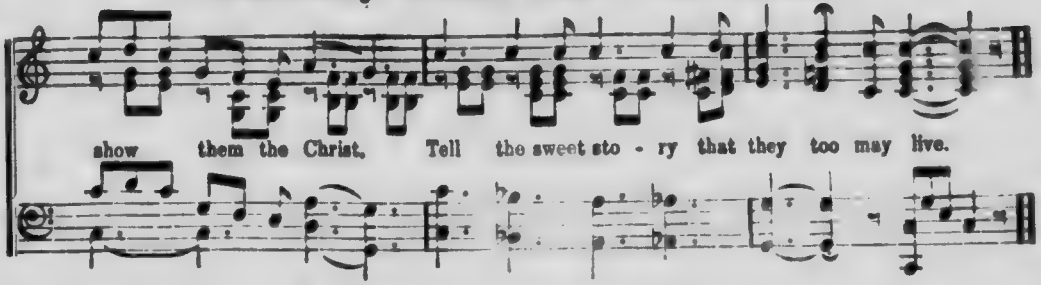
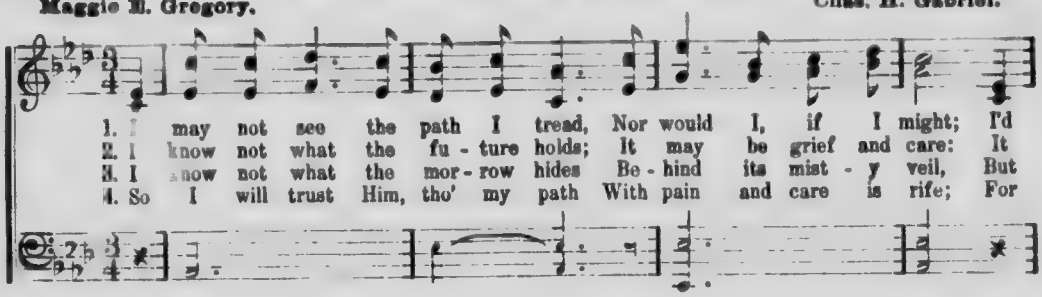
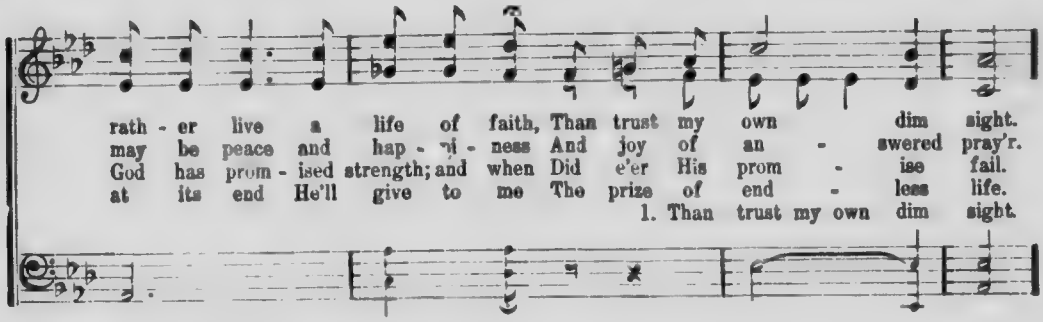
Somebody Needs You.—Concluded.

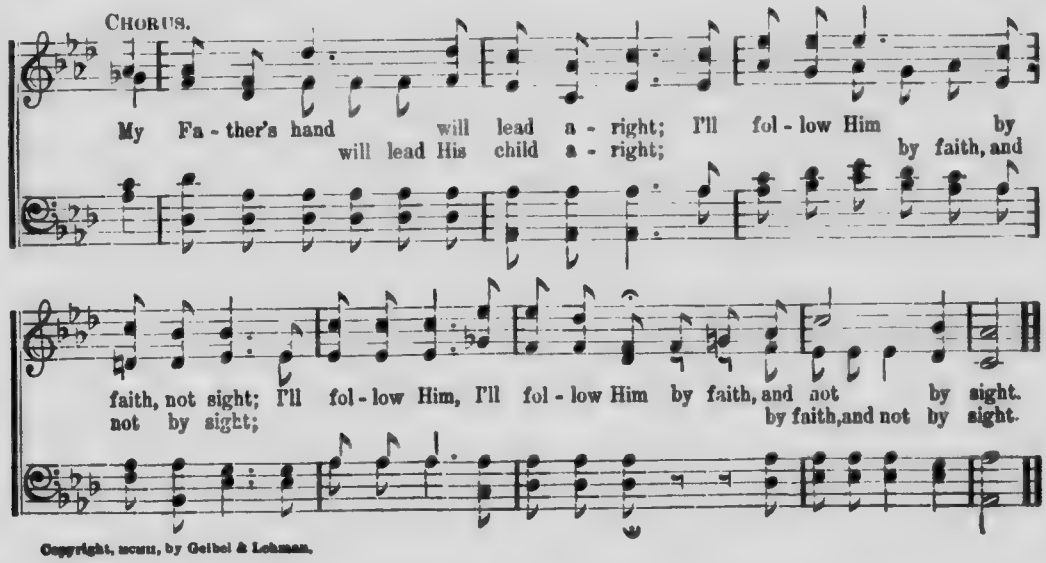


No. 175. By Faith,—Not by Sight.

Maggie E. Gregory. Chas. H. Gabriel.







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No. 176. No Room for the Saviour.

Lizzie DeArmond. R. Frank Lehman.

BOYS OR ALL. *In Unison.*

1. No room for Je - sus the Sav - iour, No place but a man - ger so
2. No room for Christ, just a hill - side, A cross loom-ing up through the
3. No room for Je - sus the Sav - iour, O yield with-out furth - er de -

GIRLS. *Unison.*

bare, ... Out - side stands the Heav - en - ly Stran - ger, He
night, ... O how can earth's pleas - ures so fleet - ing Your
lay, ... A throne He will build in your heart - room, Re -

GIRLS. DUET.

longs ev - 'ry hur - den to share..... Your heart-door o - pen to - day, ... Con -
soul for a mo - ment de - light! ..... Come hear His voice full of love, ... He's
ceive him with gla - ness to - day. ..... Haste ere it may be too late, ... In

ALL. *Harmony.*

fess all your weak-ness and sin,.. ..... In pen - i - tence kneel at His feet, O
wait - ing and knocks as be - fore. ..... Ad - mit Him, He free - ly for - gives, He
mer - cy He calls you once more, ... De - part - ing, He ne'er may re - turn, O

CHORUS.

bid your Re-deem - er come in.....
pleads at your heart's clos - ed door! ...
sin - ner, throw o - pen the door! ...

O - pen your heart-door wide,

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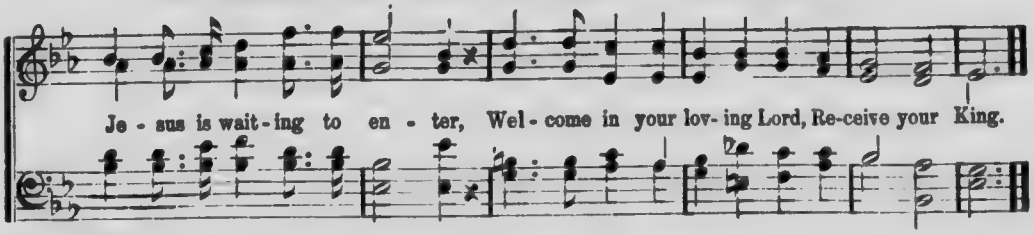
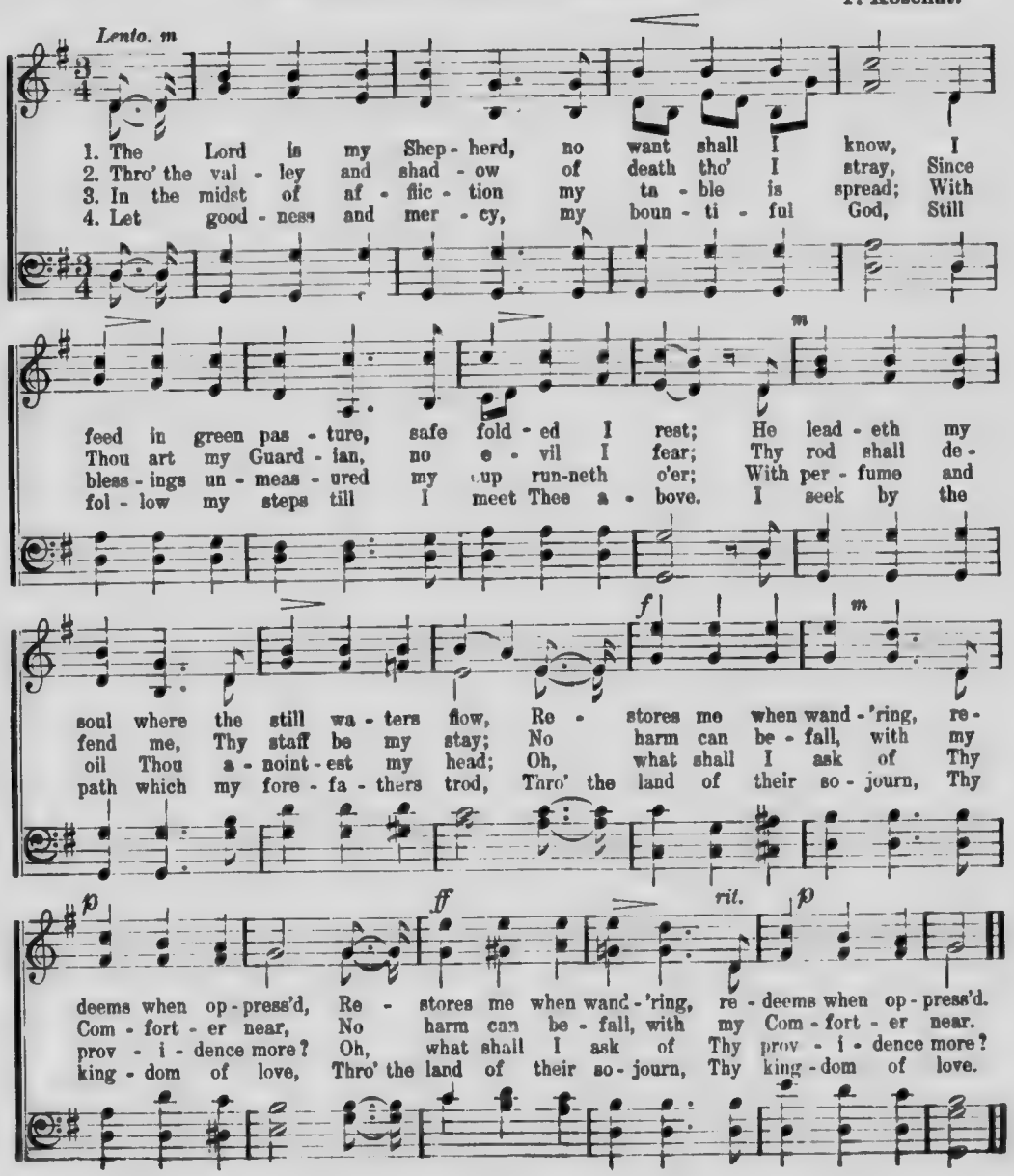
He's waiting.

No Room for the Saviour.—Concluded.



No. 177. The Lord is My Shepherd.

T. Koschat.



No. 178. The World's Creator.

Alice Jean Cloator. R. Frank Lehman.

Unison.

1. The prais - es of the heav'nly King, No tongue can ev - er ful - ly sing; By
2. So great is God, so good and wise, His glo - ry fills the earth and skies; Be -

* The prais - es of the heav'nly King, No tongue can ev - er ful- ly sing; By

Harmony.

His commands the world was made, The caverns of the deep were laid. He formed the
neath the strength of His con-trol, The seasons o'er us swift- ly roll. Tho' years may
formed the sea,
years and years,

His commands the world was made, The cav-erns of the deep were laid.

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS.

sky, ... He holds the world within His hands. He made the gleam-ing worlds on high, That
pass, ... To Him they are as but a day.
sky and land,
pass a-way,

ALL.

light the pathways of the sky; His glance can sweep the ocean's space, Or search the farthest place, And

ritard.

Unison.

un - to man by Him was giv'n The likeness of the King of heav'n. { The prais-es of the heav'nly
{ So great is God, so good and

The prais-es of the

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* Bass voices may sing the words under the staff *ad libitum*

The World's Creator.—Concluded.

King, No tongue can ev - er ful - ly sing; By His commands the world was made, The caverns
wise, His glo - ry fills the earth and skies; Beneath the strength of His con- trol, The seasons

heav'nly King, No tongue can ev - er fully sing; By His commands the world was made, the

Harmony.

of the deep were laid. He formed the sky,..... He holds the world with-in His hand.
o'er us swift - ly roll. Tho' years may pass,..... To Him they are as but a day.
formed the sea, sky and land,
years and years, pass a-way,

cav- erns of the deep were laid.

No. 179. Jesus, Only Jesus.

Richard Henry Buck. Adam Geibel.

1. Give me no earth - ly treas - ures, Glo - ry, or pomp, or pride; On - ly the
2. There is re - lief from sor - row, Nev - er a wish de - nied, On - ly to
3. Wrecked on the rocks of sad - ness, Out on the storm - y tide; Come to the

CHORUS.

sim - ple pleas - ures Found at the Sav - iour's side.
day or mor - row, Joy at my Mas - ter's side.
port of glad - ness, Close by the Sav - iour's side.
} Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,

He is e-nough for me; Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, un - til e - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 180. The World Must Be Taken for Jesus.

Alice Jean Cleator.

R. Frank Lehman.

1. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, Come, en - ter His ar - my to - day; There's need of the true - heart - ed sol - diers, For might - y is Sa - tan's ar - ray.
2. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, O hast - en and fall in - to line; Tho' might - y the foe, we shall con - quer, Led on by the Cap - tain di - vine.
3. The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, The strong - holds of Sa - tan must yield; Go for - ward with cour - age un - fail - ing, And nev - er re - treat from the field.

CHORUS.

En - list! en - list! En - list! en - list! En - list in His ar - my to - day; The world must be tak - en for Je - sus, En - list in His ar - my to - day.

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No. 181. Anchor Your Bark.

Lizzie DeArmond. Adam Geibel.

1. Look well to your ca - bles, my broth - er,.... For sev - er'd the
2. Con - ceal'd by the gath - er - ing dark - ness.. Are break - ers of
3. So an - chor your bark to the Christ - rock,.. And ask the dear

faith strands may be,.. Take heed lest you slip from your moor - ings, And
sin, just at hand; O soul! there is ma - ny a dan - ger To
Je - sus to be Your pi - lot, to guide you in safe - ty To the

CHORUS.

Drift - - ing a - way.....

storm - toss'd lie out on life's sea...
keep you from gain - ing the land..
shores of e - ter - ni - ty...

Drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way,

drift - - ing a - way.....

drift - ing a - way, drift - ing a - way, Far from the home of the blest, Then

an - chor your soul on the Christ - rock, For un - der its shad - ow is rest.

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No. 182. I Have Been Alone With Jesus.

Words used by per. **Mrs. R. R. Forman.**

Solo or Unison.

1. I have been a - lone with Je - sus with my head up - on His breast,
2. With a tremb-ling heart I told Him while with joy I lin - gered there,
3. Shall I tell you what He told me while I still was wait - ing there,
4. Then He told me I was wel - come ev - er - more with Him to stay,

For I was so ver - y wea - ry that I wait - ed there to rest.
All the bur - den of my sor - row and my heav - y weight of care,
For it took a - way my trou - bles and it took a - way my care;
And He said that He would nev - er cast His lov - ing child a - way.

I have been a - lone with Je - sus and He bade me stay a - while, And I
How the voice of Sa - tan's whis - p'rings oft - en called me in - to sin, And I
Oh! He told me how He lov'd me tho' a way- ward err - ing child, And I
Lo! He said I am thy Sav - iour, as a rock I firm - ly stand—Come and

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

felt it ver - y pre-cious in the sunshine of His smile.
asked Him if I might not stay for- ev- er there with Him.
felt so ver - y hap - py as He looked on me and smiled.
rest beneath my shad - ow in this wea-ry thirst - y land.

} I've been a- lone with Je - sus, My

bless- ed, bless-ed Je - sus, I've been a- lone with Je - sus, In the sunshine of His smile.

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No. 183. The Song of the New Crusade.

Lizzie DeArmond. Adam Geibel.

Unison.

1. We come, we come like the hosts of old to tri - umph o - ver sin, The
2. We come, we come by the will of God, the Lamp of Truth to bear, Till
3. We come, we come in a might - y band His cross up - lift - ed high, Our

Sunday School, in an ar-my strong, the world for Christ to win. We'll onward press at the
shines the light of the gos- pel ray in glo - ry ev - 'ry-where; With Zi - on's King as our
feet keep time to the glad re- frain that floods the sun-lit sky. We forward march at the

SEMI-CHORUS. *ad lib.*

Mas - ter's call, in ar - mor bright ar-rayed, Our voic - es ring in a joy - ous strain—the
Lead - er true, we ne'er can be dis-may'd, But praise His Name, as we shout and sing the
trum-pet's call, our hearts on Christ are stayed, While loud and clear sounds the mu- sic sweet, the

FULL CHORUS.

song of the "New Cru - sade." Forward, press for-ward, for - ev - er, Forward! with

hearts un - dis- mayed, For-ward! the world for Je - sus, The song of the "New Crusade."

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No. 184. Some One Who Knows.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When my heart with its trou - bles is bur - dened, With the strug- gles that
2. When my heart in deep an - guish is bleed - ing With the sor - rows that
3. When my heart is all brok - en and wound - ed, And I've failed in the
4. When my heart for the dear ones is pin - ing, And life's jour- ney seems

no one can share; I bring it, so wea - ry, to Je - sus, And he
nev - er will cease; I bring it for com - fort to Je - sus, And he
cease - less af - fray; I bring it for heal- ing to Je - sus, And he
long till its end; I bring it so lone- ly to Je - sus, And in

CHORUS.

lifts all the bur - den and care....
gives me his bless - ing of peace.
takes all the sin- stains a - way....
him I find more than a friend.
} There is some- one who knows All my

strug-gles and woes; There is some - one my bur-dens to bear;..... 'Tis my bur-dens to bear;

Je-sus my Friend, Who loves to the end, And he shares all my sor-rows and care. and care.

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No. 185. A Crown of Life Laid Up for Me.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. In heav'n a - bove, by faith I see A crown of life laid up for me,
2. I have a house not built with hands, Up - on the hills of God it stands,
3. There roy - al robes of whiteness wait, And an - gels at the pearl - y gate

Up - on its crest the an - gels trace: "Made for a sin - ner saved by grace."
My earth - ly home may pass a - way, But that a - bove can ne'er de - cay.
A welcome glad to me shall bring, For I'm a child of Christ the King.

CHORUS.

A crown of life..... I, too, shall wear..... With - in that
A crown of life I, too, shall wear

cit - y bright and fair,..... And songs of praise..... my soul shall
that cit - y bright and fair, And songs of praise

sing,..... For I'm a child of Christ, the King.
my soul shall sing

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No. 186. 'Tis the Old, Old Story of His Love.

JAMES ROWE. IRA B. WILSON.

DUET, ALTO & TENOR.

1. There's a sweet old sto-ry which I love to hear, When the night is long and drear-y;
2. There's a sweet old sto-ry that I love to read When my spirit dreads the mor-row,—
3. There's a sweet old sto-ry that I love to tell To the heart by grief o'er-tak-en,—

When I feel the pow-er of the tempt-er near, And my soul is sad and wear-y.
When, to help me onward, strength or cheer I need, Or when com-fort I would bor-row.
To the friendless brothers who in darkness dwell, And to those by hope for-sak-en.

CHORUS.

'Tis the old, old sto-ry of his love,..... 'Tis the sweet, old
The sto-ry of his love

mes-sage from a-bove;..... For no oth-er I can find that can
The mess-age, from a-bove;

rit - ad - lib.

calm a troub-led mind, Like the sweet old sto-ry of his love.....
The sto-ry of his love.

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No. 187. Jesus Cares.

ELIZABETH BOGARDUS. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When the cares of life are crowding Thick and fast upon your soul, And your light has turned to darkness Ere you reach the longed for goal, Let your heart be brave and trusting, While you clasp the Saviour's hand; For, no matter what the bur - den, He will surely understand.
2. What a blessing when temptations Come with overwhelming pow'r, And a sin seems O so lit - tle, In the weakness of the hour, That we have a lov - ing Je - sus By whose grace the soul ex - pands, Gaining strength to meet and conquer, Just because he understands.
3. When our souls are freed from sorrows, And the glad new day has dawned, We shall see with brightest vis - ion Where the dark despairs had yawned. We may look in-to the beau - ty Of his face, in that fair land, Seeing all its love and glo - ry When we, too, shall understand.

CHORUS.

Just to know Je- sus cares, Just to know Je - sus cares;
Just to know Jesus cares, Just to know Jesus cares;
In the darkest night, O what wondrous light! Just to know he cares.
Just to know Jesus cares.

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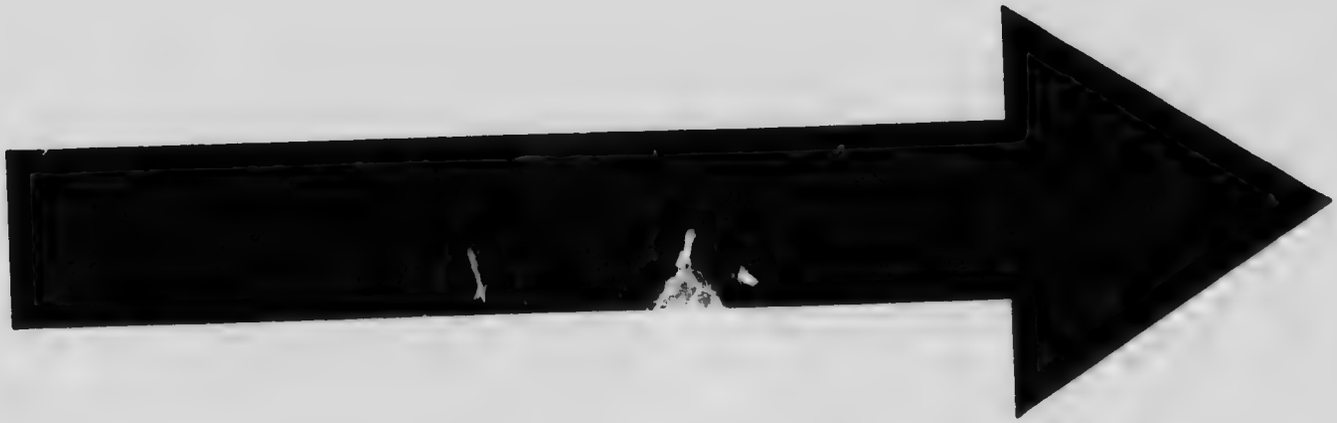

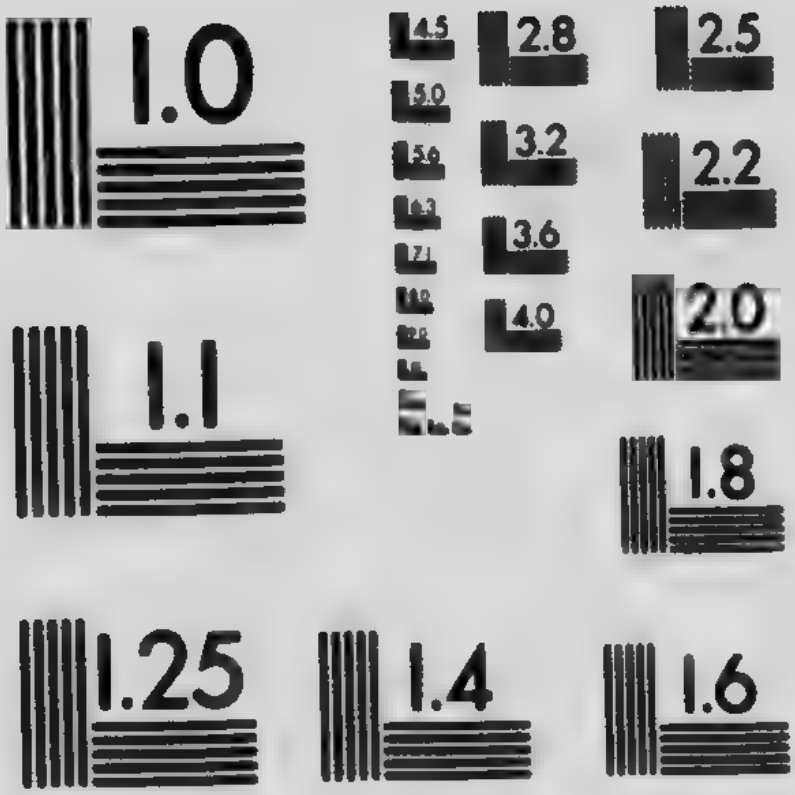

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NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

No. 188. I Never Can Forget.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is One who loved me tru-ly, and so well, That he came from heav'n for me,
2. There is One who bore my bur-den, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,
3. There is One who bought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,
4. There is One I love more dearly than all else, For he gave his life for me,

Died for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
All for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.

CHORUS.

O I nev-er can for-get! O I
O I nev-er, no, I nev-er, O I nev-er can for-get! O I
O I nev - - - - er can for-get!

nev-er can for-get! How he died on Cal-va-ry,
nev-er no, I nev-er can for-get, can for-get!
nev - - - er can for-get!

How he died to set me free, O I nev-er can for-get!
O I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
O I nev - - - er can for-get.

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No. 189. Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Adam Geibel.

1. Standing, like a lighthouse, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are human shipwrecks ly - ing all around; O what mor - al darkness
3. Do not let the bush - el cov - er up your light, Keep your Lamp in or - der,
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a- long this pathway

dark - ness, sin and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
ev - 'rywhere is found! Warn some oth - er ves - sels off from dang'rous ground:
trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless - ing, bright - en up the night:
you will pass no more; Till he bids you welcome on the oth - er shore,

Chorus.

Let the gos - pel light shine out..... Let the gos - pel light shine
out, Let the gos - pel light shine out; While your lamp is
shine out, shine out;
burn - ing, keep the win - dows clean, Let the gos - pel light shine out.

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No. 190. Tarry With Me.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.

1. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the morn breaks to view, When the du - ties be -
2. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, And a-bide as the morn Press- es on in - to
3. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the lights grow more dim And I grope in the
4. Tar- ry with me, my Sa-viour, When the threshold I cross Of that heav- en - ly

fore me as a bur-den ap - pear; For each du- ty is pleasure, and each task is a
noon-day with my la - bors not done; Tar- ry with me, when wea- ry, and the bur-den grows
dark-ness tho' the sun still shines bright; When these eyes close for-ev-er on the scenes I have
man- sion, there forev - er to stay They may qu tion my ti - tle, but with thee at my

Chorus.

joy, And burdens grow lighter, if thou art but near.
light, For when thou art with me, two la- bor as one.
loved They'll open, be-hold-ing thy face with de-light.
side I'll cry: "Here's my Saviour! Ask him if I may!"

Tarry with me, my Saviour, Tar-ry

with me I pray, I need thee, greatly need thee each step of the way. Tar-ry with me in

sunshine Tar- ry with me in shade For when thou art near me I'll not be a - fraid.

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No. 191. I Belong to the King.

Ida L. Reed. Maurice A. Clifton.

Solo or Duet.

1. I belong to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his
2. I belong to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer - cy and
3. I belong to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be

pal - ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heaven a - bove, And his
kindness, so free, Are un - ceasing - ly mine, wher- so - ev - er I go, And my
gathered at last In his kingdom a - bove, by life's wa- ters so pure, When this

Chorus.

chil - dren its splendors shall share.
ref - uge un - fail - ing is he.
life with its tri - als is past.

I be - long to the King, I'm a

child of his love, And he nev - er for - sak - eth his own; He will call me some

day to his pal - ace a - bove, I shall dwell by his glo - ri - fied throne.

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No. 192. In the Shadow of His Wings.

EBEN E. REXFORD. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In the times of bit - ter troub- le, When the heart is grieved with loss, And o'er
2. Just to think! God is so near us That his hand our hand may find If we
3. Love of God that fail- eth nev - er, Foll'wing all the wand'ring feet, Hat- ing

rough, hard ways we stum-ble 'Neath the burdens of our cross, Then a tho't comes comfort
reach out in the dark- ness, Tho' our eyes with tears are blind! Close beside us! O the
sin, but seek-ing sin- ners With a patience strange and sweet; Follow, fol-low, ev - er

bring-ing, And the heart's disordered strings Lose their dis-cord in its mu- sic— In the
com - fort That this tho't of nearness brings, Tho' his face for tears we see not!— In the
fol - low, Till thy lov-ing pleading brings All thy chil-dren to the shel- ter In the

CHORUS.

shad ow of his wings!
shad-ow of his wings! } O the tho't is sweeter, sweet-er, Than the song the sky- lark
shad-ow of thy wings!

sings, Soar- ing toward the gates of heav - en— In the shad-ow of his wings!

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No. 193 Love Keeps Me Singing.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Love keeps me *sing-ing*, a-long the rough road, Prais-es to Je-sus, my Saviour and Lord; My heart is as free as a bird on the wing, How
2. Love keeps me *hap-py* from morn-ing till night, Love changes darkness to glo-ri-ous light; The love of my Sav-iour re-moves all my fear; When
3. Love keeps me *work-ing* all through the long day, Hardship is pleasure when love fills the way; The toil that he gives me how glad-ly I do, His

Chorus.

can I help sing-ing the praise of my King?
hard-est my tri-als, his love brings me cheer.
love is the pow-er my strength to re-new.
} Love keeps me singing, the love of my Lord; Love makes me happy, O glo-ry to God! My heart is as free as a bird on the wing, For love keeps me singing the praise of my King.

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No. 194. I Know I'll Be Satisfied.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. When I stand, with my Lord, In the land of the blest, Where no shad - ow his glo - ry can hide, When I see for myself What shall there be revealed, Then, I
2. Oft I try to conceive What the glo - ry can be That a- waits me, far o - ver the tide; But I'll wait for the day He re- veals it to me, And I
3. When be - fore him at last, Pur - i - fied, I shall stand, Thro' the blood of the Lamb cru - ci - fied, And his own bless - ed voice Bids me en - ter his joy, O I

CHORUS.

know I'll be sat - is - fied. Sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied, I know I'll be ful - ly sat - is - fied; When mine eyes shall be- hold All the won - ders un- told, I know I'll be sat - is - fied.

sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied; sat - is - fied.

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No. 195. Do Something for Somebody.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. Do something for somebod- y ev- 'ry day, To help them a- long in the heavenly way;
2. Do something for somebod- y ev- 'ry day, The one by your side may be far from life's way;
3. Do something for somebod- y ev-'ry day, You may not do much, you can speak, you can pray;

A "liv- ing e - pis- tle" are you for God, A wit- ness for Je- sus the glo - ri- fied Lord.
Then bring him to Je- sus this ver - y hour, His love has redeem'd you, go tell of his pow'r.
What-ev- er is done for the bless-ed Lord, Sometime, 'tis his promise, receives a re- ward.

Chorus.

Do some - thing for some - bod - y ev - 'ry day, Go scat - ter some bless - ing a - long life's way; Give help to thy neigh - bor, be watch - ful, pray; Do some - thing for some - bod - y ev - 'ry day.

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No. 196. Waiting, But Working.

E. Richmond. C. Austin Miles.

Not too fast.

1. I am thinking to-day Of a man-sion a-bove, By the side of the
2. I am sing-ing the songs That they sing o-ver there, I am prais-ing the
3. I've a crown o-ver there, I am long-ing to wear, When the bur-dens of

riv-er so fair; Where the streets are of gold, And we nev-er grow old, O the
Lord that I love; But I long to be free And his glo-ry to see, With the
life shall be o'er; With the cross-es all past, With my loved ones at last, I shall

Chorus.

joy of a home o-ver there!
blood-washed in heav-en a-bove.
rest on that heav-en-ly shore.
} But the Mas-ter says, Stay, There is

work here to do, And he tells me he'll call by and by; There are souls to be won Ere my work shall be done, And I en-ter my mansion on high.

by and by;

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No. 197. He'll Never Forsake.

FRANK H. MASHAW. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. "I will fail thee nev - er;" blessed words of cheer, Like a blaze of glo - ry,
2. "I will fail thee nev - er;" tho' the night be long; Soon the morning com - eth
3. "I will fail thee nev - er;" brightest flow'rs will fade, But my trust in Je - sus
4. "I will fail thee nev - er;" fails the earth and sky, But his bow of promise

shin - ing far and near; Tho' the storm and tem - pest all a- round may shake,
with its light and song; Precious words of com - fort to my heart I take;
ne'er shall be be - trayed; Midnight all around me, soon his light will break,
shin - eth still on high; Earth-ly sunbeams van - ish, and my heart may quake,

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has prom - ised that he will nev - er for - sake.

CHORUS.

No, he'll nev - er for - sake,..... No, he'll nev- er for - sake;..... Dangers a-
Never forsake, Never forsake;

round me may threaten, Jesus will never for - sake. :‖ Jesus will never for - sake.

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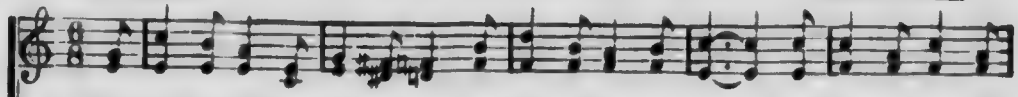
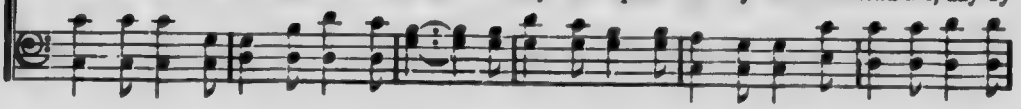
No. 198. A Light Along the Way.

... E. Hewitt. J. Lincoln Hall.



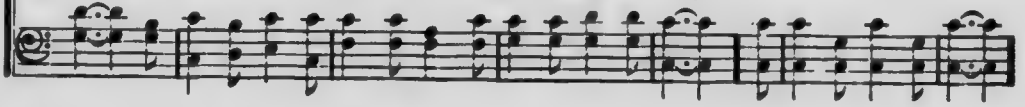
1. The Lord hath made this world of ours Most beauti - ful and bright, The golden sun to
2. So ma - ny need a helping hand, A kind - ly word of cheer, To tell them of the
3. Some lives shine out like beacons grand, Some seem but candles small, But if we tru - ly

rule by day, The moon and stars by night; But souls are wand' ring far from him, In darkened paths a-
mighty Friend Whose grace is always near. O make me prompt to hear thy voice, And ready to o-
shine for him, The Lord hath need of all. O may his Spirit fill my soul And lead me, day by

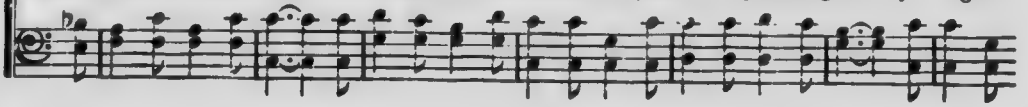


Chorus.

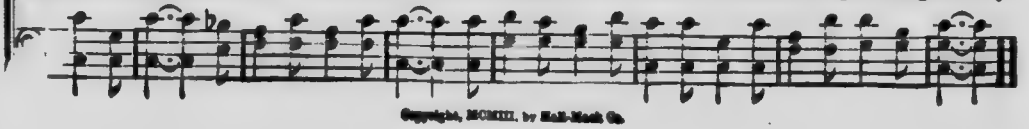
stray; So make me, Saviour, more and more, A light along the way.
bey, That I may be, to saddened hearts, A light along the way.
day, That, tho' unworthy, I shall be A light along the way.
} A light along the way,



Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays show forth thy praise, A light along the way. A light a-



long the way, Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays shew forth thy praise, A light along the way.



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No. 199. Dear Spirit, Lead Thou Me.

JOHN BELL. C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. Dear Spir-it, lead me to the Saviour's side, Where my poor soul I may in
2. For thy sure guid-ance I've not al-ways sought, Pride spurred me on to think as
3. But now I place my trembling hand in thine, And take thy coun-sel, Lord, in-
4. Sweet Spir-it, lead me kind-ly on I pray, Out of the maze of er-ror's
5. I know thou wilt, un-wor-thy tho' I be, Safe lead me on, my ris-en

safe-ty hide From wrath di-vine, now hang-ing o-ver me, And shall un-
oth-er tho't, Tha I a-lone could sure-ly find the way From na-ture's
stead of mine; Tho' know'st the way, thou art a trust-ed guide, And to my
broad'ning way; For it is death to lin-ger there, or stay— With night so
Lord to see, My loved ones too, who long have gone be-fore, To join their

p CHORUS.

til by faith the Lord I see.
night to realms of end-less day.
soul can show the Cru-ci-fied.
near, en-cir-cling life's short day.
ranks, at home, to part no more.

Dear Spir-it, lead me to his side,

O lead me to his side,

Where my poor soul I may in safe-ty hide; I place my hand in thine;

f *p* *rit.....*

O take th. soul of mine, Lead on till I be-hold my Lord, Cru-ci-fied.

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No. 200. Land of the Morrow.

W. C. Martin. C. Austin Miles.

1. O land of the morrow, the day of delight, The morrow that nev-er shall fade in-to night,
2. O land of the morrow, where hearts never break, Where all of my slumbering good shall a-wake;
3. O land of the morrow, I peer thro' the gloom, That hangs like a shadow - y mist on the tomb;

The mor-row of rest and of comfort for me—Each moment but brings my soul near-er to thee.
In midst of thy glories my soul shall a-bide, And min- gle for- ever with saints glo - ri-fied.
And thro' the deep darkness thy glo - ry I see, And falter at naught that shall take me to thee,

Chorus.

O land..... of the mor - row, Be - yond..... ev - 'ry
O land of the mor-row, O land of the mor-row Be-yond ev - 'ry sor - row, Be -

sor - row, I'm joy - ful-ly trav - 'ling, I'm trav - 'ling to
yond ev'ry sorrow, I'm joy-fully trav'ling, I'm trav'ling to thee, I'm joy-ful-ly trav'ling I'm

thee,..... O land..... of the mor - row, Thy glad - ness I
trav'ling to thee, O land of the morrow, O land of the morrow, Thy gladness I borrow, Thy

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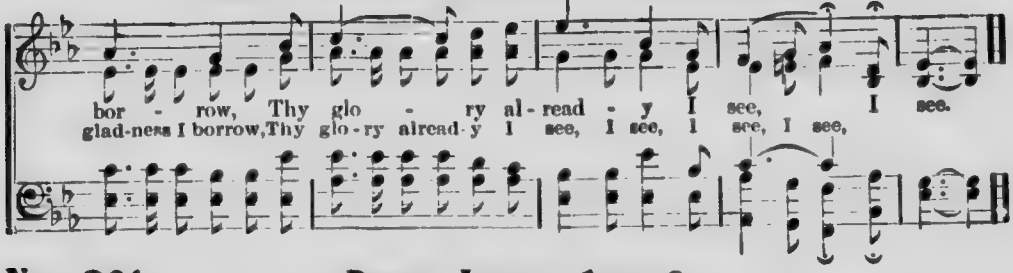
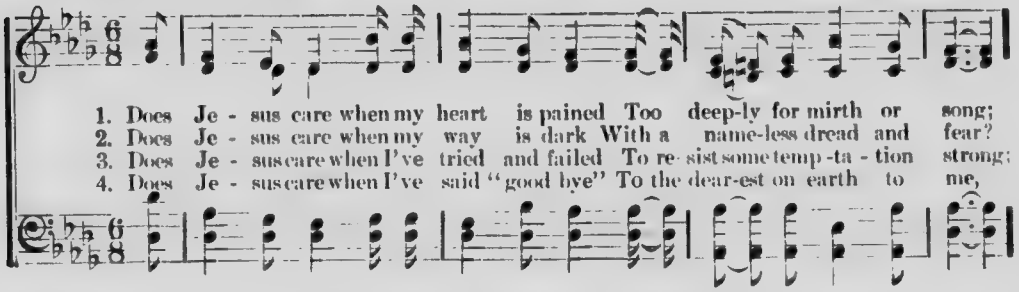
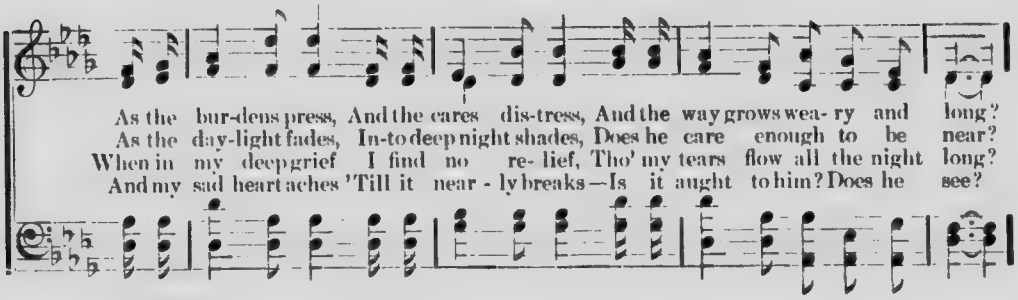
Land of the Morrow.—Concluded.



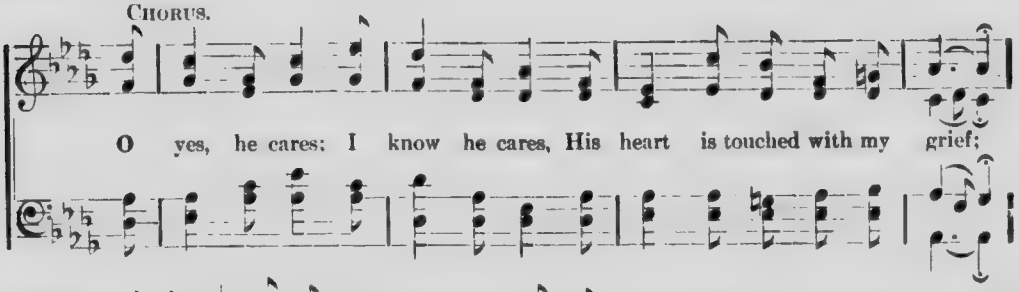
No. 201. Does Jesus Care?

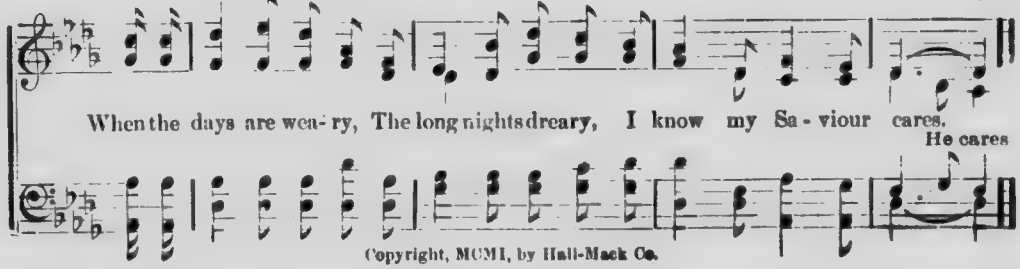
Rev. Frank E. Graeff. J. Lincoln Hall.





Chorus.





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No. 202. I'll Follow Him.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him To pas - tures green and fair;
2. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him When thorn - y is the road,
3. I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him Down in - to death's dark vale;

No fears a - larm nor per - ils harm When in the Shep - herd's care.
When bur - dens press and cares dis-tress And heav - y is my load.
For in the shad - ows of earth's night His good - ness shall not fail.

More bright the sun - lit path shall seem, The flow'rs more sweet shall be;
Yet in the sun - shine of his love The shad - ows all shall flee;
And when the riv - er I shall cross, His glo - rious face I'll see;

For in the pleas - ant paths of peace My Lord is lead - ing me.
For in the paths that once he trod My Lord is lead - ing me.
For to his heav'n - ly home a - bove My Lord is lead - ing me.

CHORUS. *Very softly.*

Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low;

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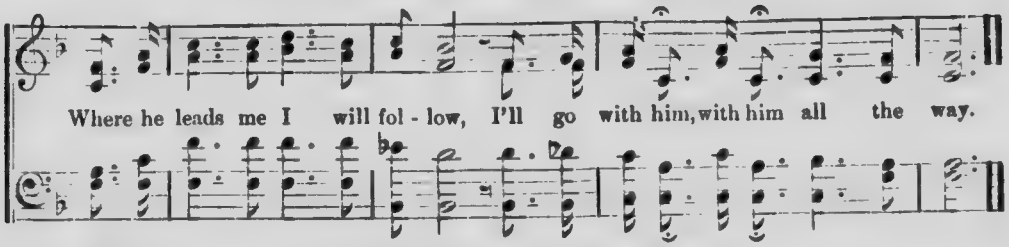
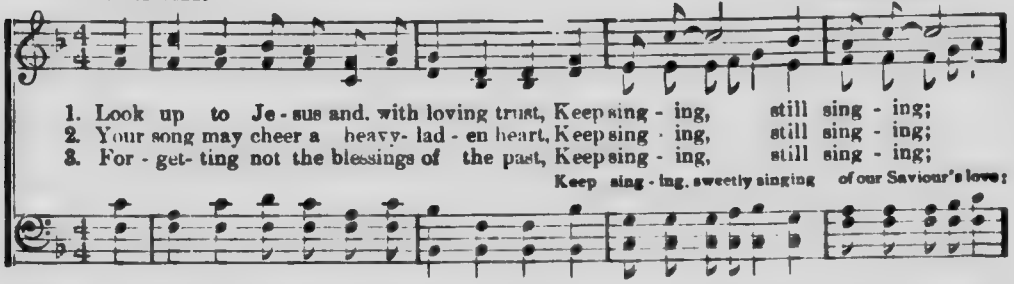
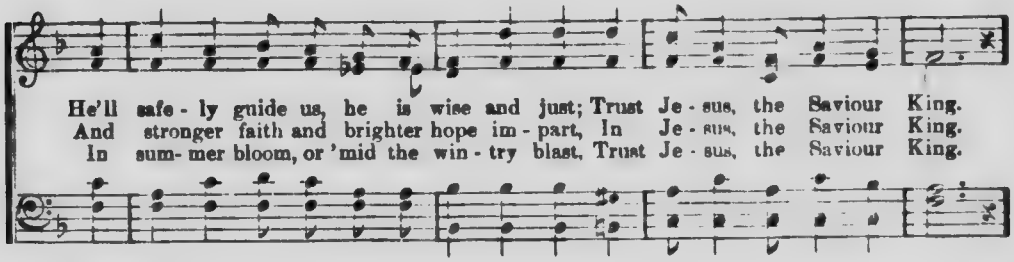
I'll Follow Him.—Concluded.



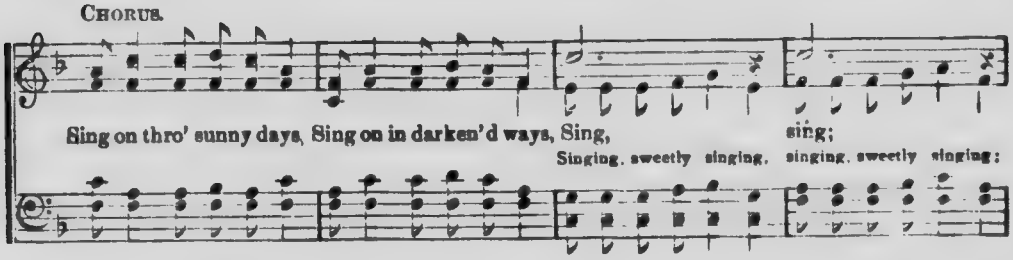
No. 203. Singing and Trusting.

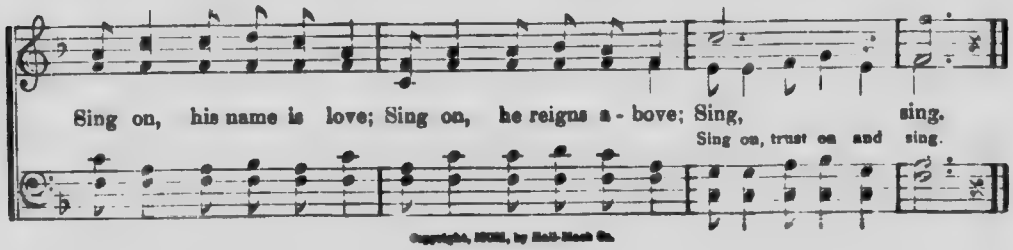
E. E. Hewitt. C. Austin Miles.





Chorus.





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No. 204. O Shining Portal.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. ADAM GEIBEL.

Duet or girls voices in parts.

1. O shin-ing por - tal, O gates of light, Un-bar to mor-tals This ho - ly night. O ser - aphs ho - ly. To earth de - scend, O'er man - ger
2. O cho-rus ring - ing, O'er Judah's plain, The echoes fling-ing, 'Neath golden rain. Re-peat His sto - ry, Pro-claim His birth, The King of
3. O gift of Heav - en, O Prince of Peace, To mortals giv - en To bring re - lease. We haste to meet thee, O new-born King, With glad-ness

CHORUS. *mp*

low - ly, In glad-ness bend.
glo - ry, Has come to earth.
greet thee, Our hom-age bring.

O shin - ing por - tal, O gates im - mor - tal, Your gold-en glo - ry all the dreaming earth is fill - ing; We praise him ev - er, Our King for ev - er, And join with an-gel choir to bless the Lord of all.

cres. *f* *dim.* *cres.* *f* *rit.* *dim.*

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No. 205. March of the Ages.

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Quietly.

1. Ly-ing in a manger, see the child, Waited for by a-ges gone; Promise of the Fathers,
2. Monarch of the angels! Can it be That this Child is heaven's King? That the world's redemption
3. Let us go and worship while we may, For the star may fade from view, And across the deserts

rit.

hope's de-sire, Her-ald of a brighter dawn Her-ald of a brighter, bet-ter dawn.
rests in him, Of whose birth the angels sing? Of whose birth the white-winged angels sing?
we must pass, And our weary way pur-sue, Without him our wea-ry way pur-sue.

CHORUS. (Arranged.) *Tenderly and slowly.*

While a moth-er is sing-ing a sweet lul-la-by O'er a babe in a man-ger so small;

FINE.

And the an-gels are watching around his low bed, Who is Monarch and Sav-iour of all.

D.S.—Let us bend o'er his cra-dle and worship the King, While Hosannas re-sound thro' the air.

D.S.

The star and the song, the won-dering throng, All of heaven's bright seraphs are there,

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No. 206. Joy Has Come to Judah's Land.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Joy has come to Ju-dah's land, From the skies Gold-en light, fills the night:
2. Joy has come to Ju-dah's plain, At his birth, Peace and love, from a - bove,
3. Joy shall fill the world to-day, Joy di - vine, Hope and peace, ne'er shall cease,

Wake! O wond'ring shepherd band, Lift your eyes; List the song, list the song!
For a King is born to reign O'er the earth, Lord of all! Lord of all!
For a Prince of Da-vid's line Holds his sway, Hail the King! Hail the King!

SOP. AND ALTO.

For the star-crown'd seraphs sing Of a new-born Saviour King, Thro' the midnight hush the glad notes
For the star-crown'd seraphs tell Of the Lord Em-man-u - el, Who has come to earth with man to
For the star-crown'd seraphs sing As their earthward flight they wing, Tidings sweet to earth they

rit.

ring, dwell! bring, } Christ has come, Christ has come, has come, has come, Let the heav'ns proclaim his sto - ry.

TEN. AND BASS.

CHORUS. *Maestoso.* *f* (CHRISTMAS—Handel.)

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an- gel

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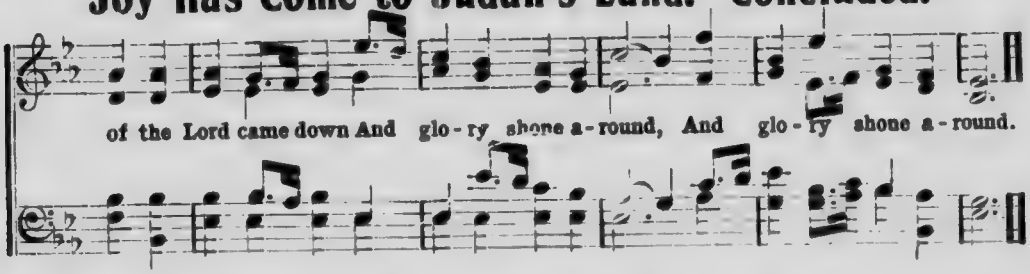
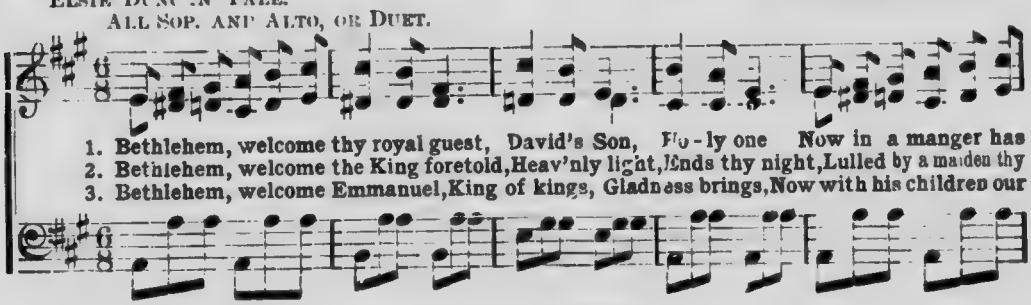
Joy Has Come to Judah's Land.—Concluded.



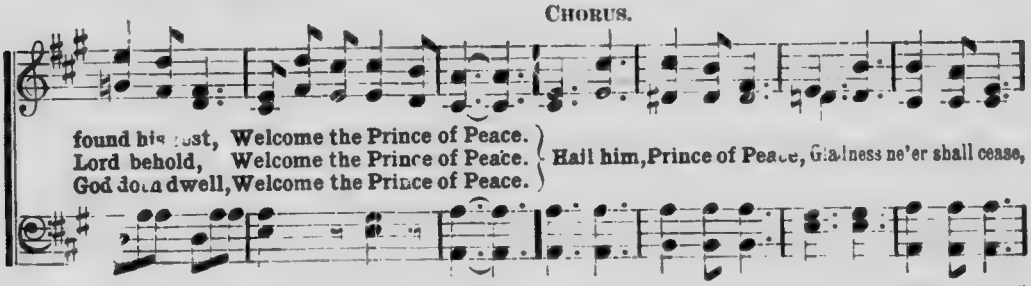
No. 207. Bethlehem, Welcome Thy Royal Guest.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

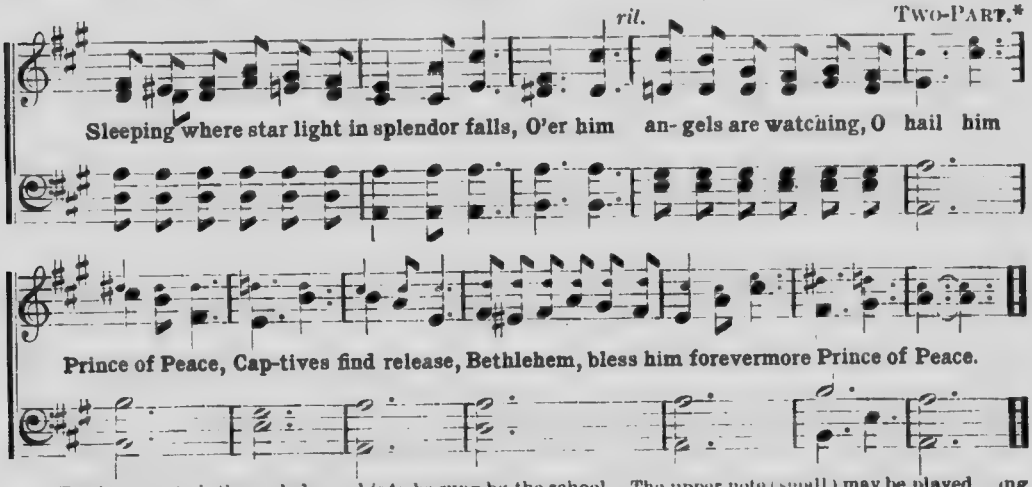
ALL SOP. AND ALTO, OR DUET.



CHORUS.



TWO-PART.*



* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, ing by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

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No. 208. Haste to Bethlehem.

MARY S. LEONARD. F. A. CLARK.

Moderato. Con expressione.

1. Haste to where a Babe lies sleeping, Where starli. glories soft are shed, Ten-der-ly her
2. Hast-en to the low-ly manger Beneath the gold-en, gleaming star, Seeking for the
3. Hast-en with your gifts so royal, O yield as trib-ute treasure store! Hasten with your

vig-il keeping, Bends a low-ly maiden o'er his bed; Be-hold, in yon-der dreaming
roy-al stranger, Ye who hither come from lands afar, Be-hold, in yon-der dreaming
homage loy-al, Kneel in joyful praise, your King adore; Be-hold, in yon-der dreaming

rit.

CHORUS. *Joyfully.*

town, The Lord of life to earth came down.

{ Haste, haste to Bethle-hem lowly, Your
{ Yield, yield your heart's ado-ration, In

King is here; Haste, haste to him the most ho-ly, With joy draw
rap-ture sing, (*Omit*.....

near..... Hail now with glad ex-ul-tation Your Lord and King.

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No. 209. Christmas Cheer has Crowned the World.

GRACE GORDON. CLARENCE KOHLMANN.

1. Christmas cheer has crowned the world with wondrous light, Hail blest morn,
2. Christmas cheer has crowned the world with boundless love, Peace on earth!
3. Christmas cheer has crowned the world with joy di - vine, Night is o'er,

Star of hope ce - les - tial ends the dark-some night, Christ is born!
Lo, the Lord of life has come from realms a - bove, Hail his birth!
Glo - ry at the dawn of dawns o'er earth shall shine, Ev - er - more!

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry, glo - ry in the highest! Peace, goodwill to men. Glo - ry,

glo - ry in the highest! Echoes ring a- gain. Wak- ing all the earth from dreaming,

Herald hope's glad morn Break-ing, golden dawn is gleaming Lo, the King is born!

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No. 210. Angels of Light.

GRACE GORDON. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. An - gels of light, An - gels so bright, Joy - ous - ly, joy - ous - ly wing - ing your flight,
2. An - gels draw near, Bringing us cheer, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful mes - sage we hear,
3. An - gels be - hold, Je - sus fore - told, Wea - ri - ly wait - ed by sa - ges of old,

O - ver the plain, Rings the re - frain, Ech - oes the heav - en - ly strain.
Her - ald His birth, Prince of the earth, Greet him with glad - ness and mirth.
Car - ols so sweet, Prais - es re - peat, Song shall his glad ad - vent greet.

CHORUS. *Melody in Alto.*

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Peace on earth, Hark the sto - ry,
Un - to the Lord be glo - ry, Peace upon earth, good - will, Hark the ce - les - tial sto - ry,

Of his birth, Joy un - end - ing, Tid - ings
Ring - ing in rap - ture still, Her - alds of joy un - end - ing, Tid - ings of love ye

bring, Voic - es blend - ing, Hail your King.
bring, Sweet - ly your voic - es blend - ing, Welcome the new - born King.

No. 211. The Heavenly Tidings.

GRACE GORDON. CLARENCE KOHLMANN.

Solo, or all Treble voices. *All in Unison.*

1. An-gels are tell-ing the ti-dings of peace, Christ is born!.....
2. Pilgrims are press-ing o'er des-ert so wild, Christ is born!.....
3. Shepherds re-joic-ing, the her-alds be-hold, Christ is born!.....

Solo. *All.* CHORUS.

Captives from bondage find blessed release, Christ is born!
Seek-ing the Saviour, the heaven-ly child, Christ is born!
Scep-tre of Ju-dah, thro' a-ges foretold, Christ is born!
Ti - dings,

tidings of gladness O'er earth shall ring; Ti - dings ending our sadness, All

joy s . oring ..... Hail him Saviour and Sov'reign Redeem - er

blest,..... Hail him, hail him forever The roy - al guest.....

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No. 212. Lilies of Easter.

GRACE GORDON. CLARENCE KOHLMANN.

1. Lil-ies on the Eas-ter morn-ing. Pet-als to the breeze un-fold;
2. Lil-ies on the Eas-ter morn-ing, Tender-ly your cen-sers sway;
3. Lil-ies on the Eas-ter morn-ing, Ev-er in your splen-dor shine,

Gar-dens of the spring a-dorn-ing, Sun-ny with a heart of gold.
He who suffer'd shame and scorn-ing, Liv-eth on this joy-ful day.
Bid-ding us to cease from mourning, Tell-ing of a King di-vine.

CHORUS.

Bloom, O bloom in wondrous beauty, Hope to us ye bring; Tell of res-ur-

rec-tion joy for aye..... Tell of him, the Sav-iour ris-en;

Come from out a tomb's dark prison, Praise him on his res-ur-rec-tion day.....

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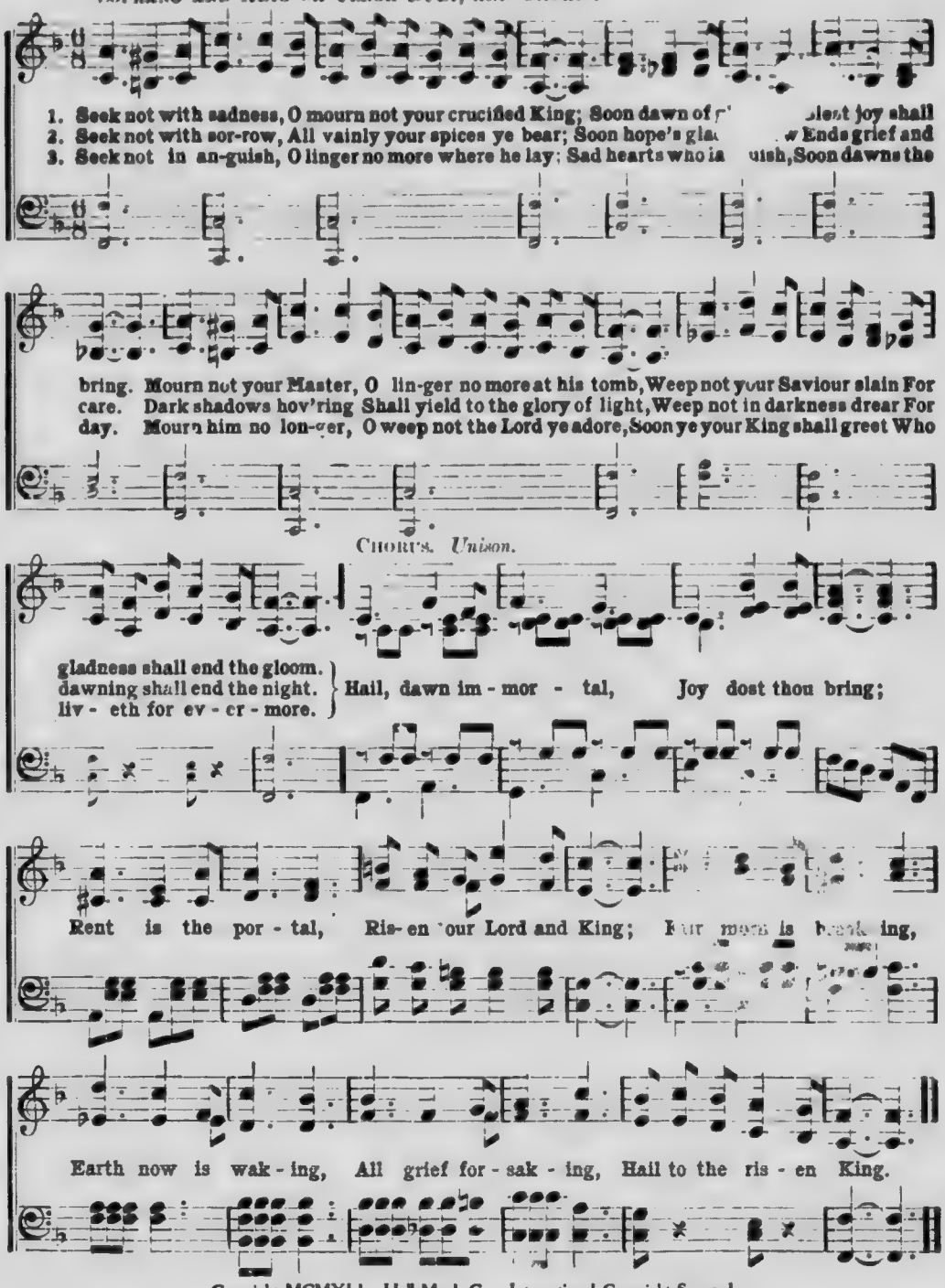
No. 213. Hail, Dawn Immortal.

Elsie Duncan Yale. J. Lincoln Hall.

Soprano and Alto or Tenor Duet, and Chorus.



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No. 214. Forth From Gloom to Glory.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Forth from gloom to glo- ry, Comes the conquering King; Tell his praise this day of days,
2. Forth from gloom to glo- ry, Comes the Christ who died; Light divine o'er earth shall shine,
3. Forth from gloom to glo- ry, Comes the conquering King; Gar - den glade where he was laid,

THREE PARTS.*

Eas - ter tidings bring. Calv'ry's shad-ows far have fled, Seek not mid the dead;
Hail the Eas-ter tide. End - ed now the grief, the pain, Seal-ed stone was vain;
Now with praises ring, Lin - ger not where once he lay, Haste ye, nor de - lay,

FOUR PARTS.

Lo, he liv - eth as he said, Christ is ris - en.
Earth's Re-deem - er lives a - gain, Christ is ris - en.
Seek your Lord this Eas - ter day, Christ is ris - en.

CHORUS. TWO PARTS.**

Wake, earth, to sing - ing,

Glad homage bring-ing, Joy - bells are ring- ing, Hail, Eas- ter day. Bonds all are

MALE VOICES.

FEMALE VOICES.

riv - en, Joy hath he giv'n: Blest joy from heav - en, Praise him for aye.

* If sung in parts, Tenor sing lower notes of upper staff, Bass not singing.

** The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

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No. 215. Easter Skies Aflame.

Elsie Duncan Yale. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Eastern skies with light aflame In radiance bright, Res - ur-rec- tion joy proclaim, To
2. Eastern skies have fill'd the world With light divine, Ban-ners of the dawn unfurled In
3. Eastern skies your glory shed O'er earth this day, Shadows of this cross are fled For

end earth's night. Ser- aphs praise the Saviour's name In realms of light, O hail him
splen-dor shine. Hosts of sin are downward hurl'd, All praise be thine, O heav'nly
e'er a - way. Christ is ris - en from the dead, We own his sway, O hail him

Chorus.

King of glo - ry. Morn of gold-en splendor, Hope shall bring; Praise we glad- ly

ren - der, Earth shall sing. Conqueror strong immor- tal, Heav'n un- bars her por- tal,

Wide her gates shall swing. Heav'n un- bars her por- tal, Crown, O crown Him King.

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No. 216. O Haste Ye.

ELIZABETH WARD. C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

Spirited.

1. O haste ye! seek the ris- en Lord, Death nev-er-more can hold him, He lives ac-
2. O haste ye! seek the conq'ring King, Vic - tor we now ac - claim him, Let arth her
3. O haste ye! seek the Christ who died, Cal - v'ry with light is glow - ing, Be - hold your

cord-ing to his word. Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain! Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain!
al - le- lu-ias sing. Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain! Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain!
King is glo-ri - fied. Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain! Re-joice, he is ris'n a - gain!

CHORUS.

Seek your King with gladness, O hail him Lord of all! For lo, the grief and gloom of

night, Shall yield at last to life and light. Dawn shall end our sad-ness, Be -

hold its glo - ries fall, For Christ our King has conquer'd ev'ry foe, The Lord of all!

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No. 217. Skies are Glowing.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. A - wake! A - wake! With light the skies are glow - ing, A - wake! A-
2. A - wake! A - wake! The ston - y grave un - veil - ing, A - wake! A-
3. A - wake! A - wake! The fear of sin is end - ed, A - wake! A-

wake! Great joy shall earth be know - ing; Re - joice! Re - joice! Im-
wake! Re - veals a pow'r un - fail - ing; Re - joice! Re - joice! The
wake! Let song with tear be blend - ed; Re - joice! Re - joice! With

mor - tal life be - stowing, The tomb sur - renders to our God who breaks its bands.
word of God pre - vailing, Hath life im - mortal brought to countless dy - ing lands.
an - gel guard at - tended, Be - fore the emp - ty tomb the Lord of glo - ry stands.

Fine.

D.S.—Christ the Lord is ris - en on this Eas - ter Day!

Chorus.

Skies are glowing with light di - vine, Beau - ties showing in
Eas - ter skies are Earth new beauties

var - ied way; Hearts with sor - row no more re - pine, For
Saddened hearts with

D.S.

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No. 218. Christ Arose.

A. A. Payn. Adam Geibel.

1. Ev - 'ry nod-ding blos-som seems to say to-day "Christ a-rose," "Christ a-
2. Voic - es of Cre - a - tion have but one re-frain "Christ a-rose," "Christ a-
3. Darkened paths no lon - ger now are filled with fears "Christ a-rose," "Christ a-
4. All the world re-joic - es and in gladness sings "Christ a-rose," "Christ a-

"Christ a-rose."

rose." Ev - 'ry wea - ry trav-'ler sings a - long his way "Christ a-
rose." Breez-es gen - tly waft it o - ver hill and plain "Christ a-
rose." Eyes now bright with laughter once were filled with tears "Christ a-
rose." Join - ing in a cho - rus to the King of kings "Christ a-

"Christ a-rose."

Chorus.

rose," "Christ a-rose." He liv - eth! So let your joy-ful al - le - lu - ias

"Christ arose."

ring, He liv - eth! O let the cho - rus ech - o as we sing;

Unison. Parts.

He liv - eth! The Lord im - mor - tal has burst the bars of death's dark portal; Now he

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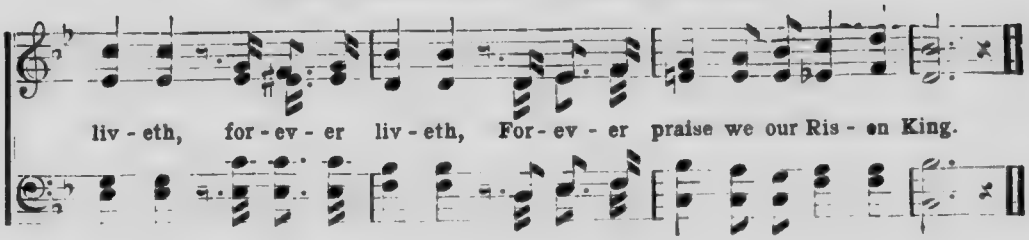
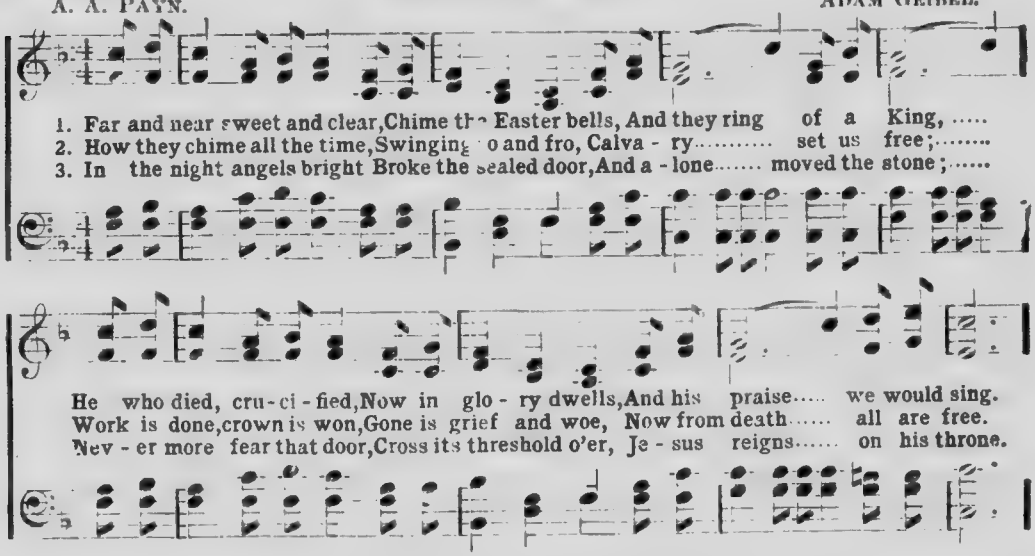
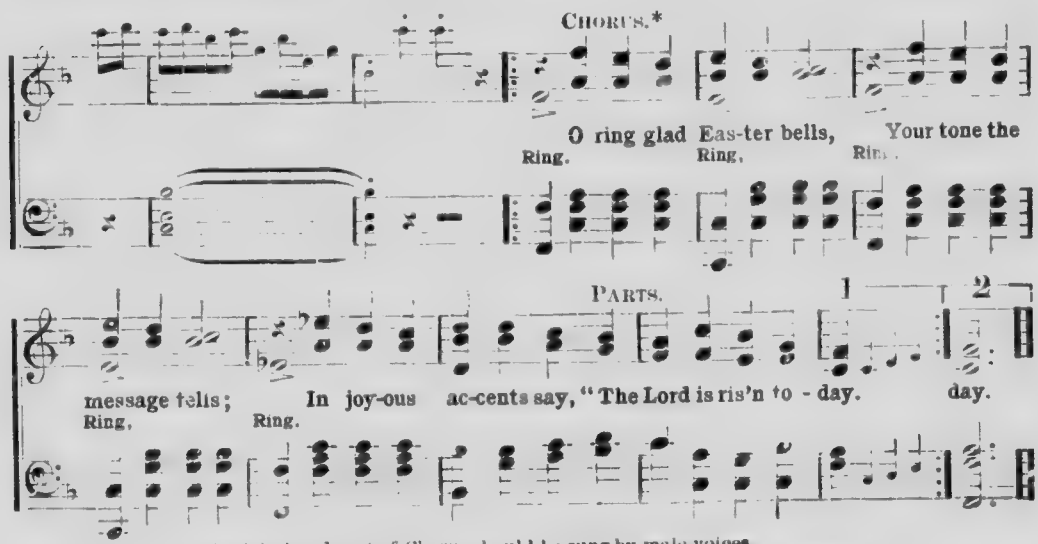
Christ Arose.—Concluded.



No. 219. Easter Bells.

A. A. PAYN. ADAM GEIBEL.





* The lower notes in right hand part of Chorus should be sung by male voices.

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No. 220. 'Tis Children's Day.

A. A. Payn.

C. Harold Lowden.

Unison.

1. Sum-mer's gift is with us, joy is all a-round, And the fair-est flow'rs now cov-er all the ground, While the hearts of men in rap-ture now re-bound, ev-er joy-ful wing? Why do songs of praise as-cend un-to the King? car-ols as they ring, Of the count-less chil-dren who sur-round the King?
2. Why do all the birds more sweet-ly seem to sing, As they cleave the air with
3. Should the gold-en gates of glo-ry o-pen swing, Then the world might hear the

Chorus.

It is Chil-dren's Day!
This is Chil-dren's Day!
Of his king-dom they!
'Tis Chil-dren's Day, The flow-ers gay, In bright ar-ray, In song u-nite With birds that sing, On pin-ions bright, Their car-ols to the King, Who guides their flight.

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No. 221. Let God Be Glorified.

GRACE GORDON. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. From the o-cean's roll- ing tide, O'er the earth so far and wide; Ring the
2. From the fields, where blossoms bide, From the ripp-ling brooks that glide, List, the
3. For the joys that e'er a - bide, For the love that e'er shall guide, Let us

raptured praise, For fes - tal days "Let God be glo - ri - fied."
joy - ous song, Now borne a - long, "Let God be glo - ri - fied."
praise our King, In glad- ness sing, "Let God be glo - ri - fied."

CHORUS. *

O songs of joy e - ter - nal, Fill all the earth and sky;

1

For beau - ty bright and ver - nal; Our Lord we mag - ni - fy;

2

We bless his name, his love pro- claim, [illegible] on high.

* The middle notes are the melody, and may be sung by Male voices Altos or both; while the upper notes may be sung by the rest of School, or, selected voices. Lower notes are merely played.

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No. 222. Tell Us.

A. A. Payn. C. Austin Miles.

1. Song birds come from the south, Hast-en on your way; Tell us,
2. Wild wind, whence did you come, Whither do you go? Tell us,
3. Sun - beams fall - ing to - day, Shedding light di - vine, Tell us,
4. Praise him, heav - en and earth, Wor-ship and a - dore, Let your

what is your song On this day?
what do ye hear As ye blow?
what is the word, As ye shine?
trib - ute a - rise, Ev - er - more.

Refrain.

Praise the Lord ..... whose mer - cy holds..... All the beau - ty of earth and skies..... Un-der his watch-ful eyes..... Praise the Lord... whose love un - folds Ev -'ry day..... glo- ries new In glad sur - prise.

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No. 223. O'er the Sunlit Plain.

ELIZABETH WOOD. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. O'er the sun - lit plain, List the glad re- frain, From the song-birds gay - ly wing - ing,
2. O'er the sun - lit plain, Summer comes a - gain; Blossoms fair her path a - dorn - ing,
3. O'er the sun - lit plain, Ends the win- try reign, And the joy - ous brooks are glid - ing;

For the skies beam bright In the gold - en light, Let the world a - wake to sing - ing.
In the whisp'ring trees List the wand'ring breeze, Hail the glad-some, gold- en morn - ing.
Songs of gladsome praise, To our King we raise, For his mer- cies e'er a - bid - ing.

* TWO PART CHORUS.

All the world is crown'd with splendor, Summer skies are beaming bright; Joy- ous praise to

him we ren - der, Who is thron'd in realms of light; List the tune-ful ech- oes ring - ing

To the cloudless skies above, Let the world awake to singing, Hail, O, hail him, Lord of love.

* The lower note is the melody, and is to be sung by the school. The upper note (small) may be played, sung by a few selected voices or sung by the girls. In the latter case, the melody is sung by the boys.

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No. 224. The Song of Summer.

E. D.

F. DOUGHTY.

1. The beau - ti - ful sum-mer re - turn - ing, Is sing - ing her own swee' song;
2. It rings in the warm glowing sun - shine, That flood- eth the earth with light;
3. Re - joic - ing in summer's great beau - ty, That's spread o-ver mountain and plain;

The voic - es of na-ture are blend - ing, And roll - ing the cho-rus a - long.
It sounds from the firm-a-ment star-gemmed, That glitte: . fro:a night unto night.
The chil-dren are thronging the tem - ple, To join in the hap-py re - frain.

CHORUS.

Joy! Joy! Won-der - ful joy! That's what the sum-mer is sing - ing,

Joy! Joy! Heav - en - ly joy! Birds gen - tly sing as they're wing - ing;

Joy! Joy! Mar-vel - ous joy! With it each tree-top is swing - ing,

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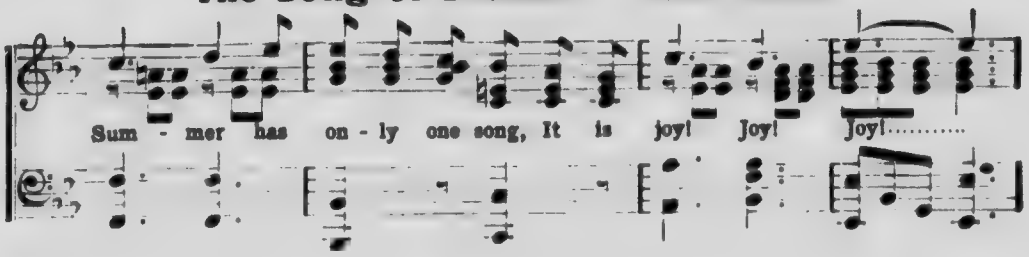
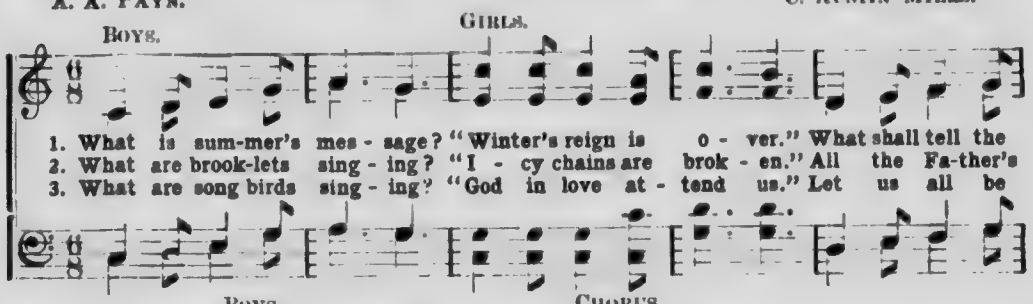
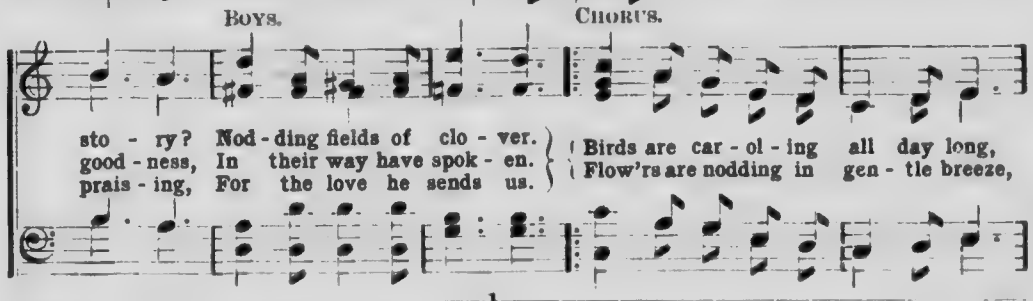
The Song of Summer.—Concluded.

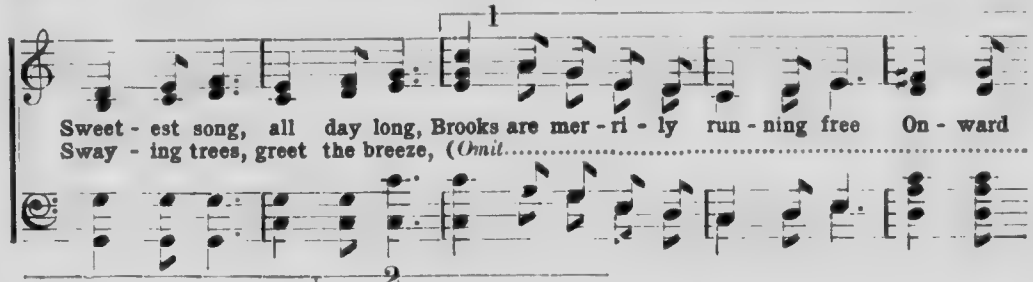


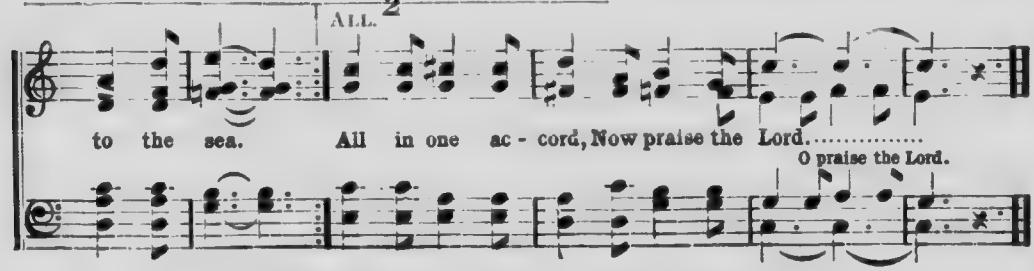
No. 225. What is the Message?

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.









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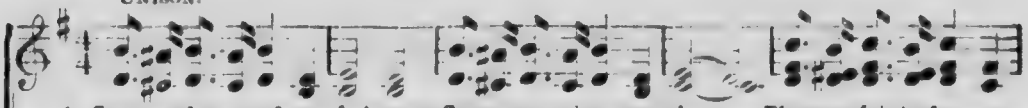
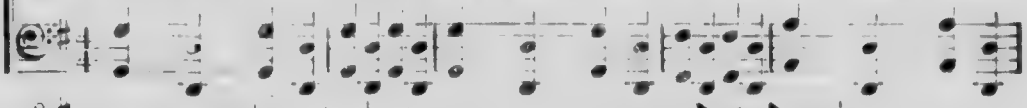
No. 226. Summer Days.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Samuel W. Beazley.

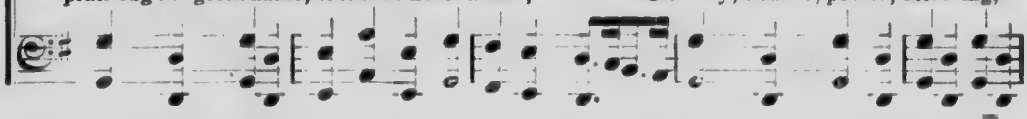
Unison.



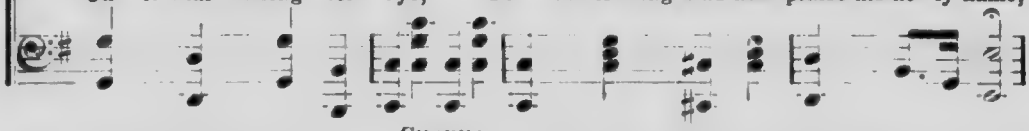
1. Summer days are days of pleasure, Summer music now we hear, Flow-ers fair to-day are
2. Summer mus-ic sweetly ringing, Summer sunshine, summer shower, Summer praise at early
3. God is good, the birds are singing, And he fills the world with love, Ev-'ry voice we hear is



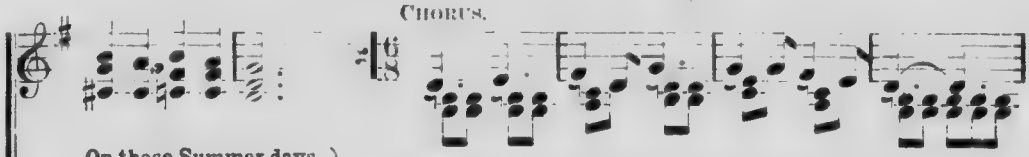
blooming ev'rywhere, Earth is full of cheer; Bird - lings in the tree tops nesting,
morning may be heard, At the evening hour; God, who paints the glorious rainbow,
prais-ing his great name, With the hosts above; Glo - ry, hon-or, power, bless-ing,



Ev - 'ry voice is sing- ing praise, All the world rings out with gladness and with song,
Plants each flower along the way, There's no time for gloom or room for sad-ness here,
Un - to him be-long for aye, For his lov- ing kind-ness praise his ho- ly name,



Chorus.



On these Summer days.
On this Summer day.
On this Summer day.

Hap - py Sum-mer days, All the world is free,

Joy - ful songs of praise, On the land and sea,..... God giv- en Summer days

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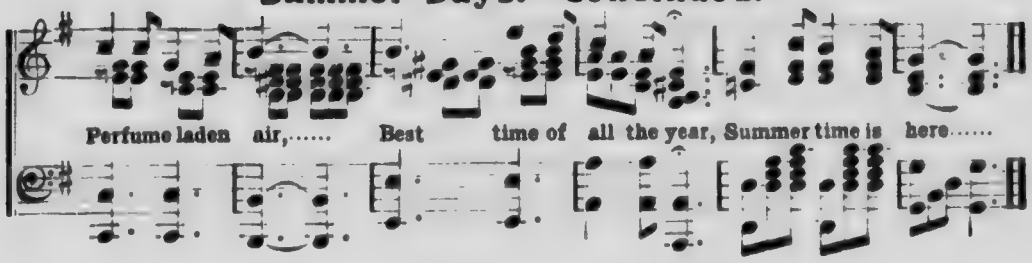
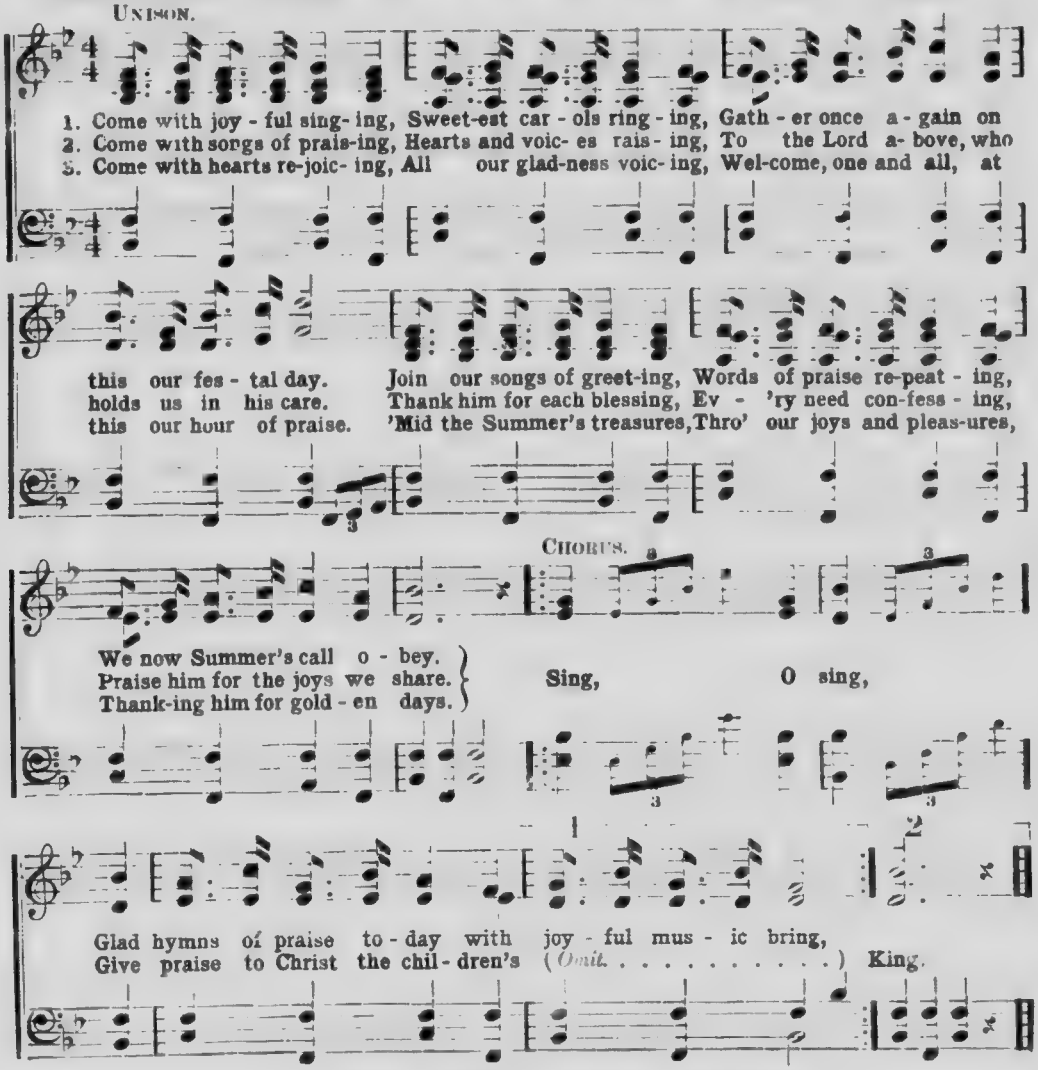
Summer Days.—Concluded.



No. 227. Come With Joyful Singing.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON. SAMUEL W. BRAZLEY.

UNISON.



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No. 228. I Will Follow Thee.

A. A. Payn. A. A. Payn.

Quickly.

1. Let me serve thee more and more, Let my joy to serve thee be; This should be my highest bliss,
2. Let me love thee, dearest Lord, Better as the days go by, Strive thy blessed will to do,
3. Keep me near thee as I walk, Wheresoever it may be, Glad - ly I will take my way,

Serving him who died for me. Tho' I serve thee day and night, Thro' the dark and thro' the light,
Thro' the moments as they fly. Lead me, thou, or guide aright Those to whom I look for light,
On - ly let it be with thee. Near thee, near thee ev-'ry day, Be it work or be it play,

Chorus.

Grant that I, O dearest, Lord, Thy smile may see.
And at all times let me feel Thy presence nigh.
On - ly grant that I may know Thou leadest me.

I will follow thee ev - er, On, on,

on! I will trust thee forev - er, Nor a question ask of thee, But I'll fol - low

on, I will fol - low on, Wher - ev - er thou shalt lead me, I'll fol - low on.

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